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The Confidence's Last Tow

"CARDS ARE JUST ONE OF THE MANIFESTATIONS OF POKER," SAID THE VIRGINIAN. "THERE'S MEN WHO'LL PLAY WINNIN' POKER WITH WHATEVER HAND THEY'RE HOLDIN' WHEN THE TROUBLE BEGINS. MAYBE IT WILL BE A MEAN, TRIFLIN' ARMY, OR AN EMPTY SIX-SHOOTER, OR A LAME HAWSS, OR MAYBE NOTHIN' BUT JUST THEIR NATURAL COUNTENANCE." WITH MEN OF THAT CALIBER THIS STORY DEALS, AND OF THEIR DEEDS THE COLOR AND ROMANCE OF LIFE ARE MADE

By Edward J. Moore

Illustrated by Frank D. Brady

CURRAN turned quickly from the telephone with the receiver still at his ear.

"Jim," he called excitedly from the inner office. "Where's Jim?"

"What is it?" answered Brockel leisurely, coming in from out-of-doors where he had been taking a look at the weather.

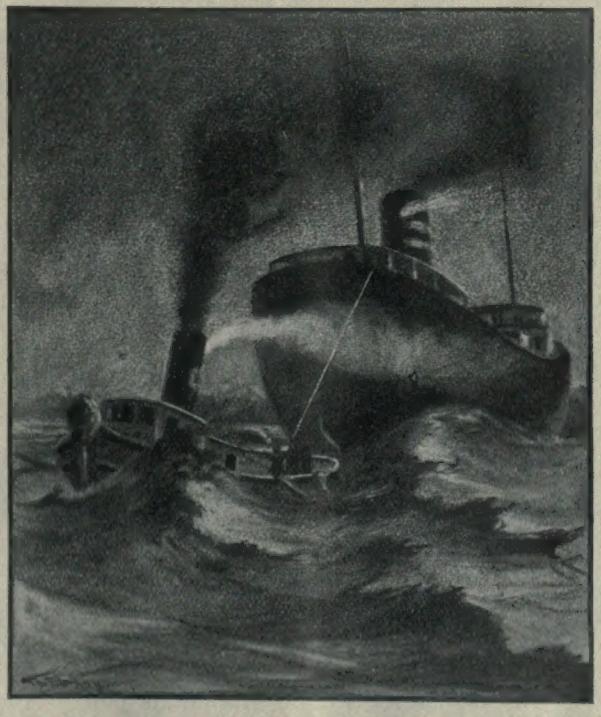
"What tugs have we in?" Then, to the 'phone. "Hold on a minute, Baxter. Don't be so peevish."

"Nothing," was Brockel's laconic response. "All out but the Hattie. You know she's on the ways having new bow plates put on to buck the ice."

"Pshaw." Then to the 'phone again. "Wait a minute, can't you?"

"The Big Mac's over at the Port with a scow. Alex's gone to the Sault for the Government dredge. Neither of 'em can get in before Saturday. What's wrong?"

"I'm afraid we can't help you, Baxter. Haven't got a thing that would pull a stone-hooker in sight. Better try Duluth." Then, hanging up the receiver, "The Strathcona's aground on Thorn Island. Cracked her rudder post in the blow on the trip up and they couldn't do anything but let her drift. The people all got ashore in the boats but Baxter wanted our tugs to see if we couldn't pull her off. He's afraid she'll bust up in this gale. Hang it," the junior partner continued, "it's just like our luck to have to pass up a good thing like that. She's likely got her holds full of sugar and canned goods for the West and the job would have been the best one we've had in years. Durn it," as he jumped up from his desk and walked nervously over to look out of the window. "If McQuarrie had let me build that other tug we'd have paid for it with this ten times over."



"WE'LL GET A STRAIN ON HER HERE," SHOUTED BROCKEL OVER THE STERN. "SEND OVER A COUPLE O' THEM BIG HAWSERS"

Five minutes later Jim Brockel walked into the chief's office just as the latter dictated the last letter of his morning's correspondence.

"There's the old Confidence," he said as if carrying on the former conversation.

Jim Brockel thought slowly, though the fact that there was usually something mighty worth while in his ideas had brought him to the head of the outside department of the firm of McQuarrie & Curran, coal and lumber dealers, and in a small way, wrecking and salvage agents.

"What are you giving us, Jim?" returned the chief in surprise. "The Confidence hasn't had a fire in her for two years. You couldn't turn her engine over. You remember how she bucked up the day Charlie ran her up to the picnic. Besides, her deck beams are so rotten you'd pull the bollards out of her if you could get her going. You're trying to rag me, aren't you, Jim?"

Jim Brockel had a veneration for old things. He lived, though he could well afford a better, in a cottage that had borne the brunt of twenty-five winters. He drove around, too, on Sundays and holidays when he wasn't busy, an old mare that had belonged to his grandfather. And if there was one part of the realty of McQuarrie &

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Curran for which he held a high regard it was the little old wooden tug Confidence that Hugh McQuarrie had brought up the lakes with him when he started the business, thirty years before. The old boat had seen a mighty useful life of service but had been laid aside from regular use three or four years before and had only been used occasionally for light work since. Once, two summers previous, she had been loaned by the firm to carry the overflow from a picnic party over to one of the islands, but had cracked a thrust collar on the return trip, and the party, including the junior partner's wife, had drifted around the lake in serious discomfort half the night till picked up by one of the other tugs. Since then she had been held pretty generally in disgrace and had been lying, tied up, but without any attention, in the least-used section of the firm's slips. Brockel hadn't told anybody that he had been down a few days before looking her over with a view to the possibility of fitting her up for a pleasure boat for himself for the next summer.

SHORTLY AFTER FIVE O'CLOCK, A MIGHTY HAMMERING PROCEEDED FROM THE ENGINE ROOM OF THE OLD CONFIDENCE

Brockel was by nature rather independent and when such a reception was given his really serious suggestion he wasn't likely to press it further. He wasn't satisfied, though, to let the matter drop completely. The opportunity kept bothering him all day, and when, in the middle of the afternoon, an unexpected telegram called Curran away to one of the firm's mills up country another feature appeared in the situation.

A few minutes after the express was due to have pulled out of the station Brockel had his innings with the telephone.

"Hello, Jack," he called to Baxter, the C. P. R.'s local agent, "done anything more about the Strathcona ?"

"Jim Finley's gone up with his launch to keep in touch with things for me," came back over the wire. "Nothing new from up there since what I told Curran this morning. Old man Buckley of Duluth has promised to go up with some lighters but he can't get his outfit together till to-morrow night. I'm afraid if this wind keeps up it will break her all up. Hear anything more from your tugs ?"

"No," returned Brockel, somewhat carelessly. "We were naturally anxious about her, that's all."

He turned from the 'phone though, with a smile that foreboded action, muttering to himself: "Buckley'll wait to take stuff enough up there to salvage a liner, and he'll likely want to wait till the wind goes down so he can use pontoons to float her. By hickory," as the facts of the case seemed to strike him, "I believe I'll take a chance with the old Confidence."

"Charlie," he called a few minutes later, to the engineer of the Hattie, who had been looking after odds and ends on his boat while she was up on the ways having her new bow plates fitted, "how'd you like a cranky night's work and the chance of some fun to-morrow ?"

"What's up ?"

"I want to get the old Confidence into running order and scoot over in the morning, before Curran comes back, to see if we can't yank the Strathcona off the Thorn Island shoal. I've a hunch," he went on, as the other man looked at him rather dubiously, "that she's not on as firm as Baxter thinks. If she's up on the west end there, where this east blow'd likely carry her, it's sandy and shelvin' and slopes off pretty quick. The wind's going to shift before morning," he added, after a glance at the leaden sky.

"But it'll take a week to get the old boat running," Charlie objected. "That thrust collar ain't been fixed yet, and the steering gear's all out of kilter."

"I know," Brockel threw back without giving time for further objection, "and the old engine's rusty, and," with a meaning glance that had something of suspicion in it, "somebody stole her steam gauge. I know it will be tough, Charlie, but look here. If we can by any chance get the Strathcona off there's sure to be a few thousand apiece in it for us. I want you and Andy McGonigal and a couple more like you to get at her right away. I'll pick up a few more of the boys we can rely on and we'll shoot over there in the morning."

Jim Brockel's success had come as much from his ability to inspire confidence in himself and his plans as from any other factor. And this quality stood him in good stead in the present instance. Most of the men poohpoohed his idea when it was first broached to them, but the fact that shortly after five o'clock a mighty hammering proceeded from the engine room of the old Confidence proved that he had, as usual, gotten his way.

That was a busy night on the old tug. Whatever Andy McGonigal did was thorough and when to his efforts were added those of the nervous energetic Charlie Dean, there was assurance that matters would move along with all satisfactory dispatch. And there was quite enough to do.

"Gosh amighty, she looks rum," was old Andy's comment when he first looked into the engineroom hold. And Andy was not far from the mark.

But looks didn't count for much in the present circumstances. To make her run was the pressing need and these fellows, knowing the job thoroughly, set about to do it.

About three o'clock, the hammering, which had continued more or less incessantly all night, ceased suddenly. Brockel, who had been busy with a dozen things up above stepped into the engine room for a breathing spell just in time to see Charlie opening up the main valve.

"Is she going to go," he queried, with a grin.

As if in answer the steam hissed down into the one big cylinder, and the engine started, at first slowly, then faster as the acceleration commenced.

"Have ye got her well tied up ?"

Old Andy looked up at him with a well-pleased grin, as the engine went off smoothly. "Better take a look and see or we'll be pullin' the snubbin' posts off the dock."

Brockel and the remainder of his hastily-gathered crew had also been doing their share on deck. Back in the stern the old boat's planking did indeed look rather rotten. One or two of the crew smiled when they thought of her doing any towing in a condition like that.

"One of the first things we'll do," Brockel ordered, "is to fit up some braces for the towing frames." Again, he took two of his boys and a couple of barrows over to a shed behind the company's office. "It's some special quick-firing stuff we get for the Winnipeg fire engines," he explained. "I want you to fill those coal bunkers up with it and be mighty lively about it."

About four a. m. after the spare deck space of the Confidence had been fitted with numerous coils of hawsers and food enough was taken aboard to keep a bunch of hungry men going for a couple of days, the old boat, shivering a good deal in spite of the recent repairs, started off down the harbor.

"She'll do ut," old Andy said, down in the engine room, as he threw the starting lever over full way when she left her dock and the big screw began to churn around behind. "She'll do ut if she don't kick to pieces herself and let this old outfit," pointing to the engine, "drop down on the bottom o' the lake."

The Confidence, even in her dotage as she was, did not belie her name. With a force of steam behind her that had been popping from the escape-valve off and on for the past two hours she ploughed her way down the harbor and out between the islands at the mouth.

"We can't give her more than half speed," said old Andy, pulling back the short throttle lever after they started.

These tugs are none of them built for speed, but when you start them off with nothing behind them and all power on they can show their heels to many a steam yacht. The Confidence was short and stubby but had a hundred and fifty horsepower in her old engine. "She'd dig her nose in an' bury herself if we let her go, old and worn as she is," was Charlie's comment.

"IS SHE GOING TO GO?" QUERIED BROCKEL, WITH A GRIN

Up in the wheelhouse Brockel was straining his eyes, trying in the dark to get an outline of the islands. He had been steering by ear rather than by eye so far and now the steady wind in his face with no noise of shore waves on either side told him that they were well outside. He handed over the wheel to one of the boys who were in the wheelhouse with him. "Keep her straight on, Jack," he said. "We'll run well out till it gets light. I don't like to travel too close to the Hog's Back in this wind."

Then he made his way back to the engine room and grinned down at the two men who were keeping themselves busy with wrench and oiler. "The old tub's got some speed yet, eh? I think," with a glance at the main valve, "you can give her a notch more, Andy. I'd like to be out there by daylight."

And so, for the three hours preceding

THE OLD CONFIDENCE STILL LIES THERE. YOU CAN SEE WHAT'S LEFT OF HER, MOST OF HER RAIL AND DECK-HOUSE ROTTED AWAY AND HER FUNNEL SLANTED AT A DRUNKEN ANGLE

dawn the little tug, on so peculiar a mission, ploughed her way up into the wind over the thirty miles to Thorn Island.

The first rays of the sun revealed the bleak slopes of the eastern end of the island about three miles to port.

"Pretty good guessing, Jack," said Brockel, who had come into the wheelhouse and had been discussing with the others the probable location of the stranded steamer. "Now shoot her over closer and we'll get a chance to pick her up as we run along."

The run along the north shore revealed nothing, however. "She must be up on the west end all right," Brockel noted, "and all the better for us, especially if she's in the sand. Do ye notice how the wind's swingin' round, boys? It'll be in the south before noon."

Ten minutes more justified his opinion. Rounding the western point of the little island, which, by the way, lay miles outside the usual course and consequently bore no lights, the watchers in the wheelhouse saw a mast and a funnel and then the hull of the steamer, the latter mingled indistinctly with the water and the sand in the distance. Half a mile further and they were able to make out something of the boat's position.

The big freighter lay with her nose pointing shorewards, though there was a hundred feet of water between her bow and the beach. Her stern had swung around a little but riding almost on an even keel she rose slowly to the long rollers that the end of the two days' eastern gale was driving in.

"She's been drove in on her quarter," Brockel said, "and the wind's twisted her around till she's caught again amidships. She's in a good spot for us, all right. Wonder if they've left anybody aboard?"

He yanked the whistle rope for a blast that should have brought out any of the stranded boat's crew but no one appeared.

"They seem to have given her up complete and left her alone," was his comment. "Something queer about this."

It leaked out a few weeks afterwards that an officer and a couple of the crew had been left with the steamer, but, frightened with the rolling, and the thought of being alone on the small island in the dreary stretch of waters, they had taken the last boat the night before and had made for the lights of a distant steamer which had picked them up and proceeded on her regular trip down the lake.

Coming nearer, the hurriedly-organ-

Continued on page 66.

In Two Flats

By Jeannette Cooper

Author of "Juliana in Service," "Philip's Aunt," etc.

MARY found Ethel Herbert in the entrance-hall looking at the names. She shifted the florist's box she carried to her left arm and gave Mary a gray-gloved hand.

"Do you live in these apartments?" she said. "How very odd! I never met any of the art students except at the Institute. They don't seem to live where my friends live." She ended with the little laugh that she had learned at the voice-culture place.

"I don't suppose they would object to having your friends in their neighborhood," said Mary with the faint smile that she had not learned anywhere except from the sentiments which conversation with Miss Herbert inspired.

Ethel, not impervious to the sarcasm, looked only amiably superior. "I should think not," she smiled. She shifted the box again and pulled up her long glove. "I don't suppose you know Mrs. Gardiner, do you?" she inquired.

Mary shook her head and prepared to ascend the stairs.

"She has just moved in," said Ethel. "Are you going to walk up? I'll go with you. Mrs. Gardiner is on the second floor. She is the most charming woman and her home is always a meeting-place for the most delightful people. She is having an informal affair to-night for her cousin, who is just home from Paris. I am taking her some American Beauties. He gets in from New York this morning, I believe, but she doesn't expect him up until evening. He—oh! do you live on this floor? Too bad you are not going to be at Mrs. Gardiner's. Her cousin, you know, is Dale Robertson, the artist!" and with this parting return for Miss Meredith's air of indifference, Miss Herbert smiled sweetly in farewell and disappeared into apartment C. Mary unlocked the door of apartment D and went in with a conviction that this world is full of sickening shocks.

"If you had called as I wanted to," said her sister, Mrs. Charteris, sympathetic but reproachful, "she would have invited you. But you will never take advice, Mary. Even about little things like doing your hair low you are so obstinate. You are just like Grandfather Meredith."

"Did he do his hair low?" said Mary.

"And Edward and I are going to the Newton reception, so you will be alone all the evening. Don't you want to 'phone someone to come over?"

"No," said Mary, "I am going to put ashes on my head and meditate on Grandfather Meredith."

"Please, Miss, may I use your gas stove? Something has gone wrong with ours."

Mary had answered a knock at the kitchen door. Mrs. Gardiner's maid was the petitioner.

"Certainly!" said Mary.

Mrs. Gardiner's maid was talkative. She discoursed on Mr. Dale Robertson while she stirred the egg into the coffee.

"I don't see what they make such a fuss over him for," she said. "Of course, he's goodlooking, but, my gracious! I know a gentleman that—Will you watch that chocolate a minute, Miss, while I get the other bottle of cream?" She slipped across the little dark hall. A crash followed her disappearance. Her reappearance with a scared face followed the crash. "I've broke the last bottle," she said. "I'll have to run to the depot. It's only——" her voice died away down the dark stairway.

Mary tied on a white apron of Mrs. Charteris's and prepared to watch the chocolate. It was for him she was doing it. Only, he would be apt to take coffee. Artists always took coffee.

"I say, Katie !"—a suppressed and exasperated voice—"is there any place where one can get a breath of fresh air ?" A tall young man blocked up the narrow doorway, and at once the chocolate leaped in the kettle.

"Look out ! you'll have that over," said Mr. Dale Robertson. "Is there any way out of this ,Katie ?" He had the air of one who has escaped. Evidently in his haste he had failed to notice that he was not still in his cousin's apartment. Should she send him back to the drawing room, where he belonged ? That would have been Grandfather Meredith's method.

"There is a back porch," said Mary, and pointed the way.

"Thanks !" he strode across the tiny kitchen and stepped out onto the little porch. "Heavenly !" he said. A brisk air blew in at the open door.

"You'll take cold," said Mary, involuntarily, urged by her duty to the world of art.

He did not speak for an instant. Then his voice sounded amused. "I think it likely," he said. "You couldn't get my overcoat, could you ?" The tone was of one accustomed to being served.

"I can't leave the chocolate," said Miss Meredith stiffly. Then remembering Grandfather Meredith's back hair. "There is a golf cape hanging in here."

He came in smiling. "Where is the golf cape ?" he asked.

"Behind the door."

Mr. Dale Robertson took it down and put it around his shoulders. "How do I look ?" he said, and then, too evidently thinking this savored overmuch of familiarity, he frowned and glanced around the room. "What a rambling sort of place for a flat. Where does that door go ?" he said, trying the handle.

"Into another room," said Miss Meredith briefly.

"I SAW YOU ON THE STAIRS THE FIRST DAY I CAME, AND FELL IN LOVE WITH YOU"

She felt his eyes upon her. "Ah ! indeed !" he said rather abstractedly. "What an unusual arrangement !" He stood a minute longer watching her and then went out onto the porch. Mary, who, after the first dazed stare had kept her eyes on the chocolate kettle, took a swift glance at his retreating form. There was no visible halo. Instead of that his broad shoulders adorned with a shabby red cape beneath which hung solemnly the tails of his dress-coat moved her to disrespectful smiling.

"You ought not to laugh at me after lending me the cape."

He came in and closed the door behind him. His eyes were ostensibly on the frescoes with which Mary had adorned the calcimined walls.

"I wonder who did these," he said with the effect of desiring it understood that he was not addressing anyone in particular. "She slipped up on her sky-line here."

Miss Meredith opened her lips to speak, but closed them again and turned the blaze lower.

"What is it ?" said Mr. Robertson. "Don't you like having your kitchen criticized ? It is an uncommonly neat little place"—glancing around—"the Dutch effect is well carried out." He nodded approvingly at some Delft tiles. Then he looked back at Mary. "It ought not to be Dutch at all, though," he said slowly, "if one considers it as a setting. It ought to be in clear marbles with a rose-garden seen through pillars. It ought to have——" Again he realized that he had sought this part of the house for air and not to tell the cook that she was classic in type. He retired to the porch and Miss Meredith allowed the corners of her lips to curl maliciously upward.

"You were laughing again," he said, standing in the doorway.

She lifted the spoon and watched the chocolate drip from it. "I did not know you were looking," she said untruthfully.

"I was looking at the frescoes," said Mr. Robertson, also untruthfully.

"Is the sky-line better from the back porch ?" she inquired.

"It is very bad from any place," he responded.

"Ah !" said Mary.

Mr. Robertson came in and took a turn around the room, eyeing the frescoes abstractedly. He paused beside the stove, "What did you mean by that 'Ah !' ?" he demanded.

And at that instant from the other apartment came the voice of Mrs. Gardiner. "Dale !" she called.

He looked a speechless request at Mary and fled to the porch.

"Katie !" called Mrs. Gardiner. She appeared to be looking from her own dark kitchen to her neighbor's brightly lighted one, but no one was within her range of vision. She called "Katie" again in a voice increasingly anxious. Then she went back.

Mr. Robertson came in, looking half-ashamed and half-jubilant. "Why didn't you answer her ?" he asked.

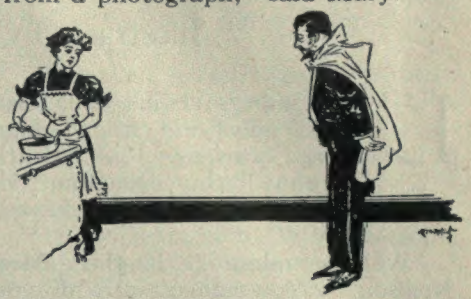
"I ?" said Mary, surprised.

"Yes, she called 'Katie !' "

"Why didn't you answer yourself ?" returned the cook; "she called 'Dale !' "

Mr. Robertson was very silent. "I half wish I hadn't come, Katie," he said slowly, "it's so hard to go. Did anyone ever paint you, Katie ?"

"I've had a life-size crayon done from a photograph," said Mary.



"CONSIDERED AS A SETTING," SAID MR. ROBERTSON, "IT OUGHT TO BE IN CLEAR MARBLES WITH A ROSE-GARDEN SEEN THROUGH PILLARS"

"Heavens ! Frame and all for a dollar !" He stood and stared at her as she looked into the kettle. "Pale gold," he said to himself, "and clear ivory and the blue of the violets that Sappho was crowned with. I can feel the breeze from sunlit Grecian seas, Katie. I can see——" He broke off and strolled away again. A box of crayons stood on the window-sill. He picked up a crayon absently and went back to the corner where the defective sky-line was. The red golf cape slipped *a la cavalier* from one shoulder. He put in a line, then another.

Mary forgot the chocolate. She stood with dripping, upraised spoon, her awed gaze on the seemingly careless strokes with which Dale Robertson was transforming her landscape. Her indrawn breath smote his ear. He wheeled suddenly and stared at her.

"Why, Katie—— !" he said. The red cape slipped to the floor. He took one step forward.

A sudden burst of voices and laughter ! A rush of feet in the little hall. From the doorway Mrs. Gardiner, her plump and charming face wrinkled into wondering laughter, her guests crowding and peering behind her, stared into Mary's kitchen. Miss Meredith, with chocolate spoon upraised, stared back. Mr. Robertson, crayon in outstretched hand, frowned in the background.

"Dale !" rippled Mrs. Gardiner's pretty apologetic voice. "What in the world——" and then came another interruption.

"Won't you please let me in with the cream ?" implored a voice from the rear, and Katie, her cap on one side, her face scarlet and perspiring, pushed her way through the guests and confronted her mistress. "I dropped the cream," she said, "and the depot was shut and I've been runnin'——" her voice broke on the verge of tears.

Continued on page 65.

Rosa Experiments

By Lucille Baldwin Van Slyke

Illustrated by B. J. Rosenmeyer

LILLY and the twins and Rosa rushed noisily in from school crying variously, "Wanta doughnut!" "Doughnuts!" "*Doughnuts*!" and "Mayn't I have a raisin-cooky?"

"Wait a minute," laughed Mrs. Remson. "You haven't any of you said a word to Aunt Vance."

The four faces sobered instantly. "Halloo," said the twins, dismally.

"How d'you do?" asked Rosa, shyly, as she drew nearer and held out her thin little hand. Aunt Remson smiled, the gentle smile she unconsciously reserved for her motherless niece.

"My land," wheezed Aunt Vance, "this child gets more pindling all the time. William, even if he is a boy, has got more fat on his bones that she has."

"I weigh seventy-nine pounds," chanted Billy, proudly, "and I grew four inches just this last year."

"Sounded like it when you come up the steps," responded his aunt, dryly.

"Now can I have a doughnut?" he demanded, turning to his mother.

"Do you think it's good for them to eat between meals?" put in Aunt Vance.

"They do get so hungry," murmured Mrs. Remson. "Meg's doughnuts never seem to hurt anyone, either."

"Well, I think all sweets are bad," sighed Aunt Vance, putting her hand to her cushiony side. "Doctor Flannery has positively forbid my touching them."

Rosa, rummaging in the cooky jar a moment later, peered naughtily across the lid at her cousins.

"Doc-tor Flummerty has pos-i-tively forbid," she mimicked, closing her eyes and sighing melodramatically.

"Gosh, but I hate Aunt Vance," sputtered Billy, his mouth full of doughnut. "She makes me think of mush."

Rosa shivered. "I'm glad my this year's stay is over there," she sighed, "only Ann Mary is nice. I love her Ann Mary. You'd like Ann Mary, Billy, for she makes the grandest apple pie."

"Shouldn't," snapped Billy, "shouldn't like any place nur anybody where Aunt Vance was."

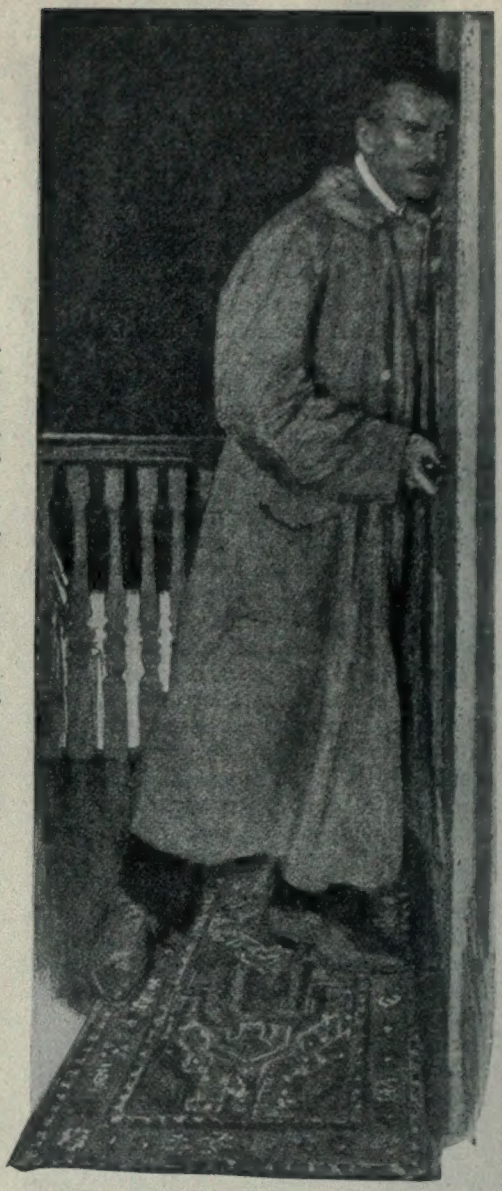
"I shouldn't," decided the blue-eyed twin, "I shouldn't, either."

The brown-eyed one giggled. "I should," she insisted, impishly, "I *certainly* should."

"You should not," shrieked the other as they chased madly from the pantry. "You should not," her thin voice screamed, "'cause you're my twin and you couldn't."

"Could!" taunted the other from the grape-arbor fence. Billy and Rosa sauntered forth to watch the combat.

"What are you hanging 'round here for?" asked Rosa curiously as she nibbled close to the raisin.



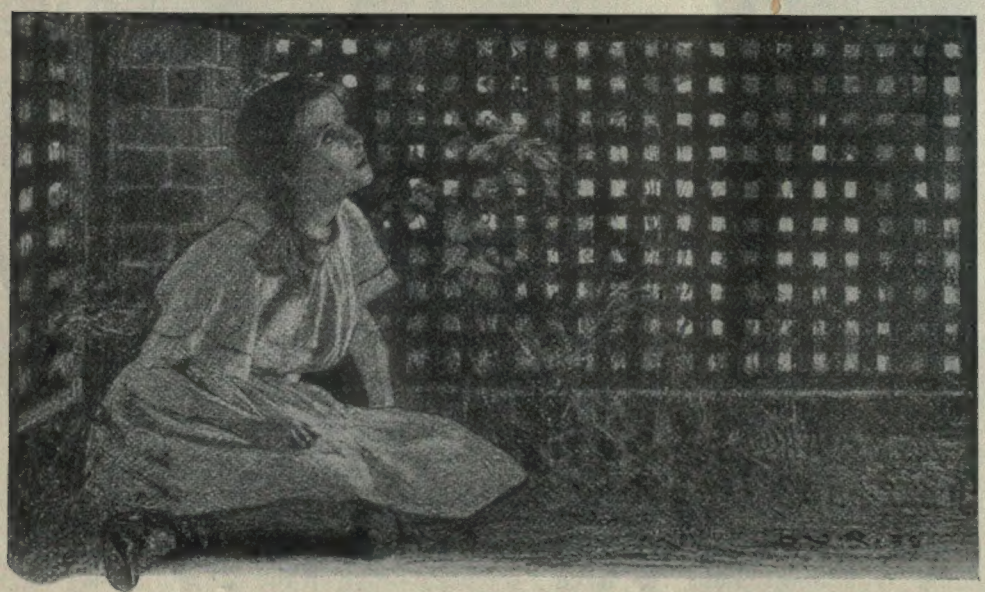
"COME, OPEN THE DOOR!"

"Crowd's gone to Bat Weaver's," he responded, laconically.

"Play hy-spy if I get enough kids?" demanded Rosa.

Billy considered, loftily. He hated playing with girls; it was only a little better than not playing at all. But in view of his recent difficulties with Bat Weaver he could not consistently enter into the neighborhood revelries, so when she had rounded up the twins, the three Schuyler girls, and the boy who had just moved across the street, he consented to "count out" with a glib twisting of the mystic formula that elected the new boy "it." Rosa wriggled breathlessly through the cellar window to a snug nook under the side veranda. As she squirmed close to the lattice to peer out at the new boy, who was chanting monotonously "forty-fi-an-fifty-fifty-fi-an-sixty—"she observed that his half-shut eyes were slyly searching the landscape.

"O-oo-ooh, the little cheat," she



"O-OH, THE LITTLE CHEAT!" SHE THOUGHT. "JUST WAIT TILL I TELL BILL ON HI"

"I WON'T!" SOBBED ROSA, AND THEN THE DOOR GAVE WAY WITH A CRASH

thought, disgustedly. "Wait till I tell Bill on him."

Above her she could hear the creaking of Aunt Vance's rocker Her dolorous voice sounded disagreeably clear above the creaking.

"You ought to put a stop to her stromping around so," said the lady, severely. "She isn't allowed to romp around so at my house; to my mind thirteen is altogether too big for such goings on." Rosa stuck out her tongue in the darkness. But she grinned when she heard Aunt Remson's laugh.

"She's just a little girl, really," said Aunt Remson. "I haven't the heart to stop her fun, Kate, I simply haven't. Did you notice what beautiful manners she has? Didn't she greet you nicely?" Rosa's head lifted proudly

"Huh, manners is all that ever will be beautiful about her," grunted Aunt Vance. "My land, I never saw such a limpsey-looking child anywhere. She certainly don't get her plain looks from the Stephenson side and I will say her mother was right pretty whatever else she was. It's a mystery to me how she can be so downright homely."

"Just growing fast," said Aunt Remson, lightly. "She has lovely eyes and I think she will be a great deal prettier in a year or so."

"Pretty!" snapped her sister-in-law. "That gawky little thing pretty! Don't be such a fool, Jane. I said to Ben when I sent her on to you last month that it was no wonder to me Frederick didn't mind not seeing her mor'n twice a year. She just gets on my nerves. I could stand her staring eyes and her pindlingness—but that hair! Just stringy-looking, I call it—you can't even braid it smooth. Put it in one braid and it's crooked—two of 'em simply look like rat-tails."

Rosa's hand was over her mouth smothering an impulsive gasp of protest as she hunched herself into a defiant little heap behind the lattice. "Hateful ole thing!" she whispered, hotly. "She's jus' stringy-looking, too! Ole, fat, bunchy-looking stringy! Don't care at all, I don't!"

But she yanked a slender braid over her shoulder and eyed it curiously. It was undeniably limp and thin. The anger died in her great eyes and she stared, bewildered. She was quite unconscious of Aunt Remson's eager defense. She did not see the new boy peering through the lattice; she hardly heard him whooping joyously a moment later: "Touched the bye for Rosie! Yah, she's it!"

She pulled herself wearily through the cellar window, crawled up the stairs and out onto the back veranda.

"I'm not playing any more after I'm it," she announced, tragically. "I wouldn't play now, only I'm it."

The twins stared at her. "Aw, you got up this game," sputtered Billy. "I wouldn't be a quitter when I'd gone and started a game."

She turned her back mechanically and began counting with an aching throat, "Fi-ten-fifteen—" Unconquerable tears forced themselves through her tightly closed eyelids. When the game was over she refused to give any explanation, but stalked stiffly into the house and upstairs to her bedroom.

Her fingers were shaking as she turned the key and listened. Nobody was following her. Standing with her back to the door she gazed straight across the room to the dressing-table mirror. With the blessed unconsciousness of childhood she had never thought very much about her actual appearance. Her birdlike glances at the mirror had been to gaze proudly at the pretty frills Aunt Remson fashioned, or to scowl at the prim collars Aunt Vance always bought. But now, for the first time, she was facing with desperate eyes a somebody she had never seen before. Somebody with straggling hair, with a stubby little nose. with freckles and awkward teeth, and with eyes so big and sorrowful that she hid her face in her hands and wept.

As she probed for a handkerchief her fingers touched the leather case that held her father's picture. The sobs grew quieter for a moment as she looked through her streaming tears at the beloved face, but a new misery was crowding fast upon her first grief. A great pity for the unhappy father of so ugly a daughter possessed her. It seemed to her that all the sorrow of those mournful eyes, all the sadness of the smileless mouth, meant that he grieved because he was ashamed of his unlovely child.

On the wall beside her was the calendar with the days checked off with tiny dots so the others could not see and laugh. Only last night she had fallen asleep tingling with delight as she counted the days until she could hear the deep tones of his dear voice and feel the swift touch of his lips as he kissed her. And all those beautiful

dreams of the time when they should live together were dying as she stared at the picture. He would never want her—he didn't want her now!

"Dear Lord," she sobbed, crouching on the bedside rug, "it isn't fair—not a bit fair! You didn't have a right to let me grow so homely that he couldn't love me. It isn't fair at all!"

Presently she heard the twins pounding on her door. "We're playing millinery store!" shrieked Elsa. "Come on out and trim hats! We found elegunt trimmin's up in the attic!"

She opened the door slowly. They looked sharply at the traces of her grief and demanded its reason. "My tooth ached," she lied bravely, and then sucked remorsefully at her molar to rouse a tiny hole to action so it would not be a lie.

Elsa promptly put her grimy fingers to her cherubic mouth and drew forth an elastic string of gum which she rolled knowingly in her smudgy palm. 'Stuff it in good and hard," she admonished, holding it out to her cousin. "Don't go and tell mamma, 'cause the new dentrist hurts somethin' fierce. I'm never going to tell on a tooth again as long as I live!"

The twins were fearfully and wonderfully arrayed as became real milliners, in sweeping skirts and elaborate bodices. Elsa was adorned with a gorgeous necklace which, in its humbler, prehistoric days, had begun existence as a brass curtain chain. Eloise's jewels were more simple, but quite as effective. From a lengthy green ribbon about her neck there dangled a queer-looking locket. "It's ole black tin, I guess. I play it's a vanerty box, only it won't open," she scolded, "not even when you bite it."

But when Mrs. Remson sought for them at supper-time she caught at the "vanerty box" with an exclamation of surprise.

"It's Frederick's old gutta-percha locket," she explained to her sister-in-law. "He wore it on his first watch-fob and we used to tease him so about it." She flicked her thumb-nail at the spring fastening as the children crowded eagerly about her. The locket flew open.

"And I found that!" breathed Eloise in awe-stricken delight. "I found it right in that old yellow box! Oh, my soul!"

"Who is the pretty lady?" asked Rosa shyly.

Aunt Remson put the locket gently into the girl's hand. "It's your mother, sweetheart," she said.

Rosa's fingers closed swiftly over it as she fled. Upstairs once more, crouching on the bedside rug again, she gazed rapturously at her treasure. The locket was fat and thick, and under the dusty glass shone a queer old tin-type. The cheeks were tinted very pink, the hair very yellow. It was not stringy-looking hair; it was wonderful curly hair. The eyes smiled; the lips smiled; Rosa smiled back at them happily.

"Oo-ooh, aren't you swe-eet!" she murmured, hugging her hands to her heart so tightly that the locket hurt her. "Oo-ooh, you are so sweet!"

She looked at it again, drawing long, happy breaths. This was a very much nicer mother than the faded photograph with tired eyes that hung on Aunt Remson's wall. In the other side of the locket, pressed under the glass, was a curl of yellow hair tied with a bit of blue ribbon. On the little oval paper was written in very small letters: "To Frederick, from Goldilocks."

Rosa looked at the curl even longer than she had stared at the picture. At supper, as she slid into her chair, her eyes were shining. Aunt Remson smiled understandingly. She did not mention the locket. But Aunt Vance, sipping her cup of substitute coffee, remembered.

"Rosa, what did you do with that picture?" she asked, sternly. "It ought not to get lost again, seeing your mother's dead. Ben, did you know the children found a picture of Rosalie to-day? Tintype—in guttapercha. I think you ought to put it in your safe until Frederick comes."

For the third time in that awful day Rosa fled to her room. Elsa dropped her fork in amazement. "Aren't you going to make her behave, mamma?" she asked. "She is so rude to-day. She jumps off like a squirrel."

In the twilight, with Aunt Remson's hand on the stringy-looking hair, she stopped her sobbing.

"Honest, shan't she?" she questioned, doubtfully. "Honest, won't you let her?"

"Honest, she shan't," comforted Aunt Remson. "It's quite yours until father comes, and I'm sure he'll let you have it."

Rosa was silent a very long time. "Aunt Remson," she said, timidly, "do you love folks—folks who aren't pretty?"

"Um-m," murmured Aunt Remson, her mouth close to the hot cheek. "And folks who are pretty and sweet and who go to bed right away quick when their aunty says bedtime. Good-night, dear; I've got to tuck the twins in or we'll have double croup."

Long after the others were asleep Rosa lay wide-eyed and tried to forget the homely little face of the mirror and remember only the pretty new mother. She did not cry about it any more.

"I guess," she thought, as she grew blessedly drowsy, "I guess the Lord wouldn't have been so good to a regular pretty girl and sent her this locket. He must jus' know how I needed you." She kissed the locket. "'Course he couldn't love me very lots, father couldn't, after having you—but I want him to!"

During the rest of Aunt Vance's visit, and indeed long after she had happily terminated her stay, Rosa was quiet enough to satisfy the most exacting aunt. She moped over her books or sat lost in day-dreams. Once, to be sure, she convulsed them all with one of her old-time pranks. She floated to bed chuckling, her head covered with grotesquely lumpy spots, "kids" borrowed from Sadie Atwater and laboriously adjusted according to the profuse directions upon a box.

The before-breakfast frolic the morning following was hilarious. They were not successful curls that the "kids" had produced on Rosa's head. Her fine locks were hopelessly tangled in unaccustomed coils; they stood out facetiously at the wrong places and were wickedly straight in sections. Aunt Remson found the girl and her cousins in gales of laughter. Without an obliterating shampoo school was out of the question. Of course it was all very funny, but somehow there was a nervous strain in Rosa's laughter.

"I s'pose," she said, soberly, with her head over the radiator in a frenzied attempt to get properly dried before school, "I s'pose, Aunty Rem, that if the Lord hasn't time to make you curly you can't do it yourself. Probably Sadie's hair is a weeny bit curly anyhow."

After all these sober days Aunt Remson sighed with relief one afternoon when she heard Rosa's little gurgle of laughter and watched her race excitedly into the house with the others. The absurd cause of the children's glee brought tears of mirth to her eyes.

"The bottle man is coming!" shrieked Billy. "Us four is going to get milleryuns of bottles for him!"

"Two cents for big ones this year!" cried Rosa, with shining eyes. "I know where there's a whole raft of 'em!"

"'Nd a cent for mejum sizes!" panted Elsa.

"Teenys a cent 'nd two for a cent, mamma!" Eloise screamed.

Whence came the mysterious rumor no one seemed to know, but the entire neighborhood engaged busily in the absorbing pursuit. The Remson children ransacked the attic, the medicine chest, the pantry shelves, and even the stable. They pleaded with Jake, the stable boy, to put his liniments and oils into tin cans; they prowled behind the garden fence, they tramped miles to rumored dumpheaps. For two exciting days the hunt raged and then, perforce, for lack of game, the hunters gave up the chase.

Coming back the last afternoon from a hunt that had yielded only two small "painkillers" and a cracked fruit jar, Billy and Rosa added and counted as they trudged along a cross-lots path.

"Gee whosh!" said Billy, stopping abruptly. "I know a bully place!"

"Where?" demanded Rosa.

"Mis' Thompson's house."

Rosa snorted her disgust. "Could'n't go there," she objected. "Aunty wouldn't let us. She'd be awful 'shamed if anybody saw us."

"Women make me tired," grunted Billy, "all knocking her all the time. Promise not to squeal? Honest? Well, I've been there!"

He gloated over Rosa's horror and went on, boastfully: "Yep, twice. She called me in to fix her birdhouse up on her stoop, and then she let me hear her funnygraft, and she let me run it myself, too; gee, I think it's a peacherino. I don't see why ma's so down on funnygrafts."

"Oh," gasped Rosa, in dismay. "You mustn't ever go there again, Billy; nobody goes to her house."

"I do," asserted Billy, independently, "and I say she's all right. Folks are jus' jealous of her. Gee, hain't her hair grand!"

"Yes," agreed Rosa, soberly.

"She's got awful swell clothes, too," Billy went on. "I should think folks would like her 'stead of being so down on her."

"But Mrs. Rensselaer Brown says she's simply imposs'ble," insisted his cousin, "and nobody does know her."

"Hold this basket," ordered Billy, with masculine decision. "I'm going to sneak around and ask. I'll bet we get a slew."

Rosa waited, timorously. Mis' Thompson, it appeared, was not at home, but her maid good-humoredly collected a great many bottles, at least fifteen cents' worth they reckoned as they trotted home with the heavy basket. They found the twins busily scrubbing in the kitchen. It was Meg's afternoon out and Eloise had been seized with a brilliant notion. The bottle man might pay more for clean bottles! Billy and Rosa joyously agreed it was a splendid idea. And as they smeared themselves with soap they squabbled happily over what should be the division of profits and speculated gleefully over the probable envy of their less energetic neighbors.

"Ole Miss Johnson's rheumatism comes in grand bottles," chuckled Elsa, as she tried a nutmeg grater on a refractory label.

"Currycomb couldn't get that off," Billy grunted, throwing down the can-opener in disgust. 'Gee, girls always want to wash things. I'll bet he won't pay a cent more. I'm not going to wash. Jake said I could go to the blacksmith's with him. Mind you don't touch mine while I'm gone." But late in the afternoon when he counted up his bottles he was certain that one was gone. He wasn't exactly sure, but he thought it was a very large two-cent one, and he vehemently accused the twins of having smashed it. After their mother had quelled the inevitable strife she sighed a little.

"Children are such savages," she said to Meg as she helped the irate maid clear the disordered kitchen. "Seems to me they wrangle constantly."

"Miss Rosa doesn't," drawled Meg. "She's still as a lamb 'nd she helped wash oop a bit, too."

"She's a dear little soul," said Mrs. Remson.

"But then," she added in humorous defense of her own, "just before father comes she's good as she can be!"

For it was only two days more! And then he would come! Rosa asked shyly for light-blue hair ribbons instead of the customary dark ones.

AUNT REMSON PUT THE LOCKET GENTLY INTO ROSA'S HAND. "IT'S YOUR MOTHER, SWEETHEART," SHE SAID

"And I want my birthday dollar," she said. "I guess I won't wait till Christmas to spend it."

Aunt Remson patted her cheek as she gave her the money. "Is father going to have a present, too, this time?" she laughed.

Rosa nodded, her eyes shining. "A lovely one!" she sighed, "a lovely one that's a surprise. You couldn't guess it at all!"

Her happy anticipation made Mrs. Remson sigh. She seemed filled with delight, quivering with joy. Her cheeks flushed softly, her eyes shone. The chubby prettiness of the twins seemed ordinary enough beside the tremulous happiness that made the plain little face lovely. Mr. Stephenson would arrive on a seven o'clock train. That meant late supper and naps for the girls. For dear Aunt Remson, who couldn't keep secrets at all, hinted broadly that Uncle Frederick was planning an evening treat.

Climbing the stairs for the nap, Rosa looked down at her aunt in the hall and kissed her hand prettily. She shut the door of her room softly, locked it, and danced gleefully to the mirror.

"Rosa Fredericka! Rosa Fredericka!" she whispered, "you're going to be jus' lovely! Perfectly lovely!"

Aunt Remson tapped softly at her door at six o'clock. "Wake up, lazy bird!" she cried.

A muffled sound reached her. "Rosa, open the door for me. I want to help you dress—here are the new hair ribbons."

"I—I can't open the door," faltered Rosa.

"Can't open it! What did you lock it for? Don't you know that lock sticks? I'll shake and you lift up. That will do it."

"I don't want to," Rosa said, in a very small voice. "Please don't ask—me—I can't."

Mrs. Remson stood still and thought.

"Rosie, dear," she said, softly, "it's almost time for father. Aren't——"

"I know," said Rosa, brokenly. "Don't tell me—don't tell me!"

"Do you want to stay here until he comes?" asked the perplexed woman.

"I guess I do," faltered Rosa, and as she heard her aunt's retreating steps she pressed her face against the door and sobbed. Aunt Remson went back swiftly.

"Rosa," said she, shaking the door sharply, "what is the matter? Are you ill?"

"No'm, I—I"—a white envelope was pushed under the door—"I can't see my father—I—you give him this letter."

Mr. Stephenson and his surprise arrived at the same time. A great touring car stopped in front of the house, a long-coated figure leaped out and caught at the twins and Billy. Rosa stared through her peep-hole in the blind.

"Where's my daughter?" cried the beloved voice. "Who's hidden my daughter? She what?" he demanded—"a letter? Goodness, how formal!"

He read the letter standing on the step below the window. "Heavens, Jane!" he caught his sister's face in his hands, "what's all this about?"

"I don't know," she answered, kissing him, with a smile of relief. "I thought it must be serious. The poor child seemed to feel bad over it."

He tucked the letter into her hands. "The blue room?" he asked, and was off before she nodded. Then Mrs. Remson read the letter.

He had bounded up the stairs and was standing at her door.

"Daughter!" he said, softly.

"Father, dear!" cried Rosa, "*please, please* go away till it is dark!"

"It's nearly dark now. Hurry out! They're all waiting! We're all going down the river for a ride and dinner!" The door did not open.

"Daughter," his voice was stern now, "I want you to come out directly."

"I can't—I can't," insisted Rosa, stubbornly. "You mustn't ask me, for I can't."

"If it's the nun business," he said, brusquely, "you can tell me that to-morrow Come, open the door!"

"I won't!" she sobbed.

The quick temper he thought he had lost in his years of suffering flared out. The door gave way with a crash that sent her flying wildly to the farthest corner. She was weak with fright when she heard him stumbling over her little stool in the darkness. He fumbled for the light, caught at the swinging bulb and snapped it on sharply.

Her slender form looked almost ludicrously small, shrinking back against the darkly polished door of the wardrobe. Her dress was disordered, her head swathed ridiculously in a fringed bath-towel, and her eyes, swollen with weeping, blinked. She shielded them from the light with a quick lift of her crooked elbow. Somehow the movement irritated him.

"Good Lord! I'm not going to beat you," he burst out, angrily. "Come here to me!"

She did not move. "Come here!" he repeated.

"Go away!" she begged, piteously. "Please go away!"

The abject terror in her voice gave him a curious thrill of sympathetic fright. "What's the matter?" he asked, more gently.

"I can't tell," she murmured. "You—you—you mustn't ask me."

He stood still a moment, completely bewildered

"If I were you," he said, awkwardly, as though he were wheedling an hysterical woman, "I'd wash my face and take off that silly towel and put on a pretty frock. They're waiting, you know."

"I can't!" she moaned.

"What utter nonsense!" he said, sharply, stepping toward her, "what foolish—" In front of the little dressing-table he stopped abruptly.

The locket was there It was propped open on top of a pile of schoolbooks, and the curl, which had been imprisoned for so many years, lay loose beside it. He was silent so long, standing with his back to her, that she hid her face in her hands.

"Rosalie," he murmured, "Rosalie—"

The room was quite still; Rosalie's daughter was forgotten. He drew a long breath and reached for the locket. It was then that he saw for the first time the tall bottle with the gaudy label that stood beside the books. He picked it up, curiously, and began reading the delusive words that his daughter had read the fateful day she scrubbed Mrs. Thompson's empty bottle: "*Warranted to produce a rich, glossy, natural golden shade defying detection. Unusually lasting 'n results, exceptionally easy to apply*!"

He strode across the room and jerked the towel from her head. Matted and dampened, one side oddly splotched with brown and the other bleached a vivid yellow, the little head bent low under his startled gaze. She flung herself at his feet in the agony of her humiliation.

"Don't—don't look at it," she cried. "It—it said beautiful golden, but it told an awful lie—that bottle! I truly didn't mean to be bad—I just wanted to make it nice so's you'd love me. But if I'm a nun it won't matter. Their hair don't show at all. Please let me be a nun and don't—don't scold me! Anyway not to-night, because to-night I thought you'd be calling me Goldilocks!"

In the long moment that he stared down at the ridiculous little figure, a sharp consciousness of his years of selfish devotion to the dead and his grudging love for the living swept over him. He turned down the merciless light and in the darkness bent over his little girl.

"Daughter, dear!" he murmured, pityingly, as he caught her in his arms and kissed the stained tresses. "Daughter, dear!"

The long-ago endearment faltered on his lips, the memory of it was cruelly poignant, but his broken whispers sounded in her ears like heavenly music.

"Goldilocks!" he sighed. "My dear little Goldilocks!"

Concerning Greta Greer

Part III.

IN WHICH THERE IS A CONFESSION AND AN AWAKENING, AND WHERE DR. DARE FINDS HIMSELF THE RECIPIENT OF CONFIDENCES FROM TWO DISTRESSED WOMEN

By Madge Macbeth

Illustrated by Elisabeth Telling

SYNOPSIS.—Dr. Dare, specialist in insanity and crime cases, has shipped as surgeon on a transatlantic liner, and meets Greta Greer, a tall, reserved girl invariably gowned in green. She is strangely moved on learning his chosen profession, and he becomes aware that she has some mystery weighing on her mind.

The second day out he learns that there has been a daring robbery of emeralds at Montreal, by some woman, and that they will be searched on arriving in England. Mrs. Threckmeyer, a cheerfully ungrammatical matron, Miss Kelly, a little schoolteacher, who gives the impression of looking particularly well before she leaps, and Billy Cunningham, a former classmate of Dare's, and now a detective, discuss the case excitedly. Dare feels instinctively that Cunningham, at least, has his eye on Miss Greer, and determines to protect her if need should arise. Suddenly Mrs. Threckmeyer sends for Dr. Dare and Cunningham, and confides that she has just discovered Mrs. Beaufort's jewels hidden in her hand-bag, along with a note from her niece, Jean, saying that she has broken out in a new place, and wonders if her aunt will ever forgive her. Since she used to be a victim of kleptomania, Mrs. Threckmeyer is sure she has stolen the Beaufort jewels and in a fit of remorse, put them in her aunt's bag. Billy Cunningham receives the news with delight, crying "Heaven bless dear little Jean. Believe me, it's awful to be in love!" and rushes off to th Marconi-man.

CHAPTER VII

"Won't you walk on the deck with me, Miss Greer?"

Dare leaned a little over the back of her chair at dinner the same night and tried not to be too eager.

The captain spoke.

"I was just saying that a breath of fresh air would be the best thing in the world to deal with that hot-house look of Miss Greer's. It is beautiful, of course, and all of the women envy her, but to a hardy, weather-beaten seaman like myself—well, it savors of the unearthly; I fear some day to look up and find her floating away on a green cloud."

The girl rose, smiling slightly.

"I had no idea men were such minute observers," she said. "Thank you, Dr. Dare, I should like a turn."

The doctor did not see the long expressive look, which, in passing, she gave the captain. He answered her with a mute appeal to which she silently responded by a slight inclination of her head. Captain Myles looked wistfully after the disappearing figures.

Although the storm was over the decks were very wet, and it was quite cold in unsheltered places.

Dr. Dare spoke of it. "Let us sit here," he suggested, as they passed two chairs. "It is not so chilly and we may be able to get a good view of the comet."

"The comet?" echoed his companion. "Why, you can't see the comet any more. The last view I had of it was two years ago, and through a glass, at that."

Dare pretended to look puzzled.

"I don't understand," he said. "I thought old Halley promised us a sight of it every seventy-five years."

"Well?"

"Surely it has been seventy-five years since I last saw you." He did not smile.

Greta Greer laughed outright. It was a delicious throaty sound and thrilled the man.

"Compliments as neatly wrapped as that are rare," she said, still laughing. "I confess that you took me greatly by surprise and I have no frantically clever answer ready."

"It is a bore to be frantically clever with some people," returned Dare. "We hoard our epigrams as a rule for people with whom we can't be wholly natural or 'at home.' Seriously, though, I would like to say that I have missed you, whom I dare think of as a kindred spirit."

She changed color slightly, and traced the designs on her gown.

"I have found the time irksome since we sailed, too—er—I have not been very well."

"Oh, I'm sorry." Dare's voice was sincerely sympathetic. "I have several remedies for *mal de mer* and between them all, the patient usually gets something efficacious."

The girl opened her lips to speak, thought again and remained silent then as her companion turned to her, she said, "Thank you!"

They remained together a long time, not always talking, but wholly entertained and satisfied with silences.

Dare did not try to project himself into her thoughts at all, he allowed himself to drift—bending his mental energies solely upon the channels of thought she suggested. Although many times throughout the evening she seemed wistful, femininely weak and yielding, the doctor found no trace of the tragedy he had associated so indissolubly from her. She seemed quite normal and entirely charming. Consequently, he was somewhat unprepared, when after a long silence she leaned toward him and said:

"Dr. Dare, I want to ask you about something vitally important to me, I suppose I want to 'consult' you. Your sympathies are always with those of us who are too weak to resist temptation, aren't they?"

Ellis Dare bowed mutely. The old suspicion returned more vividly than ever, the normal woman had vanished leaving in her stead an abnormal creature staggering under tragedy. He looked from the tightly clasped hands to the drawn lips, and then into pulsing, heavy-lidded eyes and could find no words to answer.

"I am one of those unfortunates," the girl went on, "Oh, *do* you think you can help me?"

"I can't tell, Miss Greer. I can't tell you that I *can* but I am going to say with deep earnestness that there is nothing I will not do; there is no path too difficult for me to try. Will you tell me about it?"

"I shan't go far back, to-night," Greta Greer began, "I haven't the courage. I will only say that I left Mrs. Beaufort's suddenly, within an hour after getting a cable calling me to London for an urgent purpose—and—"

"Wait just a moment!" Dare leaned forward, tensely, and looked keenly into the girl's eyes. "Was that before or after Mrs. Beaufort sustained her grave loss?"

"What loss?" The question was spoken in a strained whisper.

"Don't you know that the afternoon of the day we sailed, Mrs. Beaufort had almost every piece of jewelry stolen from the safe in her country home, and that practically every detective in the

country is working on the case?"

A sharp pang stabbed Dare as he watched the look of horror and suffering which the girl could not control. She seemed to pass with torturing swiftness through staggering surprise, sympathetic grief, then unalterable horror. Twice she tried to speak, could not find her breath, and choked. Finally, just as Dare, unable to bear the sight of her tragic eyes longer, was about to continue with the story, she leaned toward him and moaned:

"God pity me, Dr. Dare! I suppose every one will have to know, now, for it was *my* doing."

He caught her to him—she had fainted.

CHAPTER VIII.

THERE was no sleep for Dare that night; he alternately paced the deck and his small stateroom in frenzied uncertainty. Reviewing the whole situation as well as he could follow it, he found himself no nearer its solution than on the first night out at sea. Greta Greer had been the guest of Mrs. Beaufort, had left suddenly, mysteriously, just about the hour of the robbery. She refused to allow the stewardess to enter the room and to Dare's trained eye she carried about with her the burden of a great sorrow. Added to the impression he had, were her words—"It was *my* doing!" She plainly acknowledged her guilt—or at least her complicity in the crime. At the same time, it was obvious that she had known absolutely nothing of the robbery until he had told her—her part had been played unconsciously, without a realization of its meaning.

Perhaps it was a case of hypnotism—mental suggestion or the like; she may have remembered allowing an experiment, but nothing more. An unscrupulous person could easily have possessed himself of the jewels in such a manner. But in such an event, while Mrs. Beaufort's loss would be as great, there would be no stigma attached to her guest—nothing to account for her horror when she heard of the robbery. Possibly she had been duped by a trusted servant or one of the other guests, in which case it might be unpleasant and difficult for her to make an accusation and prove it. These and many other loop holes he made for her but they did not seem to fit the occasion. He could not force himself to a decision one way or the other—she might be guilty or she might not. Not merely because of his sympathy for criminals, his heart went out to her, lonely, reserved, tragic; but he found himself more wholly anxious to accept her first and help her afterward. He did not shrink from her even while holding to the thought that she might be guilty.

He had carried her to her stateroom with Captain Myles' assistance. He had gone through the necessary steps toward bringing her to consciousness while the other man had stood silently by. He had taken but a fleeting glance about her room, which now that he thought of it seemed crowded with trophies such as one expects to find in a curio shop—portions of armour, lances, garlands made of gold leaf, and many other pieces which Dare had just time to notice. Mingled with some subtle perfume was an odor which puzzled the doctor and just at the moment distracted him.

The girl returned to consciousness slowly and partly opened her eyes. Dare's pulses leapt, the room swam, impulsive words of love throbbed for utterance. He bent forward, forgetting the captain's presence.

"Will you leave me now?" whispered Greta Greer, "I shall want you—you both—later. I must think."

That was all which passed between them, for as by common consent, the men had separated outside her door with the briefest "Good night," and with the air that nothing unusual had come under their notice.

And within the stateroom this other woman was trying to frame words with which to lay bare her soul . . .

Then he argued from another standpoint—Mrs. Threckmeyer held a confession from her niece, also an inmate of the Beaufort house, and an acknowledged kleptomaniac. She even *had* some of the stolen jewels!

It was hardly possible that Mrs. Threckmeyer herself was a party to the crime, in fact Dare did not share her belief that the niece was guilty, in spite of her note.

As to her having the jewels, once more he thought of Greta Greer as the subject of some one's will, and he longed to murder this unknown Svengali who had possibly ordered her to carry the chamois bag to Mrs. Threckmeyer's stateroom! If she had not the strength to resist these commands, *he* had, and he would use it provided she would allow him. His head burned and his lips grew dry as he sat on the edge of his berth thinking. Again the subtle pervading odor occurred to him and he lifted his hand to his nostrils. Yes, it was there and it also clung to his shoulder where her head had lain.

He looked at his watch, and found that it was two o'clock. Evidently the girl had not made up her mind as to what she wished to say, and wouldn't send for him that night.

Perhaps the captain had not gone to sleep. He would see. Certainly he knew something of Greta Greer.

The sky had cleared, and there was a wonderful August moon low in the heavens. The sea was calm, reflecting the ship's lights in long wavering lines; a deep silence reigned as Dare walked softly forward.

He knocked once and entered.

The captain sat in a leather chair, his head thrown back, his eyes wide open, staring at the ceiling. But for the grip he had upon the arms of his chair, one might have supposed him quietly resting and dreaming of peaceful days. He did not move when Dare entered the room nor did he speak.

"You expected me?" asked the doctor, stepping close and looking down at him.

"Rather," answered the other slowly. "Will you sit down?"

The veins on the back of his hands seemed to beat, and his knuckles were drawn and white.

Dare seated himself in a chair opposite the captain and refused a cigar. He was neither an inveterate nor a nervous smoker.

"She told you to-night?" asked Myles, at last, evidently considering further particularization unnecessary.

"Yes, she told me something—"

"And are you going to help her?"

"That is what I came to talk about."

The captain rose suddenly from his chair and put his hands upon Dare's shoulders. They gripped him hard.

"You don't hesitate?" he cried passionately. "You have not come here to discuss her like the ordinary patient or the one to whom you give a hundredth part of your attention? You surely have not come to catechize me, Dare—"

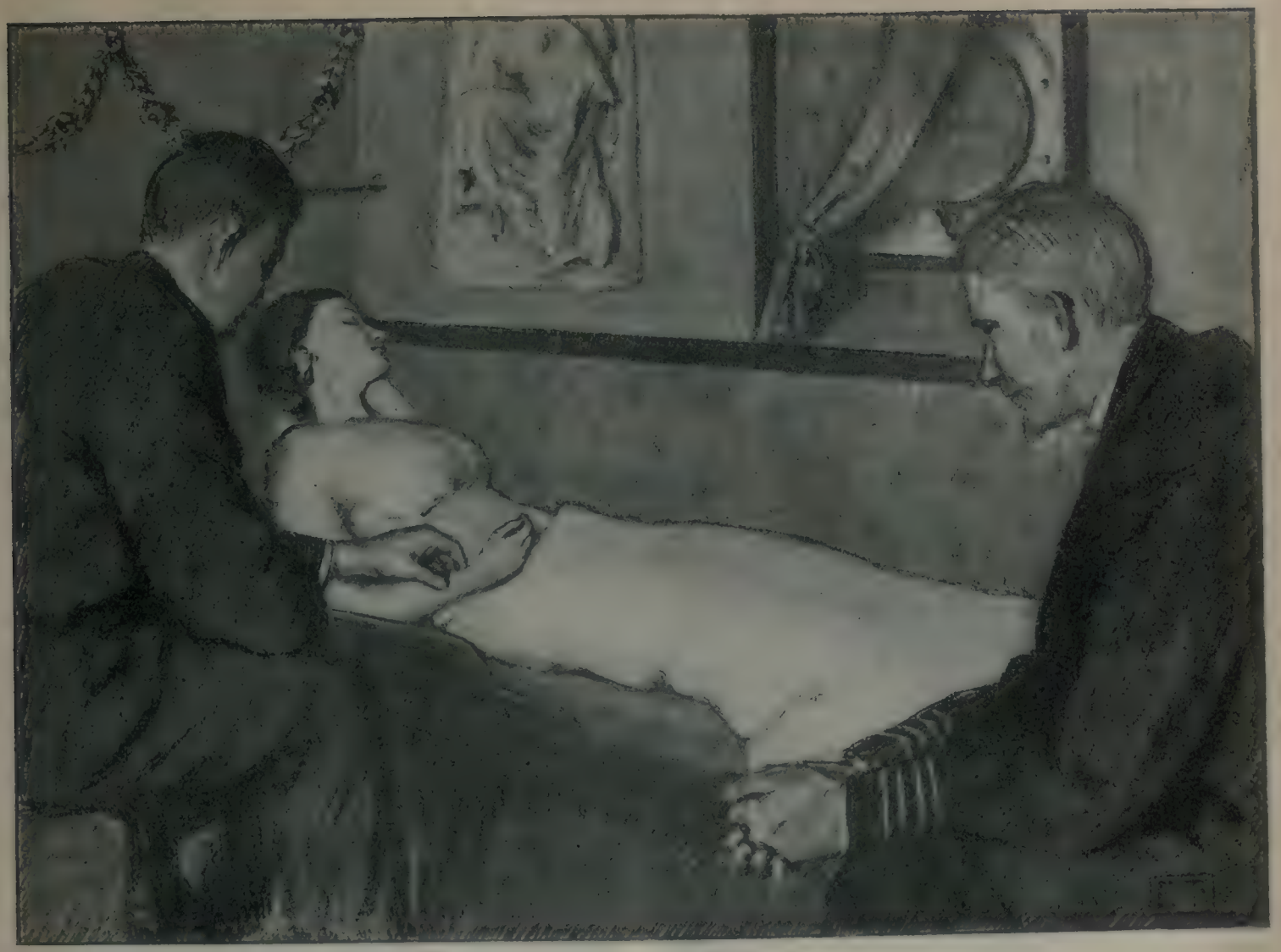
Ellis interrupted. He too, was excited but spoke with a forced calm.

"I merely want to know a way to help her, Myles—that's all."

"Find a way, man, *find a way*! With your knowledge and the opportunities you have, there's nothing you could not do. Take her somewhere and make a new woman of her, help her to forget the past—the years of burning hell she has lived through, teach her the power of her own will! She won't resist, she will do her best to respond to you—I know she will! At least make the experiment, Dare. If you fail, it can't hurt you, and if you succeed—"

"Wait a moment!"

Dare rose too, and shook off the hands which held him. He had been thinking rapidly and now became convinced that Greta Greer *was* the victim of suggestion, under which influence she committed various crimes. He had intended to ask many questions of the captain but hastily reconsidered this, and decided to get all facts from the girl herself. This other revelation however, made by a man under high pressure of excitement, demanded different treatment



GRETA GREER LAY BACK, EVERY TRACE OF COLOR EBBING FROM HER PALE FACE, AND DR. DARE TOOK HER PULSE CAREFULLY. WHAT SECRET DID THIS STRANGE WOMAN HOLD?

and the doctor took what he considered the only honorable course. Until the present moment he had not understood the full extent of the captain's interest in Greta Greer, he had not realized that Myles, too, loved her.

"Wait a moment," he repeated. "I think it only fair to tell you some of the facts which you may not know, as long as you seem to be more than casually interested. To begin with, I do not know the full extent of—of—er—the disease, and can promise nothing until I know that. But in any event the helping of a person so afflicted would mean this: daily, almost hourly intercourse, the closest intimacy, the making of oneself necessary and indispensable to the patient as a counter-irritant to the other, you understand; the surest and best way in the present instance to effect a cure would be to interest ***her*** in me, to trade upon that something in our personalities which would prove stronger than the —er—disease. Do you understand? And," he went on tensely, "I will say that I am ready and willing to do this, to take her away from the beaten track, to bury myself for years if need be, and balk at no sacrifice however great, because—I already love her."

The men stood face to face looking straight into each other's eyes. There was a long, dramatic pause, then the two clasped hands tightly, and stood so a moment.

The door was thrown open, suddenly.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the intruder, "I rapped, sir—twice, to tell you that there's a passenger overboard."

For a paralyzing moment the two men stared at each other, the same thought uppermost in their minds. Then the captain broke through the open doorway with a cry.

Dare remained motionless—he felt the throb of the ship as her engines ceased, he was conscious that the cold air blew strongly on the back of his neck, and that he was chilled. A heavy odor seemed to enmesh him, and he again put his hand to his face. Then, turning, he walked slowly out on deck, and aft, where a small crowd of officials and passengers had gathered. He dreaded to look into the satiny water, fearing lest he should see the green of a velvet gown blend with its deeper tint; he tried to blot out the image of the girl who so possessed his thoughts, but the picture of her rose before him; her white face framed with blue black hair, showing death-like in the cold gleam of the moon—he dreaded to look and yet he could not stand back while the crowd of curious strangers hung dispassionately over the rail. For an irresolute moment he stood alone, suffering the tortures of hell, then walked boldly to the side and looked down.

The moon reflected its face in the rolling swells, one moment a perfect circle and the next a trailing oblong streak, the ship's lights glowed zig-zag upon the water and Dare fancied he heard a hiss as one of the passengers—Judson of course,—threw away a half finished cigarette.

Continued on page 73.

As a Man Soweth

WHAT THE AGRICULTURAL SCHOOLS OF ALBERTA ARE TEACHING. "THESE SCHOOLS," SAY THE FARMERS, "ARE WHAT WE WANT FOR OUR SONS."

By Norman S. Rankin

Illustrated from Photographs

THE Hired Boy had slept in. For the first time since his employment he had come down from the little loft over the barn, which served him for a bedroom, fifteen minutes late. It was precisely a quarter past five.

"Son," said the Old Farmer who had been impatiently waiting him below. "Son, yew kin git—git, lock, stock an' barril—out yew go—take yer bag an' baggage an' move along right smart. I doan' want yer 'round here nohow."

"D'ye mean it—D'ye mean it sure? D'ye want me to git, as ye say?" and the boy peered nervously into the hard old man's face, shivering in the raw morning air.

"I allus means what I sez," growled the Old Farmer viciously, "an' I repeats it. Git, an' be quick about it," and he pointed with his thumb over his shoulder towards the farm gate.

"All right," assented the lad sorrowfully, "I'll git out, I'll git out, but I tell ye, I don't understan'—I don't see why."

"See why; don't understand," spluttered the old man, "Why, shucks alive, boy, what better reason cud ye have than that ye slep' in. Didn't ye, I asks, didn't ye sleep in?"

"Yep," responded the lad slowly, "I slep' in, I sure did, but it is the first time, an' (pleadingly) ain't I tried to please ye? Ain't I worked hard to follow your orders? Ain't I been willin' to do 'most anythin'?"

"Maybe ye has, an' then again, maybe ye hasn't," grudged the Old Farmer," but it don't make no difference, nohow; I tells ye Son, the farmer's boy has got to be eddicated, an' I ain't got no use for a young feller what sleeps in all forenoon."

Educate the farmer's boy. Yes, the old man was right; the hired man and the hired boy have got to be educated. That's the kind of education the farmer's boy used to get. But it's not the kind of education he's getting now, at least in the Province of Alberta.

To learn because he really wants to learn, and not because his parents or guardians send him to school; to study because in doing so he realizes he is going to be better fitted for life on the farm; to apply himself because there is pure joy in so doing, these are some of the incentives which will induce any normal boy to study; and they are the right and proper motives to a practical education. These are the motives behind the new system of agricultural education established last fall in the Province of Alberta, and that it is proving successful beyond even the fondest expectations of the Government itself, is clearly demonstrated by an overflow attendance at each of the three schools already in operation.

THE FARMERS' GIRLS STUDY DOMESTIC SCIENCE, THE HEALTH AND NUTRITIVE VALUES OF FOODS, HOW TO CATER INTELLIGENTLY FOR A FAMILY, AND HOW TO SERVE CORRECTLY

Here's what one Old Farmer, writing to the Principal of the Government Agricultural School at Olds, thinks:—

Hastings Coule, January the 14th, 1914.

Mr. W. J. Elliott, Olds, Alberta.

Sir:—Received yours of January 7th. Seeing in your letter that the school course is too far advanced for this year, I will not send my son now, but in the fall. I was really astonished when I saw David Salon's blacksmith work. I am a mill man from Ontario. I think this is the best school a government ever established. You will find out that some of the farmers' sons will make the best of mechanics.

This school is really what the farmers want for their sons.

Yours truly,

(Signed) H. L. KROETSCH.

On three of the six provincial demonstration farms established last year, agricultural schools—not colleges—have been erected and opened at Vermillion, Olds and Claresholm. They have as principals, practical experienced farmers, who have as assistants, equally practical specialists in all lines of agricultural education, live stock, poultry, carpentry, farm machinery, dairying, crop selection, soil chemistry, in fact, everything that will give the boy such knowledge and practice that will enable him to make the business of farming a pleasanter and more profitable occupation. Every progressive country in the world now recognizes the necessity of giving its boys and girls the best possible educational advantages as prepara-

tion for whatever life they may elect to follow, and here is education along attractive and practical lines.

By locating these schools on the Government Demonstration farms, practical demonstration of subjects discussed daily in class are available, and at all times the assistance of the farm superintendents are available. In addition some twenty acres on each farm are set aside as experimental plots, which are under the cultivation and care of the students.

Could the hired man or boy of earlier days take up the farmer's carpentry tools and turn out a much needed wagon box in workmanlike manner? Could he ceil the inside of the new home? Bend a whiffle-tree? Put together storm window frames? Construct a wheel barrow? Replace a front door? A fence? A gate, or the hundred and one other repair jobs that are required in the operation of a farm?

You know, and I know, that he couldn't.

Could the hired man of earlier days kindle the smithy's forge and properly sharpen a plow-lay? Manufacture a chain? Bend up a hook? A clevis? A clip? A whiffle-tree end? A wagon-box iron? Weld a connection? Care for the horses' feet, and shoe them, and other frequently occurring repair jobs that are part and parcel of farm life?

You and I know he couldn't.

Could the hired man tell what ails your thorough-bred bull or dairy herd, or champion stallion when it falls sick, or prescribe treatment to restore it to health and productivity? Or judge your cattle and horses for soundness and quality?

Of course he couldn't.

Could your hired man tell you why your small gasoline engine won't work, or your steam tractor refuses to move? Could he take either apart and set it up again? Could he explain either's construction and use?

Undoubtedly, he couldn't.

Could your newly hired boy discuss with you intelligently the strong and weak points of your new binder or seeder or harrow? Could he explain wind and water power?

You wouldn't expect him to.

Could he tell you how to irrigate your land properly? The plant's relation to and how it is influenced by soil, fertilizers, air, moisture, heat and light? The properties of your particular kind of soil? The classification and method of improvement of farm crops, individual crops as applied to nature, culture, storing, uses and history?

No, the hired man or the farm boy of earlier days, and present days also, couldn't do any of these things. They weren't expected of him; they weren't even attributes of the farmer himself, in many cases. The hired man and the farmer's boy were machines or laborers, doing what they were told and when they were told. That was then; not now.

Now, at the end of his first year's course at one of these agricultural schools, the average farmer's boy will know a good deal about the practical manner of doing all these things, and at the conclusion of the second year, will be fully qualified. That is an education worth looking for, worth having, and one that will metamorphose the life of the boy on the farm from monotony and drudgery to variety and interest.

And don't let us forget the farmer's daughter; the present sweetheart and future wife of the farmer's boy. She has her little niche also in these new schools. She studies household science, cooking and sewing, laundrying, dress-making, home nursing, sanitation, gardening and English, with practical work in dairy and with poultry, in fact practical education on those subjects with which a young woman as a home-maker should be familiar. And she does it, singing.

The writer spent a couple of days at Olds studying the school methods and the scholars. Both were a revelation, for in other ways also, the farmer's boy and the farmer's girl were being morally and physically trained. Boarding in the homes of the town's people as they do, an honor code is in practical force between school and scholar.

"You come to this school to learn, I take it," says the principal to a new scholar upon presentation, "and I want your assurance that this is so. We have no time for play except in play hours. You are to lodge with Mrs. Smith on Main Street, and your board will cost you $5.50 a week. Each evening except Saturday and Sunday and such days as shall be publicly declared holidays, you are expected to be in your room studying from seven o'clock on through the evening. You will not smoke, nor chew, nor drink spirituous liquors nor go inside a saloon or bar while here, and in other minor details, you will conform to the rules and regulations of the school. Do you promise? Well, sign here."

This honor code, so far, has worked well; two, I think have fallen from grace and been packed away to their destinations, and when you consider that many of them are young men and young women, and not mere children, this is but all the more laudatory. Thirty-nine girls and sixty-one young men attend the Olds School, and if I were a boy again, no! even if I were independent now and could go and do what I wished, I would pack up my things and move to Olds to-morrow and enroll for the season's course.

This system of education (and it is proposed to extend it and to conduct many similar schools in other parts of the province) will make of the future Alberta farmer the most efficient and enthusiastic tiller of the soil on the continent, who will intelligently operate his farm with modern machinery in an effective manner, and have his home presided over by a trained and practical wife, who if occasion arises, can take the reins of management into her own capable hands.

The hired man of earlier days, the machine, the laborer, will soon be a thing of the past, and in the future, the farm owner, when in a quandary, can turn to his modern hired boy for information and advice.

A CLASS OF FARMER BOYS STUDYING SOIL CHEMISTRY IN THE LABORATORY

Introducing Louis

GOOD INDIAN, GUIDE, PHILOSOPHER AND FRIEND TO US ALL

By Jean Blewett

CELIA DEAR,—The carrier brought your letter early this morning, but I never got it read until we camped at noon. Not that I wasn't glad to hear from you, but right then came Louis' call, and I had to fly. You see it is our very first Moose Hunt, and besides, Louis is a man you rarely keep waiting. When he poises, paddle in hand, in that cockle-shell canoe of his, and sends his shrill: "Al' aboard !" you get the notion that the slender devilish craft (for devilish it is in any hands but his) is alive, and that he is holding it still by standing on its heart. You drop everything and run at that "Al' aboard !"

Custom never stales the variety of thrills you experience as you clamber in. You are absurdly glad that he does not remove his foot and let her come to life until you are in your own particular seat. Then, he steps back, and on the instant she noses toward the rapids, rocking like a drunken thing. You give a little scream, but Louis only laughs and dips his paddle into the foamy water. Then comes the long silent sweep which only the half breed can give, and you know what is meant by poetry of motion. For the first hour, at least, you are rid of your body, of your heavy old head, your legs, your feet with the blistered heels; you're a great grey gull all grace and beauty, a lump of content in the spot where your heart used to be, and you're flying, flying, flying through grey mist shot with rainbow lights, and you're a whole lot nearer heaven than any human creature has a right to be—on account of having to come down again.

This morning I am still flying when Joan of Arc and her brother, who as usual are as close to me as they can get, begin a quarrel which threatens to end in a fight. I take a last dizzy whirl and get back my head, my body, my blistered heels, my whole prosaic person.

"Stop that wrangle, children," I say sharply, and Louis laughs. I believe he knows I've been up in the air with the other wild birds.

I suppose you being strong on the conventions, I ought to introduce Louis formally. Don't go picturing him some handsome young adventurer. He is so old his face is a net-work of wrinkles, and his eyes have seen so much they droop at the corners with tiredness. He has eye-brows like two snow covered brush heaps; one long straggling lock of hair down his forehead, a nose that crooks sideways when he laughs or gets mad (he does both quite often) and the most interesting personality to be found between Athabaska and Dunvegan, that oldest of posts on the Peace River. No young man could possibly be so wise

LIFE IS SIMPLE TO THESE CHILDREN OF THE WILDERNESS

and yet so companionable, so worldly and yet so childlike.

Peter asked him his age one day and got little satisfaction, but a good story. "How ol', eh ? I dunno. Life an' me we jog togedder mos' too long keep de count. Eet ees lak ol' Corieux back on de Saskatchewan say w'en de mount' police catch heem and de wife fighting and mak' de trial. 'How many year you two been marry ?' ask de police, 'I dunno', say Cordieux wit' de bitter look you see som' tam' w'en you come across fox dat's los' hees tail in a trap, an' knows he ain't sly as de res' ob hees breed, else he wouldn't got in no trap, 'but by de way I feel, jus' now, it's hell ob a long tam b'gosh.' "

No, you needn't feel shocked, my dear. If you could hear Louis tell that story the while his thin lips, blue eyes, the hundred and one wrinkles, make merry together, and the crooked nose turns away to enjoy its fun all by itself, you wouldn't do a thing but laugh.

"He is wan beeg fool dat Cordieux," he goes on, bringing his nose back to a proper angle, "he mak' troub' for heemself al' right in de start, yes. How he do dat ? Well, I tell you. Eet is w'en dey tak' de trail on w'at you call de honey-moon. We go by pony to Moose Portage, he tell her; not so, we go by de boat to Swan Reever, she say. Right dere he should geeve de loving cuff on de ear and mak' de break for Portage. But he is yo'ng an' sof' in hees heart—and head," here the top of his nose twinkles round to his cheek again. "An' he mak' de fool ob heemself wit,' 'Al'right, m'dear you ees de boss.' "

It was the little teacher from the mission who spoke up with, "The proper thing for a man to do is to let the bride choose the wedding trip, Louis !"

"De proper t'ing for man to do is start out de way he intends keep on, eh ? 'You de boss, m'dear,' he tell her, to mak' de show off at de start, and she's boun' hees words come true eef eet tak' a leg, b'gosh ! Mebbe ev'ry man's beeg fool wance in hees life. I t'ink, yes."

"On his honeymoon, you mean ?" queries the teacher.

"No," with a gleam from the pale, blue eyes, "a leetle w'ile before dat, jus about de tam' he begin mak' de eye at her, an' put hees brains in hees heel so dat he dance de better. Me, I lak my own way, but I hab wife, an' ol' troub' he chase married man. Me," with a whimsical shrug, "I tak' to de wilderness. De bigger de hiding place de harder for troub' to fin' you out. Dat is true."

Continued on page 59.

THE WOMAN OF IT

By Alan Adair

Author of "THE APOSTACY OF JULIAN FULKE," "JOAN," *etc.*

Illustrated By Katherine Southwick

SYNOPSIS.

This novel of English society opens with a prologue showing Robert Sinclair as a boy in Rome. He angers his father, a cashiered captain, by wanting to become a singer, and is brutally beaten. Mother and son leave Rome that night, the boy regretting only his parting with his playmate, Denzil Merton.

The scene changes to London. Lord Merton is giving a box party at the opera for the family of a Canadian railway man, with whose daughter, Valerie Monro, he is deeply in love. When the new tenor who is to make his premier in the role of the Knight Lohengrin comes on, Merton recognizes him as his boyhood friend, Robert Sinclair. Valerie is strangely impressed by the tenor but chides herself for being as silly about him as the other women of the party. Merton tells her he is going to call on Sinclair the next day, which he does, and finds Sinclair eager to renew their boyish acquaintance. Merton tells him that Valerie wants to meet him, but he laughs and intimates the Lohengrin's armour has dazzled her a little. Merton disclaims this, saying, "She is not like that," and when Mrs. Monro sends the singer a card for her next ball, Merton persuades him to accept. Valerie perversely snubs him. Later in the evening a lighted candle falls on her, and Sinclair puts out the fire, burning his hands. Valerie attempts to thank him, and ends by a gust of hysterical tears which washes away the coldness between them. They start afresh on their acquaintanceship, and she invites Sinclair to come and see them. However, their next meeting is at the Duchess of Northshire's musicale, where Sinclair is a lion. She promises him three dances at Lady Merton's ball. Feeling intuitively that Merton will ask her to marry him, she tells herself, "To-night I will be happy. After that, the deluge!" She coquettes with Sinclair, and provokes him until at last he takes her in his arms, and admits that he loves her. Then, coming to himself, he puts her away, saying, "There is Denzil, my friend—and yours." She tells him, "He will ask me to marry him, to-night. What shall I say to him?" Sinclair grips her by the shoulder and says fiercely: "You aren't going to marry him! Do you hear me?" Then, coming to himself, he puts her away. He will not take Denzil's beloved away from him, and he tells Valerie he loves her too much to marry her, that he would not make her happy, that he loves his work more than any woman. Valerie cannot understand this altogether, but he forces her to accept the fact that he will not marry her; and later in the evening she accepts Denzil. When Sinclair reaches home, his father is asleep in his rooms, having come to beg for money on the strength of the fact that he is the next heir to the baronetcy of Abbott's Wood, and Sir Fulke Sinclair is a very old and feeble man. His son settles two hundred pounds a year on him, and tells him that it is only on condition that the captain never show his face near his son again, never write to him or communicate with him. The elder Sinclair consents, borrows all the gold the son has in his pockets at the moment, and goes off with a pitiful attempt at jauntiness, leaving the young man alone. Valerie, as Denzil's fiancee, goes with the Mertons to Barranmuir, for the shooting.

CHAPTER X.

It was early October, the day fine, but grey. Valerie was sitting alone on the wind-swept terrace of Barranmuir, her chin in her hand. She was looking at the landscape with eyes that took in every detail of the wide expanse before her, bordered on the one side by a clump of dark pines, on the other by beeches whose leaves shone as pure gold, against the clear, light, colorless autumn sky.

The girl was gazing fixedly as if she found something satisfying in the landscape, as if the rolling moors and the blue distances of the hills, the gold of the leaves and the sombreness of the pines were, one and all, speaking to her, each in their own language.

It was only when she heard the sound of the motor as it announced itself to have passed the bend where the beeches stood and came into view of the house, that she took her eyes from the distant view. She was a little thinner and a little browner than she had been in London, and she looked older too. Something of the irresponsibility of youth had gone out of her face and in its stead, there had come a gravity that had never been there before. She was all the more beautiful for it, especially when her face was lit up by one of her queer, crooked smiles.

"So he has come," she said to herself. "That clarion of the horn was characteristic of him, too—the fairy prince." But she did not move from her seat on the terrace and if anyone had been there to see, they would have noticed that the slim hand in its buckskin glove was trembling. She fixed her eyes on the approaching car, which seemed to reach its destination almost more quickly than cars generally do. For, no sooner had it announced itself to her, than it seemed as if it had arrived. All too soon for her self-command.

The groom sprang out and opened the door. Lord Merton had been driving and his guest got out first. Valerie could see the bright gold hair of the tall figure from where she sat—and then the little man whom she was going to marry sprang out and she could see that his first look was towards the terrace in search of her.

It was October and despite his promise, this was the first time that Sinclair had come to Barranmuir. One pretext after another was put forward. He went shooting with other people, it seemed, he was not to sing until the latter end of October in Paris, and he had come here only a couple of weeks before he was due there. Lord Merton had wasted many letters on him, but he never seemed able to make things fit in. "Write and tell him that I believe he won't come because I am here. That ought to fetch him," Valerie said to Denzil one day. He laughed. "Very well," he

said and then he turned to her, "Sweetheart," he said," do you know that there may be just a word of truth in that accusation? Old Bob likes to have me to himself and I daresay he guesses that he has no chance against you."

"Perhaps," she said negligently. "Anyhow, give my message, Denzil!"

It may have been the message which brought him. He arranged to come soon after. Valerie knew that she was counting the days and after that the hours—she knew quite well what was gnawing at her heart. She knew that she wanted to see him once again, to make sure that he was not taking things too hard—and yet she knew quite well that it would take away the last satisfaction that she felt, if he did not take things hard!

And as she sat on the terrace and looked down on him her heart beat so that she felt almost suffocated.

Denzil was walking beside him, his happy little face irradiated with smiles. Denzil looked shorter, more insignificant than ever. It was only Sinclair who had the power of making Denzil look so insignificant. Valerie did not mind what other man he stood near.

And then both young, men made their way towards her and she rose from her seat, putting one gloved hand on the balustrade of the terrace to steady herself. Denzil came first. "Here she is," he said joyously. "Valerie, he is really here! We have achieved it at length!"

"It is a triumph," said the girl.

She thought her voice must sound strange and harsh—it did not seem like her voice at all as she heard it, but neither Robert nor Denzil seemed to notice any difference in it. The singer held out his hand and she put hers into it.

"We thought you would not honor Barranmuir," she said lightly. "Lady Merton has been quite angry with you and you know you are ordinarily a great favorite of hers."

"She has forgiven me ever since I was a little boy," said he. "I believe she will go on forgiving me still."

"I believe so too," said Denzil, laughing, and then he slipped his arm into Valerie's. "Have they come in from the moors yet?" he asked. "The magic hour of tea draws near and the light is growing bad."

"No one has come in," said Valerie—she was able to speak more naturally now—"but it will be pleasanter if we go in. Mr. Sinclair will like to see your mother."

They walked along, all three abreast, Valerie between the two men. It seemed to the girl as if her limbs were leaden and yet she knew that she liked walking beside Robert.

She looked at him with one of her sidelong glances. No, he did not look as if he were taking things too hard—but then he never seemed to her to show any feeling at all—she had not known for sure even that he had loved her.

Suddenly Sinclair stood still. "I like this view, Denzil," he said.

"I like it too," said Merton.

The country lay before them with its rolling moors and its far horizons. He glanced suddenly at Valerie. "You will make a very fair chatelaine," he said to her gravely. Valerie turned very pale. "We have as beautiful views as this in Canada," she said. She had read Robert's thoughts aright. He was justifying himself once more for his renunciation of her.

"Here comes Dolly Brent," said Denzil—he had very good sight.

"Who is there with her?" asked Valerie almost eagerly. It seemed as if she was glad to begin another subject of conversation. "I believe it is Bertram," said Denzil with a half laugh. "Then she has not pulled it off this time."

"I suppose not," said Valerie, smiling, and then she turned to Sinclair, "We are interested, you see, in watching a love-affair."

"Would you call it a love affair?" asked Denzil.

"No, poor child," said Valerie.

"Valerie has such a large charity that she pities even those damsels whose one object in life is to achieve marriage with a wealthy man," said Denzil.

"Of course I am sorry for them," said Valerie quietly. "I am sorry particularly for Dolly—she is pretty and well-bred and she is dreadfully poor."

"And her father is a pretty average scoundrel," said Denzil.

"Poor girl," said Robert with feeling.

But they did not wait for Dolly, but made their way into the house where Lady Merton awaited them with tea. Lady Merton was one of those little, brown-haired, soft-eyed women, who seem to live only to make other people comfortable. She was very much in love with her future daughter-in-law. It seemed almost as if she could never be grateful enough to her for making her boy so happy.

She greeted Robert very warmly. "I have missed you terribly," she said. "You see those two are so taken up with each other."

"Naturally."

She looked at him quite gravely. "What's wrong, Bob?" she asked. "Have you, too, fallen in love?"

"There is nothing wrong," he said quickly," and as for my falling in love, I did that some time ago, that is nothing new." He laughed as he spoke.

"You must want your tea," said Lady Merton, reassured.

"It may be that." He did not speak ironically but with an effort. Valerie went across the hall to one corner of the great chimney piece and held out her hands to the blaze. Denzil followed her.

"Your hands have got thin, Valerie," he said with sudden alarm. "See how my ring slips about on your finger."

She held out one hand to him. "And yet you put it on very firmly," she said, twisting her mouth into one of her crooked smiles.

"You don't feel ill, do you? Tell me that nothing ails you!"

"I am quite well." She shivered a little. "I want sunshine," she said.

"Then you must go south at once!"

"And I want the sun and the moon and the stars," she said laughing. "Get them for me at once, Denzil! And I want something else! I want every one to have what he or she most desires, even if they all desire the same thing!"

"I have got what I most desire," he said in a low voice, "even although I don't deserve it!". She smiled at him. "Get me some tea, Denzil," he said, "and the nicest tea-cakes there are! That will do to begin with."

But when he brought them, she just broke off a corner of one—the food seemed to choke her. From where she sat, she could just see Robert's golden head. He was talking quite easily to a group of men and women. Dolly Brent was sitting opposite to him—and she never took her eyes off him. "Why did I let him come? Why?" said Valerie to herself—"I can't bear it."

Denzil was called away for a moment. Dolly Brent rose and came across the hall to her. "Who is that, Valerie?" she asked.

"That," said Valerie trying to speak naturally," is Robert Sinclair, the tenor—and it is not good for little girls to look at him too much!"

"Why not?" said the girl.

"He is considered too good-looking—by most mothers!"

"Too good-looking!" said Dolly. "I think he is wonderful!"

"Have you never heard him sing? He sings at Covent Garden."

"I have never heard him," said the girl. "I suppose the prudence of mothers forbids them to take little girls to hear him—how comes he here?"

"He is an old friend of Lord Merton's. They were boys together in Rome!"

"Will you introduce me, Valerie?"

"Lady Merton must—I consider him too dangerous."

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"But with a man like that," began the young girl—she did not finish the sentence.

Valerie rose from her seat and walked across to a door which led out of the hall. It was the door of Denzil's one particular sanctum. She knew that he would follow her quickly.

But for a moment or two, she thought she would be alone. She took off the hat which she had not yet removed, and sat back in a low chair, looking into the fire. The door opened, but she did not look up—she knew that it must be Denzil. But it was not.

"Denzil asked me to tell you," said a grave voice, "that he has just been called away—some one from the village has come for him—he may be away an hour or more—but I was to tell you, that he could not do without his hour before dinner."

Valerie made no answer at all. The room was quite dark—except for the fire-light. For a long time neither of them said a word and then Robert spoke. "You are making him very happy."

"You bade me to."

"I know, yet sometimes I have thought, that all this must be a strain on you—are you well? You look thinner—"

"Not so pretty?" she asked quickly.

"No," he said simply, "but to me, far more beautiful. You look older, too!"

"I am years older," she said and then she turned to him. "If you lived my life," she said passionately, "if you put a curb on yourself all day and lay wide-awake all night you would look older too."

"You can't sleep?" he asked her. "I believe that! You look sleepless."

"And you?" she said," I need not ask—"

"No," he said, "you need not ask—I have to keep myself fit you know, because of my voice!"

AS HE LOOKED AT HER, HE WAS REMINDED OF LADY JANE GREY, GROPING, BLIND-FOLDED, FOR THE BLOCK ON WHICH SHE WAS TO LAY HER LOVELY HEAD

"I believe you care for your voice, more than anything!"

"Why not? It is all that I have in the world!" He spoke simply, not complainingly. He did not attempt to come near to her, but stood leaning against the high mantel and looking down at her as she sat back in the chair. There was something in his attitude that hurt Valerie horribly.

"I believe," she said speaking very quickly, "that I have counted the days, the hours until you came here—and you now are here—"

"I should not have come," he answered.

"Why not? Lady Merton is fond of you and Denzil loves you and if I am such a fool as to care, what does it matter to anyone? Decidedly, you were quite right to have come!"

Her voice was so bitter and there was something about her, that made his heart ache. He wanted to take her into his arms and to kiss her mouth so that it should lose those sad curves—he wanted to tell her that neither distance, nor time, mattered in the least to him—that for all time, she was the one woman he loved and would always love! But it would have been as useless as it would have been wrong, seeing that she was to be his friend's wife.

"I have to go to Paris very soon," he said, "I have an engagement there."

"The French women are very taking," she said, almost acidly.

"They are very art-loving! You see, Miss Monro, I happen to be a singer."

"I know," she said, "you are a singer first."

"No," he said, "I am not that."

"What are you first of all, then?" she asked—there was hope in her voice.

"I hope I am a gentleman," he said. "That means an honorable man."

She clasped her hands together and twisted her fingers as if in pain and suddenly the ring that Denzil had told her had grown too large for her fingers sprang off and fell at Robert's feet.

He looked down at it. The firelight

Continued on page 33.

Why Man of To-day is Only 50 Per Cent. Efficient

By Walter Walgrove

If one were to form an opinion from the number of helpful, inspiring and informing articles one sees in the public press and magazines, the purpose of which is to increase our efficiency, he must believe that the entire Dominion is striving for such an end—

And this is so.

The Canadian Man because the race is swifter every day: competition is keener, and the stronger the man the greater his capacity to win. The stronger the man the stronger his will and brain, and the greater his ability to match wits and win. The greater his confidence in himself, the greater the confidence of other people in him; the keener his wit and the clearer his brain.

The Canadian Woman because she must be competent to rear and manage the family and home, and take all the thought and responsibility from the shoulders of the man, whose present-day business burdens are all that he can carry.

Now what are we doing to secure that efficiency? Much mentally, some of us much physically, but what is the trouble?

We are not really efficient more than half the time. Half the time blue and worried —all the time nervous—some of the time really incapacitated by illness.

There is a reason for this—a practical reason, one that has been known to physicians for quite a period, and will be known to the entire world ere long.

That reason is that the human system does not, and will not, rid itself of all the waste which it accumulates under our present mode of living. No matter how regular we are, the food we eat and the sedentary lives we live (even though we do get some exercise) make it impossible; just as impossible as it is for the grate of a stove to rid itself of clinkers.

And the waste does to us exactly what the clinkers do to the stove; make the fire burn low and inefficiently until enough clinkers have accumulated and then prevent its burning at all.

It has been our habit, after this waste has reduced our efficiency about 75 per cent., to drug ourselves; or after we have become 100 per cent. inefficient through illness, to still further attempt to rid ourselves of it in the same way—by drugging.

If a clock is not cleaned once in a while it clogs up and stops; the same way with an engine because of the residue which it, itself, accumulates. To clean the clock, you would not put acid on the parts, though you could probably find one that would do the work, nor to clean the engine would you force a cleaner through it that would injure its parts; yet that is the process you employ when you drug the system to rid it of waste.

You would clean your clock and engine with a harmless cleanser that Nature has provided, and you can do exactly the same for yourself, as I will demonstrate before I conclude.

The reason that a physician's first step in illness is to purge the system is that no medicine can take effect, nor can the system work properly while the colon (large intestine) is clogged up. If the colon were not clogged up the chances are 10 to 1 that you would not have been ill at all.

It may take some time for the clogging process to reach the stage where it produces real illness, but, no matter how long it takes, while it is going on the functions are not working so as to keep us up to "concert pitch." Our livers are sluggish, we are dull and heavy —slight or severe headaches come on—our sleep does not rest us—in short we are about 50 per cent. efficient.

And if this condition progresses to where real illness develops, it is impossible to tell what form that illness will take, because—

The blood is constantly circulating through the colon and, taking up by absorption the poisons in the waste which it contains, it distributes them throughout the system and weakens it so that we are subject to whatever disease is most prevalent.

The nature of the illness depends on our own little weakness and what we are least able to resist.

These facts are all scientifically correct in every particular, and it has often surprised me that they are not more generally known and appreciated. All we have to do is to consider the treatment that we have received in illness to realize fully how it developed and the methods used to remove it.

So you see that not only is accumulated waste directly and constantly pulling down our efficiency by making our blood poor and our intellect dull—our spirits low and our ambitions weak, but it is responsible through its weakening and infecting processes for a list of illness that if catalogued here would seem almost unbelievable.

It is the direct and immediate cause of that very expensive and dangerous complaint —appendicitis.

If we can successfully eliminate the waste all our functions work properly and in accord —there are no poisons being taken up by the blood, so it is pure and imparts strength to every part of the body instead of weakness—there is nothing to clog up the system and make us bilious, dull and nervously fearful.

With everything working in perfect accord and without obstruction, our brains are clear, our entire physical being is competent to respond quickly to every requirement, and we are 100 per cent. efficient.

Now this waste that I speak of cannot be thoroughly removed by drugs, but even if it could the effect of these drugs on the functions is very unnatural, and if continued becomes a periodical necessity.

Note the opinions on drugging of two most eminent physicians:

Prof. Alonzo Clark, M. D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All of our curative agents are poisons, and, as a consequence, every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

Prof. Joesph M. Smith, M. D., of the same school says: "All medicines which enter the circulation poison the blood in the same manner as do the poisons that produce disease."

Now, the internal organism can be kept as sweet and pure and clean as the external and by the same natural, sane method—bathing. By the proper system warm water can be introduced so that the colon is perfectly cleansed and kept pure.

There is no violence in this process—it seems to be just as normal and natural as washing one's hands.

Physicians are taking it up more widely and generally every day, and it seems as though everyone should be informed thoroughly on a practice which, though so rational and simple, is revolutionary in its accomplishments.

This is rather a delicate subject to write of exhaustively in the public press, but Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., has prepared an interesting treatise on "The What, The Why, The Way" of the Internal Bath, which he will send without cost to anyone addressing him at Room 311, 280 College Street, Toronto, and mentioning that they have read this article in the Canada Monthly.

Personally, I am enthusiastic on Internal Bathing because I have seen what it has done in illness as well as in health, and I believe that every person who wishes to keep in as near a perfect condition as is humanly possible should at least be informed on this subject; he will also probably learn something about himself which he has never known through reading the little book to which I refer.

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Linking up the West

BY JOHN McLELLAN

ON Tuesday morning, December 3, 1887, in response to invitations extended by the contracting firm of Upper & Willis, a number of ladies and gentlemen gathered at the station grounds of St. Boniface, Manitoba, to make the trip to the Roseau River, where they were to witness the driving of the last spike in the line of rail connecting Winnipeg with St. Paul, Minnesota. A special train was in waiting, and at a few minutes before nine o'clock the party boarded the cars and started south.

Among the Manitobans in the company were Senator Sutherland, of Kildonan, Consul Taylor, for many years the popular representative of the United States in Manitoba, Hon. A. G. B. Bannatyne, a member of the legislative council, Capt. Scott, at that time holding office as mayor of the city, Alexander Logan, for several years mayor of Winnipeg, W. S. Alloway, now a well-known Winnipeg private banker, John F. Bain, afterwards Mr. Justice Bain, S. Blanchard, a distinguished lawyer and partner of Judge Bain, C. N. Bell, present secretary of the Winnipeg Board of Trade, James H. Rowan, G. B. Spencer, W. H. Lyon, T. Nixon, G. Brown, Thos. Howard, D. W. Stobart, Geo. S. McTavish, A. F. Eden, Jacob Smith, and J. St. L. McGinn. The Hon. A. Percy and Lady Percy of London, England, and M.A. Bigford, of St. Paul, were among the strangers present. The latter, with W. F. Alloway, and Contractor Willis, after taking part in the ceremony connected with the driving of the last spike, continued the journey to St. Paul, and were thus the first passengers to make the journey by rail from Winnipeg to the capital of Minnesota.

The special train used for the trip was naturally of a primitive character, consisting of a locomotive, three flat cars, and a trainmen's caboose. The latter had been, to some extent, fitted up for the comfort of the ladies, but after all that was possible had been done, it must be admitted that the coach did not compare favorably with the standard sleepers now operated between Winnipeg and the Twin Cities. The crew in charge of the train consisted of Fred Hayward, conductor, C. D. Vanaman, engineer, and J. Donovan, fireman. The weather was not unpleasant, though somewhat cold, and most of the men stood on the deck of the flat cars during the trip.

The locomotive whistled shrilly, and the train moved across the Seine River, past St. Norbert and Niverville, to Otterburne, at Rat River, twenty-

eight miles from Winnipeg, which was reached at ten minutes past ten o'clock.

At Otterburne a large quantity of wood, which, as the facetious fireman remarked at the time, also O't-ter-burn, had been stored, and the supply for the locomotive was replenished. Water was needed for the boiler and a sufficient quantity was secured from the drain on the side of the grade, by means of a syphon.

From the river the train proceeded, at a rate of twenty-five miles an hour, to the camp of the contractors, where a stop was made. All the passengers on the flat cars alighted and took advantage of the opportunity to warm themselves. Passing Arnaud a few minutes later, the wigwam of an Indian was observed to the left. This sight aroused a discussion with reference to the future of the red race, and numerous observations were made regarding the manner in which the Indians of the continent retired further into the fastnesses as the iron rails of the transportation companies were laid across the plains. It was admitted that the native Americans, on the advent of the European, must disappear even from those areas which his ancestors had held in undisputed possession for thousands of years, and that the arrival of the iron horse meant the disappearance for ever of the picturesque Indian pony. The construction of the railway line, which meant so much in connection with the development of the vast Northwest was but another seal set on the hopeless struggle of the Indian with destiny.

"Of what tribe are they ?" asked one of the ladies in the caboose, addressing Contractor Willis, and looking intently at the dirty canvas tent. "These," replied the cast-iron contractor, "these, —well, I presume they are of all tribes. They are a lot of our Ontario boys, who have been at work, hauling in ties."

Just at noon, the bridge over the Roseau River was reached, and as the train crossed, it was greeted with repeated cheers from the visitors who had come from the south to take part in the ceremony. The travellers on the train from the north responded vigorously, the whistling of the locomotive increased the din. The bridge over the Roseau, one hundred and ninety feet long and thirty feet high, had been put together in four days but it appeared quite stable and serviceable.

At Penzo, the station just south of the Roseau, the last spike was to be driven. One hundred and twenty-five yards of track had been left unlaid, in order that the visitors might have the opportunity of seeing how the work was done. Two gangs had been engaged on the work, one operating southward, and one northward. Both gangs were anxious to make a record in putting down the final rails and each was anxious to surpass the other in the last round. At a signal from Contractor Willis, who stood equidistant from the gangs, the parties commenced laying the iron at top speed. Before the bystanders knew what was transpiring, the short gap was filled, and loud cheers from the gang at the north announced that they claimed the victory. The gang from the south cheered with equal vigor, making a similar claim, and no one was able to decide to whom the honor was due. There was a slight delay in cutting the rails to make the perfect communication, after which the spike was placed in position, ready to receive the last blow of the hammer.

G. B. Spencer, a well-known Win-

Continued on page 45.

The Diminishing Dollar

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This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

Green spray showers lightly down the cascade of the larch;
The graves are riven,
And the Sun comes with power amid the clouds of heaven!
Before his way
Went forth the trumpet of the March:
Before his way, before his way,
Dances the pennon of the May!
O earth, unchilded, widowed Earth, so long
Lifting in patient pine and ivy tree
Mournful belief and steadfast prophecy,
Behold how all things are made true!
Behold your bridegroom cometh in to you,
Exceeding glad and strong.

SPRING is at the door and the green is on the bough, but there is something painfully old-fashioned in Tennyson's line "In the Spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." For Spring has become a forbidden subject with the bards, not to say the editors, and no one sings of love now for fear of being laughed at. But it is love that swings the world's clock after all. Few stories or poems are worth while without it. Without it the newspapers would cease to be, for it is at the bottom of almost every crime, moving men to war and deeds of "derring do," and it is the heart and mind of the divorce court.

Miss Braddon—who used to live long ago with Charles Dickens and Ouida in a potato dyke library in an Irish garden—said once that she got all the plots for those thrilling love-stories seasoned with murder and peppered with mystery out of the London papers. And we have little doubt that she did.

Take, for instance, that true tale of the woman who lived in a mystery chamber at the back of a lawyer's office until last December; or that London train horror whereby a little child met with an evil fate, or—to come to our own country—that story of the Winnipeg midwife who stole the new-born baby—a story all the more strange because no baby at all figured in the case. What plots are here for a Wilkie Collins or a Bertha M. Clay? And talking of love, what love that was that could induce a young and handsome woman to immure herself in one room for three years for the sake of one man—and this in a village where everybody knows everyone else and where gossip is "our daily bread."

You remember the story? For fifteen years, since she was twenty-three, this highly educated girl sacrificed her youth and beauty and life on the altar of love, and lived if ever woman did, the axiom "The world well lost for love." For three years she voluntarily immured herself in a small room, living the life of a recluse separated from family and friends—"because I loved him better than anything else on earth . . . . any woman who loved a man as I did would be willing to sacrifice the world for him. . . . nobody could have loved him as I have . . . . I asked nothing but to be near him." What manner of man must he have been to inspire such an unselfish love as this? "I have been much happier in my secret room," said this strange woman, "than most married women in their homes with husband and children."

After all the old saying "fact is stranger than fiction" is truer than most of the maxims the wise have given to us. Nothing imagined, nothing fictional could ever be more astonishing than those practical things we call facts can be at times.

BIRTHDAYS

SOME time this merry month of May the Pedlar will have a birthday. Wisely, the date of it is forgotten, for be it known to you fair dames, it is

Continued on page 36.

The Woman Of It

Continued from page 28.

caught it and it glittered as it lay there.

"You have dropped your ring," he said.

"Give it me."

"No," he said very quietly "I can't do that—it is Denzil's ring is it not ?"

"Yes."

He did not stoop to pick it up and she rose from her chair. "How careful you are," she said—there was mockery in her voice.

"It behoves us both to be," he said gravely.

It seemed to her as if she could bear no more. She knelt down and began groping for the ring—but she had come between it and the firelight. He looked down at her as she knelt there, as it were, at his feet.

"Is this fair, Valerie ?" he said very quietly.

"Fair," she said—she gave a deep breath. "Fair ! No, Robert, it is utterly despicable of me."

"You have just to pull yourself together ! You have plenty of pluck, go back to your chair and shut your eyes and then you may sleep—you are just overwrought."

She stretched out her hands, moving them over the floor, blindly as it were. He had seen in his youth an engraving of Lady Jane Grey, blindfolded, feeling for the block upon which she was to lay her head. Something in Valerie's attitude reminded him of that picture. For all his manhood, he felt as if he could have wept.

"Have you found it ?" he asked.

"Yes, here it is—are you going to leave me now ?"

"Yes, I am going back to Lady Merton and to the others—you will try to sleep until Denzil comes. Your voice sounds exhausted—"

"Does it ?"

"Yes—that means you are tired, you know."

"Yes," she said "I'm tired, Robert—horribly tired of being so miserable ! I would give the whole of my life if I could just have half an hour of the old happiness, that I never appreciated."

"Where is your father, now ?"

"He and mother are visiting—why should they not ? They have left me in good keeping—"

"I wish your father were with you !"

"I don't," she said with fervor.

"He would be a help to you."

"No one can be that."

He said no more but went to the door, opened it softly and was gone

Valerie sank back into the chair and covered her face with her hands. She did not cry, but lay there without moving and gradually it seemed to her, that the tension of her nerves were relaxing.

"I think I could sleep," she said to herself. She closed her eyes and soon she was sleeping. Denzil found her so when he returned. He came in softly and stood for a while looking down on her. Then he stroked her hair lovingly and she woke up.

"Oh, what is it ? where am I ?" she cried in acute distress.

He put his arms around her. "You are with me, you are quite safe," he said kissing her softly.

She clung to him. "I have been asleep," she said. "You awakened me——I am afraid—"

Her clinging to him was exquisite—he had never felt her so much his as this moment, when she had, if he had but known it, drifted away from him farther than she had ever been.

Gradually she grew calmer. "Why, it must be late," she said. "You have dressed for dinner."

"No, it is quite early," he said, "I changed—I did not want to come near you in the clothes I wore !"

"Why not ?" she asked—she was quite herself again.

"I have been down to the village—the factor came for me—there are one or two cases of diphtheria there, Valerie, have you ever had it ?"

She laughed. "No," she said, "have you ?"

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Insurance Company
LONDON - CANADA

POLICIES "GOOD AS GOLD"
51

"I don't matter—I'm very strong. Little men slip through all kinds of diseases."

"I'm strong too."

"You have got thin—still I don't suppose there is any real danger—the whole place wants a thorough overhauling. We ought to have had it done before but you know what these people are. They won't budge out of their houses even if it is for their own good."

"You are not firm enough with them—wait until I come."

"I don't want to wait another day," he said suddenly. "Valerie, have you the least idea of how much I love you? It came to me when I was walking up from the village, what shadows the other people in the world are, compared to you. It seems to me as if there were no living people except you! You are the heart of the world."

"Denzil," she said. "What would you do if I were to fail you—if I were to be quite different from what you think I am?"

"I should go on loving the real you," he said steadily. "I should be quite sure that it would be infinitely better and greater, than my poor image of you."

"Then under no circumstances would you leave off loving me?"

'Dear," he said, "How could I? It would not be I, if I could!"

And then he held her to him and kissed her until she said "I must go, Denzil," and as she walked up the stairs and looked at the pictures of the Mertons, who ornamented the staircases—she said to herself, "I believe I am the worst woman who ever lived!"

CHAPTER XI.

SINCLAIR had been at Barranmuir two days, but he had never seen Valerie alone again. To tell the truth he did not see much of Denzil either. He threw himself wholeheartedly into the business of shooting, enjoying the tramping on the moors, the rough picnics, the soaking rain even, as if he had only one thought in the world, and that was sport.

The other men of the party took to him at once, forgetting that he was the darling of the operatic stage, remembering only that he was a good fellow and a thorough sportsman. Indeed he was keener than any one of them.

"I have to be in Paris, rehearsing a new opera in a few days' time," he told Bertram Sanday as they were tramping home together.

"How quaint," said Colonel Sanday.

"Is it not? When I am here, it is an effort to remember the stage, just as when I am singing I can't think of anything else."

"I suppose it is being English really, that makes you keen about this!"

"My mother was a Scotchwoman—but my father is English right enough."

"What Sinclairs does he belong to? There are ever so many branches."

"The Berkshire ones."

"Does he, by Jove?" said Colonel Sanday.

"He is nephew, he tells me, to Sir Fulke Sinclair of Abbot's Wood—do you happen to know anything about him?"

"Yes indeed." Colonel Sanday stared at him. "He has one of the finest places in Berkshire—are you the only son—or have you an elder brother?"

"I am the only one," said Sinclair.

"Then your father must be—" Colonel Sanday stopped short, and coughed.

"He is," said the young man with indescribable bitterness. "He is not a father to be proud of."

"He is alive?"

"Yes—he is in England. I saw him in London after many years of absence from him."

"He has been living abroad, then?"

"I presume so—I lived in Rome until I was a small boy of about ten or eleven—then my mother and I went to Florence but not with my father. She and I lived together until—she died."

"I understand," said Colonel Sanday. He did understand, for Geoffrey Sinclair's story was well known. To himself he was saying, "I wonder how Sinclair brought into the world a straight, open-eyed young fellow like this. The son answered his unspoken thought.

"I owe all that I am to my mother," he said. "She was splendid. I don't suppose there will ever be another one like her!"

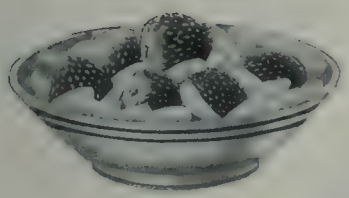
"She was Scotch, you say?"

"Yes her maiden name was MacDonald—Jean Macdonald."

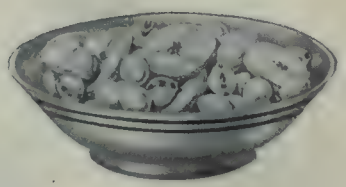
"I wonder if you would take my advice," said Colonel Sanday. "If I were you, I should make myself known

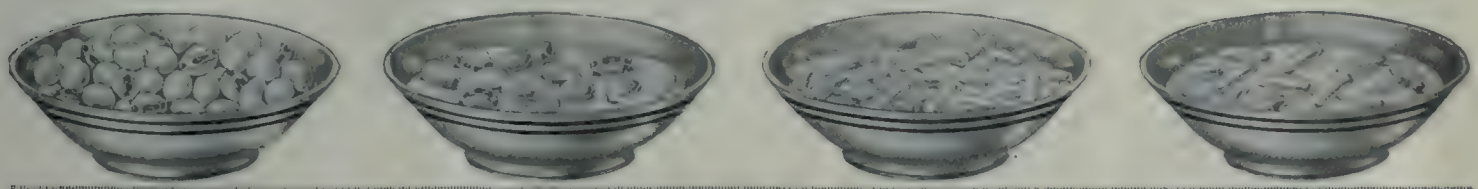
Continued on page 56.

10 Meals With Us



Ten meals like these—delightful meals of Puffed Grains served in various ways. Breakfasts and suppers which you'll never forget. Our offer to-day is to pay for all ten, so all your folks may know the joys of Puffed Grains.





The Coupon Pays for All

To-day we make this offer to you, as we make it every spring. Every year, on the verge of summer, when millions of homes enjoy Puffed Grains.

Go to your grocer and buy from him a 15-cent package of Puffed Rice. Take this coupon with you. He will give you for it a 10-cent package of Puffed Wheat, and we will pay the dime.

Thus for 15 cents you get two packages this week—ten meals of Puffed Wheat and ten of Puffed Rice. And ten of the meals are our treat.

You Will Never Forget

After this test you will never forget the delights of Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

You will see whole grains puffed by steam explosion to eight times normal size. You will see grains thin and porous, crisp and fragile, with a taste like toasted nuts.

You will see bubble-like grains which fairly melt in the mouth into almond-flavored granules. And a thousand future meals will be made more delightful because you know of Puffed Grains.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

Then the guns are shot and the steam explodes. Each granule is blasted to pieces.

This is Prof. Anderson's process for making digestion easy and complete. No other process does that. In the best of cooking at least half of the granules remain solid and unbroken.

So Puffed Grains are more than enticing. They are scientific foods. Your physician knows them to be the best cooked foods in existence.

Good for 10 Cents.

Buy from your grocer a 15-cent package of Puffed Rice. Then present this coupon and he will give you a 10-cent package of Puffed Wheat. He will collect the 10 cents from us.

Serve some of these grains with milk and sugar. Mix some of them with fruit. Serve some for supper, like bread or crackers, floating in bowls of milk.

Use some like nut meats in home candy making or as garnish for ice cream. And let the children when at play eat the grains like peanuts. You will find these both foods and confections. Cut out this coupon, lay it aside and present it when you go to the store.

Every Granule Exploded In Prof. Anderson's Way

Those cells in each Puffed Grain are caused by a hundred million explosions. Each separate food granule is exploded from inside.

The grains are sealed in guns, then subjected to fearful heat. Thus the trifle of moisture inside of each granule is changed to explosive steam.

The Quaker Oats Company

SIGN AND PRESENT TO YOUR GROCER C76

Good in Canada or the United States Only.

This Certifies that I, this day, bought one package of Puffed Rice, and my grocer included free with it one package of Puffed Wheat.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Dated ..... 1914.

To the Grocer

We will remit you 10 cents for this coupon when mailed to us, properly signed by the customer, with your assurance that the stated terms were complied with.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY
East of Manitoba—Peterborough, Ont.
West of Ontario—Saskatoon, Sask.

This coupon not good if presented after June 25, 1914.

Grocers must send all redeemed coupons to us by July 1.

NOTE—No family is entitled to present more than one coupon. If your grocer should be out of either Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice, hold the coupon until he gets new stock. As every [illegible] is well supplied, he can get more stock very quickly.

10-Cent Coupon Good Only When Puffed Rice is Purchased

M1

FINE CLOTHES FOR MEN

20 CENTURY BRAND REGD.

TAILORED BY Lowndes TORONTO

Agents in every City and Town in Canada.

The Lowndes Company Limited

142-144 West Front Street, Toronto

DICKESON'S TEA

—really refreshes. Its generous flavour and rare fragrance are delicious.

ASK YOUR GROCER 19

DICKESON'S TEA is the BEST TEA.

The Original Aluminum Packet

RICHD. DICKESON & CO., LTD. LONDON, ENG.

Agent: W. LLOYD LOCK & CO WINNIPEG.

The Pedlar's Pack

Continued from page 32.

not members of the sweet sex only that is averse from birthdays after they pass the thirty—ahem ! milestone, but those of the inferior, to wit—the masculine sex, as well.

The learned lexicographer, Dr. Johnson, was apt to grow pettish when reminded of the flight of time. Once he wrote to Mrs. Thrale: "Boswell, with some of his troublesome kindness, has informed this family and reminded me that the eighteenth of September is my birthday." What an excellent phrase that is—"with some of his troublesome kindness"— ? It exactly fills the case of the Pedlar who looks upon anyone who alludes to such arbitrary divisions of time as birthdays, as rather a common—not to say vulgar person.

Jesting apart, birthdays, like Christmas, should be festivals only for the children—those little happy creatures who understand nothing beyond the cake and ice cream of it. Only children of a larger growth reflect, and then it is to think of the good intentions all forgotten, the loss of youth, the slow increase of our happiness and our fortunes, and, perhaps, the wasted months. Which of us could not write with Byron—

> Through life's dull road, so dim and dirty
> I have dragged to three and thirty:
> What have these years left to me ?
> Nothing—except thirty-three ?

For ourself we look upon Life as a lap upon a journey—whither ? And so keep prepared in a measure for our next change of cars. More than half-packed is our trunk—alas ! it is nearing its full of "unconsidered trifles" gathered upon our journey here. Every birthday we drop something into it—usually a worthless remnant which will be of no use to us whither we are going. This year what will the Pedlar drop into his Box of Life ?—perhaps his Pack—perhaps his pencil—more belike himself—when, kind comrades of the road—he will be obliged to lock himself up from the inside and await the porter to carry him whither he knows not. Away with birthdays ! They are not seemly for people who are nearing the gateway of the Garden of Life. They are disturbers of the peace. They are reminders of the grim old fellow who waits on the other side of the gate; the Fisherman whose net never misses a fish. Dr. Johnson was right. To remind, of his birthday, one who has passed the meridian, is to do him a "troublesome kindness."

THE WRECKERS

CRASH ! Crash ! Crash !

All the way down the stairs the china came rolling, and after it the

lamentations of the maid. Susanna's common mode of expressing joy, grief or amazement is by piercing Kerry wails—only that when compelled by either gladness or wonder, these begin on a low key, go to heights unexplored by any musical instrument, that as yet has been invented, tarry there for a while, and descend to a basso crescendo—which is rather an Irish way of expressing what we mean—ending in low growls. Sorrow or dismay affects Susanna's instrument differently, or rather in exactly the opposite manner. The wails then begin aloft—far beyond the ether, and descend in mad chromatics a cat might well envy, rising again to "wildest pinnacle of woe" and resting there.

Breaking crockery, thundering tray alike were lost in the shelter of Susanna's outcry, while the well-meaning soul lumbered down picking up the pieces on her way. All of which sent us to our study to meditate upon the philosophy of breakages.

It is a subject full of interest. There is a certain variety in the genus wrecker. The majority of them have a weakness for some particular article. There are those whose specialty is handles and handles only.

> You may break, you may ruin
> The cup if you will,
> But the handle clings fast
> To Susanna's hand still.

Other wreckers affect saucers: they somehow pass through the teacup itself, and impinge upon the saucer. Other Susannas go in for big game, such as mirrors, clocks, and plate glass windows, and there are also wreckers whose fad is rare bits of Belleek, cloisonne and porcelain. Susanna's humorous soul lives in an imperfectly controlled body with undeveloped reflexes. Her mind roams in the fields of imagination. When she is washing plates she is listening to the Salvation Army's band, and using them as clashing cymbals. The only breakable thing in the house which she respects is the master's meerschaum. So she never dusts it. Once when, thinking of the poker, she grasped his old clay pipe and snapped the stem off short, she dropped her duster and fled affrighted before the flood-tide of his language. Ever after she left the pipe rack undusted, and was even known to tip-toe past it as a thing that might break into demoniac passion if looked at. Apart from this, Susanna goes lightly upon her blithesome way, smashing every record and assailing high heaven in crescendos and descendos with—

"Shure it fell down fore-right me, ma'am, wid the gust o' wind that crossed in be the pantry winda. Yirra, there wasn't anny weight to it at all ma'am, through bein' so delycate like—but I have the handle, ma'am—yis ma'am. O—O—-o-o-o. . . . . o-o-o-O—O !—which is the best way we can present the Kerry wail in print.

The Chef of Spotless Town is gay—
You'll note it by his saucy way.
He minces dressing for the birds,
But doesn't stop to mince his words.
"It saves a stew," says he, "to know
That pots demand
SAPOLIO

What will *thoroughly* clean kitchenware?

Soap removes the surface dirt nicely. But unfortunately, soap does not "grip" the greasy grime.

Another form of cleanser scrapes off the surface dirt but fails to get under the burnt-in grease.

To *thoroughly* clean kitchen ware you want a cleanser like Sapolio, which polishes the surface and, at the same time, *removes every trace of grease.*

Sapolio gives real suds. It works *without waste.*

FREE SURPRISE FOR CHILDREN !

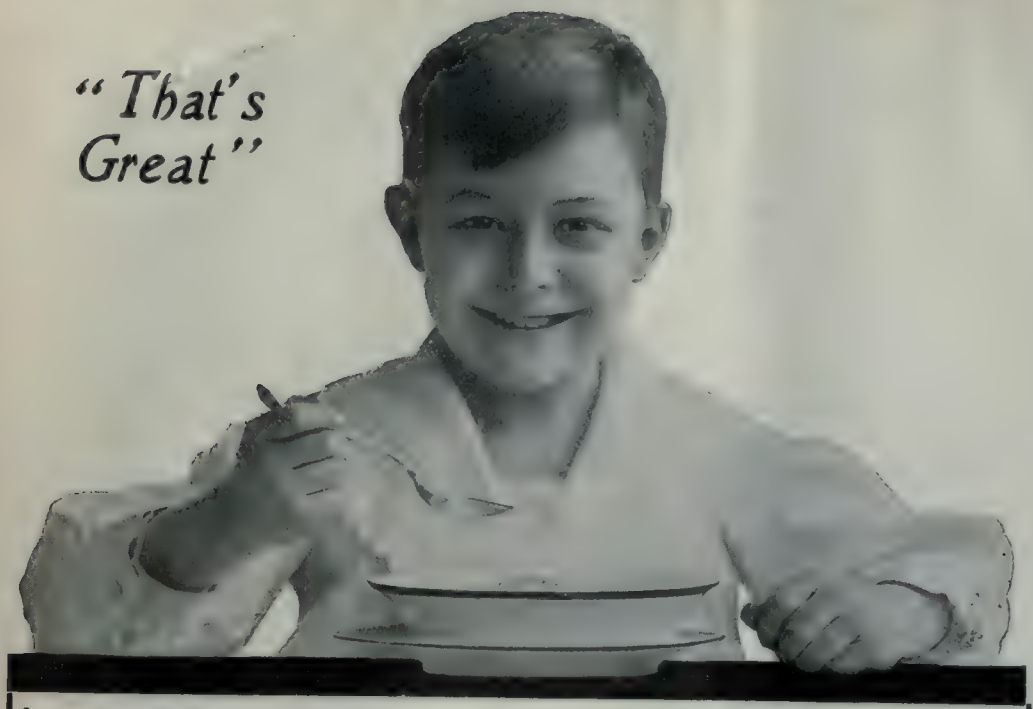
Dear Children :

We have a surprise for you. A toy Spotless Town—just like the real one, only smaller. It is 8¼ inches long. The nine (9) cunning people of Spotless Town, in colors, are ready to cut out and stand up. Sent free on request.

Enoch Morgan's Sons Company, *Sole Manufacturers*, New York City.

SACRIFICE TO MAMMON

IT does not say much for our "culture" in regard to the theatre that Mr. William Faversham finds himself obliged—on the score of heavy financial losses—to close the doors on his magnificent presentation of Shakespeare—in Julius Caesar, Othello, and Romeo and Juliet. We have seen the old-time Shakesperian actors: the actor who ranted; the actor who recited; the actor who stalked like Mr. Vincent Crummles and trod the boards with long steps, a short one and a halt, like the majestic Mrs. Vincent Crummles. We have, in fact, seen and heard every sort of actor—from the barn-stormer up—do Shakespeare, and most of them "did him in," as they say of a murder in England. There is the audience which cannot bear Shakespeare unless he is done in the manner



A Rarity
Without Any Extra Price

Among oat lovers, all the world over, Quaker Oats is known as a rarity. Even Scotch connoisseurs send here for it.

Because Quaker Oats is always made from big, plump, luscious grains. A bushel of choice oats yields but ten pounds of Quaker.

These picked-out grains may have twice the flavor of puny, half-grown grains. And that flavor—kept intact by our process—has won the world to Quaker.

Now there are millions, of every race and clime, who insist on this Quaker flavor. The demand has grown to a thousand million dishes yearly.

And now our mammoth output lets us give you this rarity without any extra price.

Quaker Oats

Flakes Made from Queen Grains Only

If you think Quaker Oats important to the welfare of children, this flavor is also important. It is flavor that wins them, and keeps them, and causes them to eat an abundance of Quaker.

And each dish means energy and vim. Each supplies a wealth of the elements needed for brains and nerves.

Don't let children grow away from this food of foods.

Now a 25c Size

We now put up a large 25 cent package, in addition to the 10-cent size. It saves buying so often, saves running out. Try it—see how long it lasts.

And don't, if your vitality is taxed, grow away yourself.

As a vim-producer, as a food for growth, all the ages have found nothing to compare with oats.

That is the reason for Quaker. Its flakes are big and inviting. Its flavor makes this dish delightful.

You make a mistake when you don't get this Quaker flavor.

10c and 25c per Package, Except in Far West

The Quaker Oats Company

classical—murdered coldly and inexorably; there is the other which likes its William S. served with ginger sauce—clamour, and outcry, and noise; there are again audiences which demand that Shakespeare be presented by elocutionists reciting blank verse, and there is that delightful and very human audience which does not understand William the Only, and does not care, and only goes as it goes to opera, because it is the cultured thing to do.

And away beyond all these—beyond the classical Benson and his classical and cold Shakesperian players, stands William Faversham and his star company. Here is a man after Merry Will's own heart—all of a man, strong, graceful, light of heart as of foot—as ready for Petruchio and his Kate of Kates, as for the humorous but subtle Iago. Here is Mark Antony himself for you, young, impassioned, magnetic—one to sway a crowd or serve a friend—why, Faversham was the very incarnation of those great figures which Shakespeare lined with a pen steeped in the red blood of human nature itself. He was Mark Antony, Iago and—to our mind—Romeo as we would have our Romeo. He surrounded himself with a company of such excellence that it was difficult to pick from among them the leading star. For instance, we faltered between Caesar and Brutus; one moment we were all for poor Cassius, the next for the sweetest Desdemona (Cissy Loftus) we ever met, the next for the mighty Moor, and then 'twas all for Iago, that sly, subtle, merry villain.

"At last I've seen Othello," quoth one Pedlar to his son as they arose to follow the crowd up the darkening aisles, "at last my soul is satisfied with Iago. Boy, Shakespeare's the only one—and after him Faversham."

And this is the man which a world whose taste has been vitiated by the disgusting problem plays reeking of the underworld; by the revolting stories printed in certain of the magazines, by vulgar vaudeville, and sensational movie shows, has forced to abandon his Shakesperian repertoire. Faversham cannot live and support a family by his art alone. He put all he possessed into his scenery and his company, and the outcome is—failure—but a splendid failure at least. We call ourselves cultured, progressive, intellectual. We are but a mob of hurrying fools chasing shadows.

SCHOPENHAUER, THE PESSIMIST, AND WOMEN

WE have just been studying the fashions and wondering what Schopenhauer would say if he could see the sex he abhorred arrayed as its members all are now—three-decker

Continued on page 43.

Waltham Watches

Waltham is the name of the best-known and most widely-used watch in the world. Waltham is the index to all that is desirable in a watch—accuracy, beauty, inbred quality, faithful service. Waltham on a watch means high quality, but not necessarily high price. There are Walthams for as low a price as will buy a good watch, and up to as high a price as any one should pay.

At leading jewelers everywhere

Waltham Watch Company, Montreal

A GREAT
Parcel-Post Offer!
Wonder Working Washer!
Delivered to you for Only $1.50
A Beautiful Present Free

If you order immediately. See Coupon at the bottom.

We are able to make this great offer on account of the great reductions which have been made in the cost of postage.

Here Are a Few of the Reasons Why You Should Buy the Rapid Vacuum WASHING MACHINE.

1—It is the only machine that has a valve which is absolutely necessary to create a vacuum, and supply the compressed air, which forces the water through the clothes.
2—It is the lightest machine made.
3—It has been awarded prizes in washing competitions over $50 washing machines.
4—It will wash the heaviest Hudson Bay blankets in 3 minutes.
5—It will wash the finest lingerie perfectly in 3 minutes.
6—It will wash a tub of anything washable in 3 minutes.
7—It will last a lifetime.
8—It will save you hours of needless toil.
9—It will save many dollars a year by not wearing out the clothes.

10—It can be operated by a child as easily as an adult.
11—It is as easy to wash with this machine as it is to mash a pot of potatoes.
12—It will thoroughly blue a whole family washing in 30 seconds.

13—It will do everything we claim for it, or we will return every cent of your money.
14—It can be used in any boiler, tub or pail, equally well.
15—After use it can be dried with a cloth in ten seconds. Nothing to take apart. Nothing to loose.

After you own one of these washers the hardest part of the work will be hanging out the clothes. If for ANY reason you are not satisfied with the RAPID VACUUM WASHER we will gladly return your money.

No more boiling. No more rubbing.
You can throw your washboard away.

FREE—A SILVER TEA SPOON

To every reader of this paper who sends us this coupon and $1.50 for a Rapid Vacuum Washer within two weeks of the receipt of this paper, we will send along with the washer **absolutely FREE, a genuine Wm. A. Rogers Silver Tea Spoon.** Also our agent's terms which will show you how you can make $50.00 a week. Don't wait. Send to-day and the washer and spoon will be delivered to any address postage paid for $1.50.

Fisher-Ford Mfg. Co., Dept W. C M
31 Queen St. W. - Toronto, Ont.

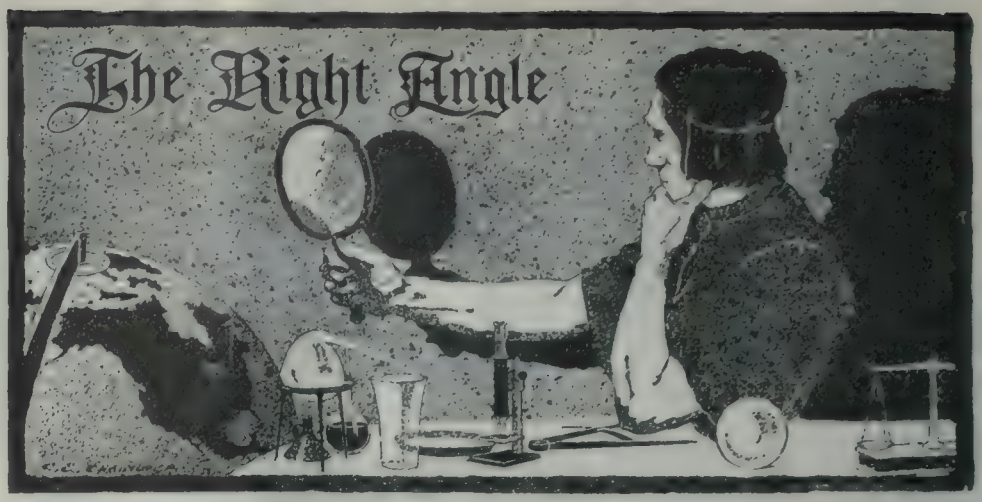
GRAYMOTORS

Send today for our Big Engine Book "M"—the most complete book on marine engines ever published. Shows our complete line of engines for pleasure launches, fishing boats, row boats, canoes, hydroplanes, work boats and cruisers. Engines of both 2 and 4-cycle type. Material and workmanship absolutely guaranteed. We are largest builders of 2-cycle engines in the world and have over 1000 dealers who sell Gray Engines and give Gray service.

3 HORSE POWER COMPLETE $55

OTHER SIZES FROM 4½ TO 30-45 H.P.—1TO 6 CYLINDERS

GRAY MOTOR CO.
536 Gray Motor Building
Detroit, Mich.



CY WARMAN

CY WARMAN is dead. The news came to us with a shock. He had been a friend to CANADA MONTHLY for so long. When the magazine was only a thin-flanked, struggling bit of a hope, he wrote for it—was in every number for months at a time—and helped to build it up when we needed help sorely.

He had been a friend to us for even longer. Only a week or so before he was stricken, he had dropped in to tell a story and say a friendly word. We had laughed with him, and talked about making a trip west together this spring—only a little while ago. And now he was gone. The cast-off outer husk of him lay, thin and shrunken, in the casket in the chapel. The spirit of him—that ineffably boyish, cheery, light-hearted spirit that his friends loved—was gone out into the dark—where ?

The immortal question, "If a man die, shall he live again ?" was not one greatly to disturb Cy Warman. One of his intimate friends has written of him, "In the formal sense, he was not religious. In the deeper sense, outside the creeds, he was intensely so. He held a philosophy, the soul of which animates every religion, and in that trust and understanding he lived and died."

So, also, we knew him, a simple and sincere man, direct of thought and deed, emotional and generous-hearted. Above all, he was sympathetic and kindly. His chief delight was found in making others happy, and he knew that the secret of being happy yourself is found in serving others. We never knew a man who had a wider circle of

THE LATE CY WARMAN

MOST PERFECT MADE

THE INCREASED NUTRITIOUS VALUE OF BREAD MADE IN THE HOME WITH ROYAL YEAST CAKES SHOULD BE SUFFICIENT INCENTIVE TO THE CAREFUL HOUSEWIFE TO GIVE THIS IMPORTANT FOOD ITEM THE ATTENTION TO WHICH IT IS JUSTLY ENTITLED.

HOME BREAD BAKING REDUCES THE HIGH COST OF LIVING BY LESSENING THE AMOUNT OF EXPENSIVE MEATS REQUIRED TO SUPPLY THE NECESSARY NOURISHMENT TO THE BODY.

E. W. GILLETT CO. LTD.
TORONTO, ONT.
WINNIPEG MONTREAL

friends that loved him for no reason but his comradeship.

Cy Warman's life was not a long one, as measured by the traditional span of three-score and ten. But into it he had crowded more living than most men experience in their whole lives.

When little more than a boy, he began railroading, and it was the romance of the rails that first inspired him to sing. Mr. Dana, the great editor of the New York "Sun", brought him east and gave him his first life in the literary world. He came to be known as "The Poet of the Rockies"—so well known, that the newspapers drew him away from the run and the roundhouse to fresh and wider channels.

Yet the romance of the railway was in his blood, and drew him back—this time not in the roundhouse, but in the traffic department of the Grand Trunk Railway. He gained a wide knowledge of Canadian things and people, and wrote freely on Canadian subjects, much of his work appearing in CANADA MONTHLY. The last poem he ever wrote, "Ma Jolie Rose," was in habitant dialect, and was published in our March issue.

Perhaps the best known of his poems is, "Will the Lights Be White ?" a singularly significant poem that we will venture to say was in the minds of all his friends when the news of his passing flashed over the wires:

Oft, when I feel my engine swerve,
As o'er strange rails we fare,
I strain my eye around the curve
For what awaits us there.
When swift and free she carries me
Through yards unknown at night,
I look along the line to see
That all the lamps are white.

The blue light marks the crippled car,
The green light signals, "Slow !"
The red light is a danger light,
The white light, "Let her go."
Again the open fields we roam,
And, when the night is fair,
I look up in the starry dome
And wonder what's up there.

For who can speak for those who dwell
Behind the curving sky ?
No man has ever lived to tell
Just what it means to die.
Swift towards life's terminal I trend,
The run seems short to-night;
God only, knows what's at the end—
I hope the lamps are white.

We could formulate no better wish for him in the vast and shadowy spaces where he who was our friend is gone.

ALBERTA'S 1914 CROP

REPORTS received by the local grain men at Calgary from different parts of Alberta show that the amount of fall plowing done last autumn will bring 750,000 more acres under grain this year than last.

On this increased acreage it is estimated that 20,000,000 more bushels of grain will be grown, of which about

Wear Jaeger Spring Underwear and Smile at the Weather

The only safe-to-wear underwear for spring with its raw, cold days and variable weather is *pure wool* which prevents chills and preserves an even temperature.

Jaeger Spring Underwear is pure wool of the finest quality made to meet all sanitary requirements.

Wear Jaeger and Smile at the Weather.

Dr. JAEGER SANITARY WOOLLEN SYSTEM **Co.**

TRADE MARK

352 Portage Ave.(Carlton Block, Winnipeg
32 King Street, West, Toronto.
784 Yonge Street, cor. Bloor, Toronto.
316 St. Catherine St., West, Montreal.

If you are making less than $30 a week you should write us today. We can help you to wealth and independence by our plan; you can work when you please, where you please, always have money and the means of making plenty more of it.

JUST LISTEN TO THIS. One man traveled from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He stayed at the best hotels, lived like a lord wherever he went and cleaned up more than $10 00 every day he was out. Another man worked the fairs and summer resorts, and when there was nothing special to do, just started out on any street he happened to select, got busy and took in $8 00 a day for month after month. This interests you, don't it?

MY PROPOSITION

Is a WONDERFUL NEW CAMERA with which you can take and instantaneously develop pictures on paper Post Cards and Tintypes. Every picture is developed without the use of films or negatives, and is ready almost instantly to deliver to your customer. THIS REMARKABLE INVENTION takes 100 pictures an hour and gives you a profit from 500 to 1500 per cent. Everybody wants pictures and each sale you make advertises your business and makes more sales for you. Simple instructions accompany each outfit, and you can begin to make money the same day the outfit reaches you.

WE TRUST YOU

SO MUCH CONFIDENCE HAVE WE in our proposition that we TRUST YOU for part of the cost of the outfit. The regular selling price of the Camera and complete working outfit is reasonable. The profits are so big, so quick, so sure, that you could afford to pay the full price if we asked you to do so. But we are so absolutely certain that you can make big money from the start that we trust you for a substantial sum, which you need not pay unless you clean up $200.00 the first month. FAIR ENOUGH, ISN'T IT?

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Are indispensable in factories, stores, clubs, gymnasiums, hotels, schools and other such institutions.

Their Benefits.

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MANITOBA

BEST POSSIBLE LOCATION FOR YOUR FARM OUT WEST

In size, yield, succulence and flavor there are no finer vegetables in the world than those which the rich Manitoba soil produces. The black loam of Manitoba is an ideal garden soil, and growing conditions are phenomenal.

One market gardener near Winnipeg produced $55 worth of picking onions on half an acre. Another received $557.40 from a half acre of cabbages—land without fertilizer for 17 years.

ALTHOUGH grain-growing has given Manitoba her agricultural pre-eminence in the eyes of the world, the province is known as the very Home of Mixed Farming because of its natural conditions and tremendous market advantages. The Manitoba farmer works not merely for a living, but rather for a good big profit.

So great is the market demand that Winnipeg alone, it is estimated, sends out $20,000 per day for garden stuff over and above local supply. Hundreds of thousands of pounds of onions are annually imported from United States, Australia and Egypt; carrots from California, etc. Manitoba's need is great for all Mixed Farming products.

Nowhere in the world can foods for stock be grown more successfully than in Manitoba, while a clamoring market points unwaveringly to substantial profits.

Customs returns show that during the year ending March 31st, 1913, Manitoba imported 1,596,480 dozen eggs, valued at $314,121. It took 54 cars to bring in the dressed poultry required over and above all local supply, representing a value of about $243,000. Approximately 2,000,000 lbs. of butter were received at Winnipeg from the United States and Eastern Canada during 1912, a value of $560,000, while Winnipeg creamery companies bought $120,000 worth of milk and cream from two Minnesota cities alone. The customs receipts for imported bacon and hams amounted to nearly 5,000,000 lbs., worth $573,569. Tomatoes came in cans at the rate of 228,292 lbs., while 18,722 bushels of potatoes were brought into the province, together with other kinds of vegetables to the value of $76,233.

Add these totals together and you have nearly two million dollars, waiting for somebody to come and pick them out of the rich Manitoba soil. Plenty of it available.

There is scarcely an item in the long list of food needs which cannot be produced by the Manitoba farmer, superior in quality to any of the importations which at present represent the huge difference between demand and total local supply. Only about one-quarter of the 25½ million acres of land surveyed in Manitoba was under crop this year. It will be seen at once, therefore, that Manitoba's great need is men to go on the land, and that this need is the newcomer's money-making opportunity.

Why not let us help you to cash in on it? Why not WRITE at once for literature and full information? There are so many sound, common-sense business reasons why you should choose MANITOBA as the location for your Western home that to go elsewhere before investigating this Market-Centre Province is to deal unfairly with yourself and your family.

WRITE:

JAS. HARTNEY, Manitoba Government Office, 77 York St., Toronto, or direct to

HON. GEORGE LAWRENCE

Minister of Agriculture and Immigration

WINNIPEG - - - MANITOBA

9,000 bushels will be wheat. This figure, of course, does not take into account the possible increase in yield over last on previously cultivated soil. In other words, if the weather conditions are favorable this year, Alberta farmers will harvest a crop in 1914 which ought to mean $5,000,000 more than any previous yield.

BOOSTING THE CENSUS

TEN million people in ten years for Western Canada is the slogan of the Western Canada Colonization and Development League, which will meet in convention the middle of this month at North Battleford to organize a comprehensive league devoted to the interests and growth of the region lying between the Great Lakes and the Pacific Ocean.

The provinces, the railways, the cities and thousands of private companies and individuals have been advertising the resources and advantages of Western Canada, as represented by their own special district. Now it is proposed that Western Canada as a whole be advertised to the world. Much of the private advertising would, of course, be continued; but it is held by those promoting the league, that these individual interests would readily recognize the advantages of a Canada-wide organization and would devote to it a part of their regular advertising appropriations.

Another advantage would be the elimination of the present more or less unremunerative search for industries, by the establishment of a 10,000,000 population that would both produce and consume.

The outcome of the organizing convention will be worth watching.

RESULTS

AT the end of March, when the mixed farming cars that have toured the province of Manitoba this year in the interests of better agriculture were dismantled, their records showed that 178 meetings had been held, averaging three hours each, and that an average attendance of 91 had listened to the lectures and demonstrations, making a total of 16,178 farmers benefiting by the propaganda. The Agricultural College is naturally pleased with this increased showing, which indicates that the farming public is taking more interest in agricultural education, and is planning for a larger activity next season.

The more mixed farming cars and the more scientific agricultural schools there are, the better for the West. We hope that the day will soon come when all of our provinces will possess practical agricultural schools such as those of Alberta described by Mr. Rankin in this issue; and when the "mixed farming special" is as regular a visitor to every rural town as the mail-carrier.

The Pedlar's Pack

Continued from page 38.

gowns, plum-pudding hats, and Garden of Eden evening-dress. In one of his charming essays on woman, Schopenhauer says:—

"One need only look at a woman's shape to discover that she is not intended for either too much mental or too much physical work . . . . . It is only the man whose intellect is clouded by his sexual instinct that could give that stunted, narrow-shouldered, broad-hipped and short-legged race, the name of 'the fair sex.' . . . . . "Women are directly adapted to act as the nurses and educators of our early childhood for the simple reason that they themselves are childish, foolish, and short-sighted—in a word are big children all their lives; something intermediate between the child and the man."

I don't suppose any woman to-day could read this without laughter. Why, the one thing a woman does know about a man is that he is and always will be her big child. Moreover men get their characters, their attributes and talents rather from the mother than the sire, and it was from the distaff side of the house that the Prince of Pessimism received his own. His mother was a clever practical woman, but without a soul. His grandmother was first a neurotic, then a lunatic. Schopenhauer disliked his mother because he was too like her. Had he known her, he would have hated his grandmother, and for the same reason. Then he grew to detest all women. Marriage, he said, was a debt contracted in youth and paid for—with interest—in old age. To be a philosopher, it is necessary—Socrates to the contrary—to be a celibate.

"WOT'S THE GOOD OF ANYTHINK? NOTHINK"

NO woman had the bad taste to love Schopenhauer. One poor drab, we believe, came in his way and paid heavily for it. The last glimmer of sexual sentimentality went with her. He climbed to a lone hill and flooded the valleys of the world with his bitterness. Now pessimism is a good thing with which to leaven life. It is the olive in the cocktail, and never has the Pedlar denied himself the bitter pleasure of stripping it to the stone. But we do not want too many olives, and old Schop was a whole olive grove in himself. What he wanted to get him right was a little Sylvia Pankhurst and her "Army" with all the militant regiments at the back to help out.

One of the things we shall always regret is that Schopenhauer lived and preached in the days before the Feminist Movement arrived to cheer up a dull world. For the mere pleasure of giving old Schop a whirl we would

McCormick Binders

MANY years of McCormick binder experience have brought out the strong points of the machine and enabled the builders to devise features that make the machine still more efficient and satisfactory. There are a number of such features on McCormick binders, features which insure a complete harvest of the grain, whether it be short, tall, standing, down, tangled or full of green undergrowth.

For Eastern Canadian fields the McCormick binder is built with a floating elevator which handles varying quantities of grain with equal facility. The binder guards are level with the bottom of the platform so that when the machine is tilted to cut close to the ground there is no ledge to catch stones and trash and push them ahead of the binder to clog the machine. These are features you will appreciate.

The McCormick local agent will show you the machine and demonstrate its good features to you. See him for catalogues and full information, or, write the nearest branch house.

International Harvester Company of Canada, Ltd

Hamilton, Ont. London, Ont. Montreal, Que.
Ottawa, Ont. Quebec, P. Q. St. John, N. B.

These machines are built at Hamilton, Ont.

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Peerless Ornamental Fencing accomplishes two great purposes. It beautifies your premises by giving them that symmetrical, pleasing, orderly appearance, and it protects them by furnishing rigid, effective resistance against marauding animals, etc.

Peerless Ornamental Fencing

is made of strong, stiff, galvanized wire that will not sag. In addition to galvanizing, every strand is given a coating of zinc enamel paint, thus forming the best possible insurance against rust. Peerless ornamental fence is made in several styles. It's easy to erect and holds its shape for years.

Send for free catalog. If interested, ask about our farm and poultry fencing. Agents nearly everywhere. Agents wanted in open territory.

Banwell Hoxie Wire Fence Co., Ltd.
Winnipeg, Man.—Hamilton, Ont.

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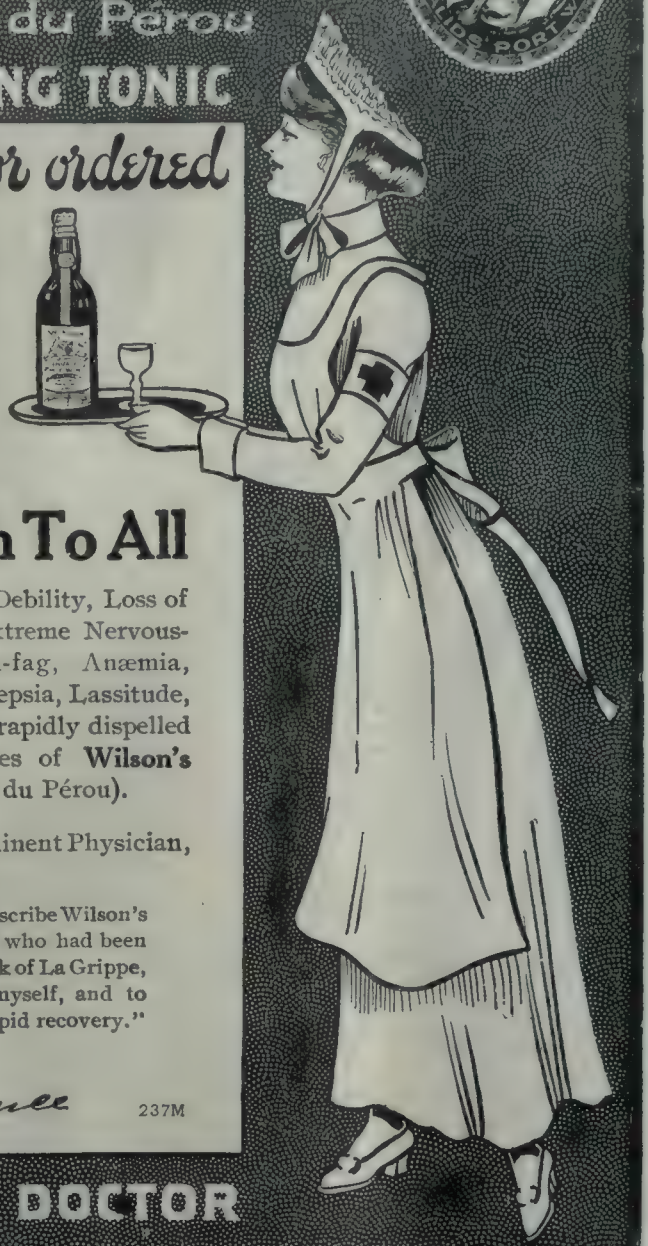
VANDERHOOF-GUNN CO., Limited, · TORONTO, ONT.

WILSON'S
INVALIDS' PORT
à la Quina du Pérou
THE BIG BRACING TONIC

What the Doctor ordered

"Of all drinks wine is the most profitable, of medicine most pleasant, and of dainty viands most harmless".

PLUTARCH, (A.D., 26)



Good Health To All

Such ailments as General Debility, Loss of appetite, Sleeplessness, Extreme Nervousness, Bad Colds, Brain-fag, Anæmia, Chlorosis, La Grippe, Dyspepsia, Lassitude, Exhaustion, Etc., can be rapidly dispelled by a few generous glasses of **Wilson's Invalids' Port** (à la Quina du Pérou).

Dr. R. Lawrence, the eminent Physician, says:

"I had recent occasion to prescribe Wilson's Invalids' Port to a patient who had been suffering from a severe attack of La Grippe, with great satisfaction to myself, and to the patient who made a rapid recovery."

R Lawrence 237M

ASK YOUR DOCTOR
BIG BOTTLE ALL DRUGGISTS

The Best of all Remedies for Children.

From Mr. H. Evered, *Norway House, Picton, Nova Scotia:*—

"I am writing to you in praise of your Gripe Water as a tonic. My little "girl who is now 12 months old has thrived on it wonderfully. We have given it to her "almost since she was born. WOODWARD'S GRIPE WATER has proved the best "of all remedies we have tried. We would not be without it. Trusting that our experience "will decide others to test this most valuable medicine, I am, yours faithfully,
"H. Evered, Gardener to Lord Strathcona, High Commissioner of Canada."

WOODWARD'S GRIPE WATER

Quickly relieves the pain and distress caused by the numerous familiar ailments of childhood.

INVALUABLE DURING TEETHING.

For three generations it has nourished and strengthened infant vitality.
It contains no preparation of Morphia, Opium, or other harmful drug, and has behind it a long record of Medical Approval.

Of any Druggists. Be sure it's WOODWARD'S.

have joined the militant brigade ourself and with a shillelagh have cracked that exceedingly hard nut of his.

His teaching was new to the world in his time, and though people shuddered when he struck his first gloomy prelude, they sat out the terrible oratorio of despair that floated out and assailed their ears. Such music must have been created in the infernal regions. No good in anything. Life a mistake. Death the revenge of an Immortal on the Mortal. When you get what you desire, you find it worthless; when things are irretrievably gone, we value them. Existence means misery. Love is a sexual instinct! Human life is a horrible mistake.

All this Schopenhauer taught and he believed every word of it. By every law of health and well-being he should have been a martyr to indigestion. Instead he lived to be seventy-three, and died alone on a sofa with his face to the wall. His countenance was peaceful, only, the little bitter smile had deepened. Perhaps he had learned that he was right and that human life was but a pathetic mistake after all. Perhaps when he was laughing a little too bitterly at Life, Death smote him—But for all his wretched philosophy he was great.

"Bury me anywhere," he wrote, "they will find me." The best we can wish him for his sins is that he is sitting between Mrs. Baker Eddy and Mrs. Carrie Nation in the Heavenly Choir.

THE DECAY OF PROCESSIONS

JACK-IN-THE-GREEN has departed from old England forever, and we have not heard of his arrival in Canada. For the information of those who have never heard of him, we may state that he was a May person of exceeding mystery who frolicked about inside a large extinguisher of green leaves. He was accompanied by the Queen of the May and supported by a company of fanciful characters, and he used to dance on the green of those enchanting villages that lie deep in the heart of every English Shire. In reality Jack-in-the-green was a chimney sweep. The legend ran that a certain Mrs. Montagu, in long past times, lost her little boy, and found him again on a May Day in the company of some black but jolly sweeps. In memory of this event the sweeps of London instituted the festival and procession of Jack and his friends.

Another old procession which has fallen away is that of the "Boy Bishop" who was elected as patron of boys for three weeks in December. Henry VIII. cut off his head, however, in company with those of his wives, and though the festival and procession of boys lingered in the quainter rural English districts, it gradually withered away. The Feast of the Fools and the

Feast of the Ass have also passed away. In the latter procession were the prophets, David and others. The Ass —originally Balaam's—was a wooden fellow inside of which was enclosed a man who remonstrated when Balaam drove his great spurs against the wooden sides.

The feast of Alleluia arose from the hymn which declares that—

> Alleluia cannot always
> Be our song while here below.

On the Saturday preceding Septuagesima the choir boys after service carried a bier supposed to contain the dead Alleluia. They buried the lady and resurrected her on Easter Eve. But she has been interred for a long time.

By the way, it just strikes us that the above story will get us out of a tangle. A lady reader of CANADA MONTHLY wrote to the Pedlar some time ago asking that peripatetic (disciple of Aristotle) to name a young suffragette, who had just arrived from Noman's land. Why not Alleluia? Alleluia Robinson—pretty and suitable, we call it.

To return for a moment to our processions, there is yet another ancient one which has departed but left its ghost to wander about the corridors of St. Stephens. Still, every night when the House of Commons adjourns, is heard the strange cry of "Who goes Home?" In the days when London was infested by footpads it was the custom of all those members whose roads lay in the same direction as his to accompany Mr. Speaker to his house, guarding him on his dangerous path from the attacks of political enemies and public highway-men. "Who goes home with Mr. Speaker?" was the meaning of the inquiry. In these days when that right honourable gentleman steps into his brougham, or motor, and Cabinet Ministers depart by train, car, or bus, the cry is only a charming echo of the past, and one of those many survivals which a people with more than a thousand years of authentic and unbroken history would not willingly let die.

There are indeed many ghosts wandering about London streets—ghosts of old processions, gay or grisly; ghosts flitting along Parliamentary corridors; old City ghosts which haunt Threadneedle street and Mincing Lane; literary ghosts that pad stealthily up and down Fleet Street, and lurk in archways and dark lanes; and those sad living ghosts of men and women that lie wounded and bruised in the battle of life, which haunt the Embankment, pausing in their monotonous walk to listen to Big Ben, himself a ghost, up there in the fog, call out the solemn hours.

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Is the foundation principle of the
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Not the manufacturer's convenience, but the buyer's convenience; not *our* convenience, but *YOURS*.

Take, for example, one feature—the Interchangeable Carriages and Platens. On the average typewriter there is no changing of platens and the changing of the carriage is almost a job for a mechanic. On the Smith Premier Typewriter either is as quick and simple as changing your hat. This means that the operator can get out a rush telegram or change in a second to any other work without disturbing what she has already done.

Then there is the *tilting platen*, for ease in making corrections; the *one stroke*, and one stroke only, in printing *every* character; and a dozen other special Smith Premier features. All of these mean the *convenience* of your operator—in other words, more efficient service for YOU.

We have an illustrated booklet on the Smith Premier special features which we shall be glad to send on your request.

Smith Premier Department
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Toronto. Ontario,
144 Bay Street.
Offices in Ottawa, Montreal, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver.

Linking Up the West

Continued from page 31.

nipegger, then addressed the assemblage and suggested that as the first spike in the new railway had been driven by the Countess of Dufferin, it would be a graceful act to allow the ladies the honor of performing a similar operation on the last one. Senator Sutherland suggested that all the ladies present might share in the ceremony, and to this assent was given. Mrs. W. H. Lyon and Mrs. George Brown were handed hammers and the driving was begun. Other ladies followed in rapid succession, their efforts being happily commented on by a Hibernian navvy, named Dennis Murphy, who suggested that they "punch the stuffin' out av the sphike," and gallantly offered to do it for them. Those who took part in the spike-driving in addition to the two ladies mentioned were: Mrs. W. F. Alloway, the Misses Spencer, Miss Blanchard, Misses Nixon, Miss Bannatyne, Miss More, Miss Sutherland, all of Winni-

STRENGTH to resist time and wear is built into every Firestone Tire as the years build strength into a tree. Like rings in the heart of the oak, the layers of Firestone rubber-filled fabric are compactly merged into one strong, rugged unit.

It requires no technical knowledge to see the value of this time proved, natural method—the layer built, double-cured process, which admits of minute and multiplied inspection.

The peculiar quality of Firestone Rubber is its strength and resiliency. There is no more stubborn hold than the gripping endurance of the Firestone Non-Skid Tread. Its added volume indicates, too, the powerful body behind it. It requires Firestone inbuilt strength to support the massive bulk of the Firestone Non-Skid tread.

Let these sturdy, long-life Firestones teach you how far tire service has advanced. Use them on Firestone Rims, with Firestone Red Inner Tubes, to enjoy a new and higher degree of motoring comfort, confidence and convenience, with the economy of—*Most Miles per Dollar.*

Firestone Tire and Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio—All Large Cities
"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers"

peg; Mrs. Percy of London, England; Mrs. Bradley, Mrs. Lellar, Miss Codd, of Emerson; Mrs. McNabb, of Glengarry, Ontario, and Mrs. Winn, Mrs. Robert Scott, and Miss Sullivant of the Roseau.

The dinner of the occasion was served at the camp of the contractors, ten miles north of the Roseau River, and there were the usual toasts. United States Consul Taylor, who, during the long period of his residence in Western Canada, never missed an opportunity to reiterate his faith in the fertile prairies and their ability to sustain a large population, made a characteristic speech. According to his custom, he spoke of the vast extent of territory lying to the west of Winnipeg, through all of which lines of railway would have to be built in the coming years. He forecast the growth of great cities and hundreds of towns and villages on the plains, and suggested that the time would come when the wheat of Manitoba and North West Territories would be an important factor on the British market. He said the same things in public meetings scores of times in Winnipeg and elsewhere, and furnished every evidence of the depth of his faith at a time when the number of those who saw what the future had in store for Western Canada was exceedingly small. Consul Taylor proposed the toast to the Queen, responded to the toast to the President of the United States, and contributed largely, as he always did at public gatherings, to the success of the party. At the conclusion of the banquet there was much cheering.

About the middle of the afternoon the train started for Winnipeg, the passenger list being considerably augmented by the addition of a number of residents of Emerson. Among these, on the train from the latter town, were Messrs. Traill, Baldwin, Douglas, Stiles, Garney, Killer, and Bradley. The run into Winnipeg was made in one hour and fifty-five minutes, and a second train carried south those who had come from Emerson to share in the festivities.

Following the driving of the last spike in this line on Tuesday, December 3, 1878, the first regular train from St. Paul arrived in St. Boniface on Saturday night, December 9, shortly after eleven o'clock. The train consisted of a locomotive, several flat cars, two cabooses, and one passenger day coach, an enumeration which brings a smile to the faces of the railway passenger agents who know most about the trains *de luxe* which are now operated through the same territory. There were twenty passengers on the train, chiefly settlers from eastern Canada, bound for points in the West. The first regular departure was made on Monday morning, December 11, at four in the morning. It was necessary to leave Winnipeg early, in order that passengers might catch the St. Paul and Pacific train at Crookston, Minnesota, at half-past five that afternoon.

In 1878 standard time had not been adopted, and the difference in time between Winnipeg and St. Paul was seventeen minutes. The running time from Winnipeg to St. Paul was thirty hours and forty-two minutes, now reduced to fourteen hours and ten minutes. The running time from Winnipeg to Toronto was seventy-three hours and fifteen minutes, now reduced to thirty-nine hours and thirty-five minutes, and the running time to Montreal was eighty-nine hours and thirty minutes, now reduced to forty-seven hours and twenty-five minutes.

The time made in these days appears very slow to the modern passenger agent, but a railway, even if poorly equipped for business, is so great an improvement on the best system of stages drawn by horses that the welcome extended to the new method of

Deering New Ideal
A Money Saving Binder

THESE Deering binder features appeal to the farmer. The elevator, open at the rear, delivers the grain properly to the binding attachment. Because the elevator projects ahead of the knife it delivers grain to the binder deck straight. A third packer reaches up close to the top of the elevator and delivers the grain to the other two packers. A third discharge arm keeps the bound sheaves free from unbound grain.

The T-shaped cutter bar is almost level with the bottom of the platform and allows the machine to be tilted close to the ground to pick up down and tangled grain without pushing trash in front of the knife. Either smooth section or serrated knives can be used. The Deering knotter surely needs no recommendation.

The Deering local agent will show why Deering New Ideal binders are the standard of binder construction. See him, or, write to the nearest branch house for a catalogue.

International Harvester Company of Canada, Ltd

Hamilton, Ont. London, Ont. Montreal, Que.
Ottawa, Ont. Quebec, P. Q. St. John, N. B.

These machines are built at Hamilton, Ont.

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The Pen with the Magic Button

This pen has gained universal popularity because of two exclusive features. One is a unique self-filling device which enables you to refill the pen from any inkstand or bottle simply by twisting the button. The other is the exquisite gold pen point, which has the flexibility of a fine steel point, and the durability of a hundred.

The "A.A." is to be had in all styles from $2.00 and up.

The "A.A." is absolutely guaranteed in every particular.

Ask your druggist, stationer or jeweller, or write for our new catalogue showing our complete line of self-fillers, middle joint and lower joint fountain pens.

Arthur A. Waterman & Co.,
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"There's My Motor"

"The man who built it sure knew just what I wanted—size, price and everything else. No more rowing for **me**. I'm going to have some **real** fun out of **my** rowboat. And I'm going in and get **that** motor right **now**, too. Then when the next good day comes along I'll be **ready**."

Wisconsin Detachable Row Boat **Motor**

The **one** absolutely and completely efficient motor in its class. Simple—dependable—economical—powerful—strong. Light—carries grip-fashion. Instantly adjustable to any rowboat. A twist of the wheel starts it. You get any speed—slow, for trolling, or nine miles an hour if you're in a hurry.

Rudder Steering—constant control of the boat, even when motor 's still. **High Tension Magneto Ignition**—never a miss.

A real motor—not a make-shift. Made by the same men who build the long-famous **Wisconsin Valveless Marine Engine.**

Send for free catalog and get the facts

Wisconsin Machinery & Manufacturing Co.
1554 Canal St., Milwaukee, Wis.

transportation in Manitoba is readily understood. With the advent of the railway, there was also the promise of the improved facilities which are provided for the traveller of the present day. The rate from St. Boniface to Emerson at that time was $3.25, as compared with $1.90 at the present time, and the rate from St. Boniface to St. Paul was $23.50, as compared with $10.00 at the present time. The reduction in this passenger rate is larger than the general public supposes.

Although the terminus of the new line was in Canada, much interest in the extension of the railway into Manitoba was manifested in St. Paul, and the president of the Chamber of Commerce in that city was instructed to wire congratulations to the mayor and the city council of Winnipeg. The congratulatory telegrams which were interchanged at the time were as follows:—

St. Paul, December 2, 1878.

The Hon. the Mayor and the City Council of Winnipeg:—

The Chambers of Commerce of this city instruct me to tender to you and the citizens of Winnipeg their respectful congratulations that the two cities are at length connected by iron bands, and to express their desire that intimate social and business relations will be the result.

Respectfully,
HENRY F. SIBLER, President.

Winnipeg, December 5th, 1878.

Henry F. Sibley, President, Chambers of Commerce, St. Paul, Minn.

Absence from town prevented sooner response to your congratulatory telegram. The council and citizens of Winnipeg heartily reciprocate the friendly sentiments therein expressed and hope to have the opportunity soon of exchanging, personally, good wishes and good offices with your people.

THOS. SCOTT, (Mayor.)

In connection with the opening of the new line, the Manitoba *Free Press*, from the files of which a portion of the information for this brief article has been secured, contained the following item:—

On the train carrying the excursionists from St. Boniface to the Roseau on Tuesday morning was a large shipment of goods, consigned by W. H. Lyon, wholesale merchant, to J. Washington, who is about to open a store at the Roseau. It is confidently hoped that this is but the beginning of a large trade to be supplied by our merchants to country dealers.

The fruition of the faith, which appears to have been somewhat faint and doubtful, is now to be seen in the wholesale district of Winnipeg, with its large and permanent warehouses, and in the laden freight trains which leave daily on the various lines radiating from the city.

The opening of this railway for freight and passenger business at the close of 1878 marked the practical termination of traffic on routes which old timers of Western Canada remember with considerable interest.

The method of entry into Winnipeg

Let the Knox Cooks send you enough

KNOX SPARKLING **GELATINE**

to make six plates of Cherry Sponge

1 tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine.
½ cup cold water. 1 cup cherry juice
Juice of one lemon. ½ cup sugar.
1½ cups cherries. Whites of two eggs.

Soak gelatine in the cold water 5 minutes and dissolve in the hot cherry juice. Add Cherries (stoned and cut in halves) and lemon juice. When jelly is cold and beginning to set, add whites of two eggs beaten until stiff. Mold and when ready to serve turn on to serving dish and garnish with whipped cream, putting chopped cherries over the top.

NOTE: This same recipe may be used with other canned fruits.

THIS will be our treat to you for the month of May. You will be so delighted you will always have Knox Gelatine in your home.

Send us your grocer's name, enclosing 2-sent stamp and we will send you the Knox Gelatine.

We want every reader of this publication to know how to use KNOX GELATINE for all kinds of Desserts, Jellies, Puddings, Ice Creams, Sherbets, Salads and Candies.

We will send you, free, an illustrated book of recipes with the Gelatine.

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Acknowledged to be the finest creation of Waterproof Collars ever made. Ask to see, and buy no other. All stores or direct for 25c.
THE ARLINGTON CO. of Canada, Ltd.
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TORONTO

All "ARLINGTON COLLARS" are good, but our CHALLENGE BRAND is the best

Jack London

MARK YOUR LINEN WITH CASH'S WOVEN NAME-TAPES

Your full name in fast color thread can be woven into fine white cambric tape. $2.00 for 12 dozen, $1.25 for 6 doz., 85c for 3 doz. These markings more than save their cost by preventing laundry losses. Required by schools and colleges. They make a dainty, individual gift. **Orders filled in a week** through your dealer, or write for samples and order blanks, direct to

J. & J. CASH, Ltd., 301 St. James St., Montreal, Can.

Cash's "Woven Names" TRADE MARK

prior to the date mentioned had been by the well known Dawson route, overland from Port Arthur, or by way of the Red River from Moorhead, Minnesota, which was then the terminus of the railway. During the winter season, passengers from Moorhead drove by stage from that point to Winnipeg. Thousands of people had found their way into Western Canada by these routes in the earlier years, and it is possible that, in years to come, through the development of water transportation, portions of the old routes may be largely used again. Withthe advent of the railroad, however, the former method of transportation ceased, and the West entered on a new and infinitely greater era.

It is still sometimes thought by some residents of Canada that it was the completion of the main line of the Canadian Pacific eastward which gave to the West its first connection with the outside world. The final completion of that great road between Winnipeg and Montreal was an event of the first importance, not only in the history of the West, but in the development of all Canada, but Western Canada owes its first railway conmmuication with the world outside largely to the construction of the line through the United States to the international boundary.

It may also interest some to know that the American contractors, who laid the steel to the boundary, by special arrangement crossed the line and continued their work until they met the gangs who were engaged in the same work from the Winnipeg end. This arrangement was made owing to the fact that when the American contractors, who were engaged in the building of the line of the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Northern Railway, had reached the boundary, there was still a stretch of twenty-five miles of steel to lay on the Canadian side. Winter was coming on rapidly, and the completion of the enterprise was earnestly desired. The Americans were therefore engaged to assist on the last twenty-five miles and took part in the final operations.

Although connection between Winnipeg and Eastern Canada, over the main line of the Canadian Pacific, was not effected for several years after the completion of the line to St. Paul, work had been in progress on this great project.

Between 1874 and 1878, construction was being carried forward between East Selkirk and Fort William, and large quantities of rails were being brought down the Red River on barges and unloaded on the east side, at St. Boniface and East Kildonan. In 1876 a locomotive, with a number of flat cars and a conductor's van, were received in the same way. This locomotive, the first to be delivered in the country, was known as the Countess of Dufferin. It was used in forwarding material for the construction of the line from St. Boniface southward, and now stands in the C.P.R. park. The Joseph Whitehead, the second locomotive in the country, was brought north in the same way, and was employed east of Winnipeg. Mr. Whitehead himself built the dump of the line from St. Boniface to Emerson in 1875, and was later employed on a large contract on the main line of the Canadian Pacific east of the city.

The branch line of the Canadian Pacific, from St. Boniface to East Selkirk, was constructed for the purpose of getting material to the main line. At that period, as is well known, it was the intention that the main line should not come into Winnipeg, but that the Red River should be crossed at a point where West Selkirk is now located. With this idea in view, track was laid to the river to a point known as Colwell's Landing, and a round house was erected at East Selkirk, which has not been used for many years by the railway company, except as an occasional detention house for certain classes of European immigrants.

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Reminiscences of a Country Sunday School

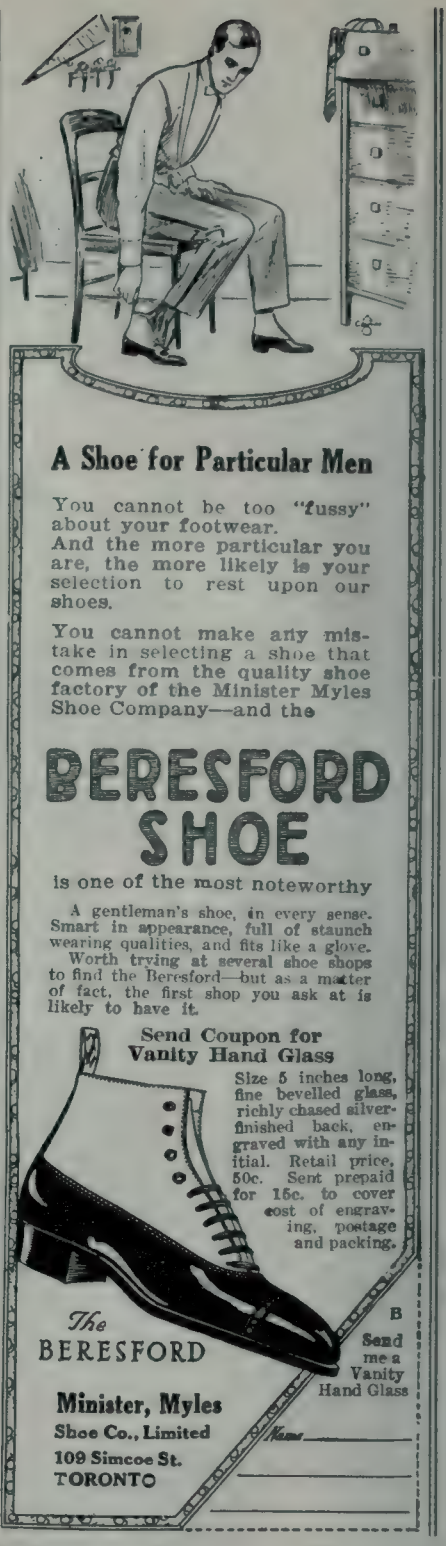
BY MARY LESLIE

THIS is how it began. Some years before there had been a Sunday School, managed by members of the Church of England, held at a school house in the neighborhood, but all interested in it had grown up, or moved away, and my sister thought it a pity that a few children should not be gathered together in our house and taught some of those sublime truths of Holy Writ, while the soil was soft and the good seed had a chance of springing. The school was held in the dining room in winter, but out of doors during the heat of summer; not in the orchard lest the green apples and birds should distract the young Christians, not in the garden lest the flowers and bees should lead them astray, but in the door yard.

Our school was unsectarian. There were not many children the first Sunday, but it soon increased to twenty-four pupils. My sister had the senior class, and I the infant class. There was a general thought at the time,—and alas ! it still exists—that anybody if of a fairly moral decent character, could teach a Sunday School class; exceptional ability is not required, nor common sense, nor zeal, nor any other great quality. I was not a very willing teacher. "It is nothing," I was told, "nothing. You'll only have to amuse them a couple of hours, and get them to learn a verse or two of Scripture and a bit of a hymn. That's all."

Two hours for a child of twelve or fourteen is one thing, but for a little creature it is too long by an hour and a half. Nothing indeed, to make seven young children all under seven years of age, happy for two hours; not to bore or weary them; to keep them from being unruly; above all to get something of the love of God, the great scheme of salvation into their little skulls, to get them to like, not dislike and fear the mighty mind and heart behind the universe, avoiding that flippant familiarity which breeds contempt; to filter it all into a nourishment fit for babes, yet not to despise their feebleness and forwardness, but keep well before me that "of such is the kingdom of heaven." Also if possible to teach them the alphabet of good manners, so that when they stepped forth into the outer world, they might, as the colored minister said to the newly married couple, "go along and behave themselves."

Talk of the difficulties of a Prime Minister or Foreign Secretary ! Tut ! His perplexities were nothing compared to mine. I soon found out that if I was not to be a miserable failure, doing harm instead of good, I must invent methods, lay plans; in short give my whole mind to the business; that a half-hearted teacher was worse than none at all. What the senior class learned, I am not in a position to say. I know they read a chapter in the Testament, verse about; and the occasional singing of a hymn, in which we all joined, diversified the thing, and sometimes they had a religious story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read to them, but I was too much taken up with my little flock of lambs to have time for anything but my own business.

Now with all humility and many apologies to well equipped, full-fledged modern Sunday School teachers, I will explain my simple method. I had four slates, and on one side of each I drew lines, and made pot hooks and hangers, as the first step to writing, and a row of Arabic figures as a beginning of arithmetic; on the other side I made a sketch of a beast, bird, house, ship or face for the children to copy. Most of the pictures I took from Mrs. Trimmer's Natural History. I taught them individually. I began with the eldest, and heard his Scripture text or verse of a hymn. He repeated it after me six times, while the others were busy with their slates. The multiplication table was repeated in the same way. I took them all in turn. It was teaching by heart, a method which a satirical old grammarian called "by *hear't*, going in at one ear and out at the other." They said the tables after me till they knew them perfectly; then I put them in class and questioned them every Sunday. I taught them grammar by the old rhyme

"Three little words we often see
Are articles—a—an—and the."

They knew the parts of speech before I had done with them. The drawing and singing lessons were decidedly the most popular. I taught them the rules of addition and subtraction by means of apples; when the apples were of different colors, they seemed to get on better. They had the apples to take home, and in the summer a nosegay each, and went through the garden to help us gather them. In spring many of our children brought us wild flowers, and we gave them garden seeds to plant. We closed with "God save the Queen," and always prayed for her.

I was shut off in a corner by myself with my little flock, and the least promising urchin in the beginning soon became my most brilliant scholar. He was a red-haired lad "going six" like a clock, with hair brushed up, or turning by nature in what the others called "a cow lick." He always saw a lion in his path, and began unwillingly, but by and by warmed up. To every suggestion of mine, he responded like the plaintive bleat of a little sheep. "I *ca-ant*, please. I'm too young." His name was Jimmy. My second scholar was barely four; very broad, round about and rosy. He came in the first time as if propelled from a catapult, exclaiming, "Don't look at my 'at. It's my feyther's old 'at."

As far as I know, he never learned anything at all, except not to wear this hat in the house, and the meaning of "ladies first," which last accomplishment was taught by resolutely pulling him to the rear again, and making him say "I beg your pardon," whenever he bolted before the girls, in his desire to get out when school was over. His father told me when he came that he "knowed nothin'," and I think he left in the same condition, but he was a quiet child, sitting in a little chair Sunday after Sunday, smiling and gazing about him vaguely. He never tried to sing—Jimmy had piped up the first day, having a most telling voice—and only once did he misbehave, blubbering from sheer weariness of the flesh, I think, at the length of the entertainment. When asked what was the matter, he said he wanted "to *nuss* the old cat." This ambition seemed so harmless that I brought Puss in, and set her in his lap. She didn't like Sunday School and at first was inclined to scratch, but when she caught the idea

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and began to purr, he laughed with the tears rolling down his cheeks.

There was another boy of English descent who learned his hymns, and texts, as he expressed it "like a good 'un." He walked a long way, and one Sunday when a pouring rain came on, it was a problem to know what to do with him. "Don't you fret," said he cheerfully, "my old dad will come for me with his umbreller." Sure enough he did, and thanked us quite heartily for our "trouble," saying he did not wish his boy to grow up "a 'eathen." He carried the child off pick-a-back. I had one girl in my class, just turned four. She was fair and freckled. Her name was Ruth, and she wore a pale blue frock, and had a five cent piece with a hole in it for a locket. She was a bright receptive little pitcher, ready to take and retain any good thing you wished to pour in. She learned to sing, to sketch, to "do addition," and not a boy there could get before her, small as she was.

Time would fail me to tell of the other four (though I remember them distinctly) and also a casual, who dropped in about once in six weeks; a Scotch boy who had a large blue bonnet with a silver thistle in it. He wished to wear it in the house, and as this could not be, we hung this crowning glory on a chair, where he could keep his eye upon it. He would not speak, and I never heard his voice from first to last, but he had a contemptuous and critical air. He came with his sister who was in the senior class.

The first hymn taught was "Jesus loves me," and a little chap thus interpreted the author's meaning:

"Little ones to Him belong,
They are weak but He is"—

a long pause—then a sigh—"heavy." One hymn "There Is a Happy Land" was sung sometimes by one boy as a solo, and they all liked it. The third, "Happy They Who Trust in Jesus," had a fate out of the common. When it came to the last verse,

"As a bird beneath her feathers,
Guards the objects of her care,
So the Lord His children gathers,
Spreads His wings and hides them there."

Ruth exclaimed as a case in point "We've dot little chicks," and Matty, slipped out and returning as we chanted "Amen," with a young bird in his hand, a tiny fledgling out for its first flight, said, "I seed 'im out o' winder in the gardin; I crep' through the 'ole in the board an' caught 'un."

Here was a complication for explanation and pointing of the moral.

My sister's ambition was that they should "sing with the understanding" as well as the voice, and the words of every hymn were learned perfectly. We taught "Glory to Thee, My God This Night;" "Hark What Mean Those

Holy Voices," and many other beautiful hymns, besides the Lord's Prayer and many texts.

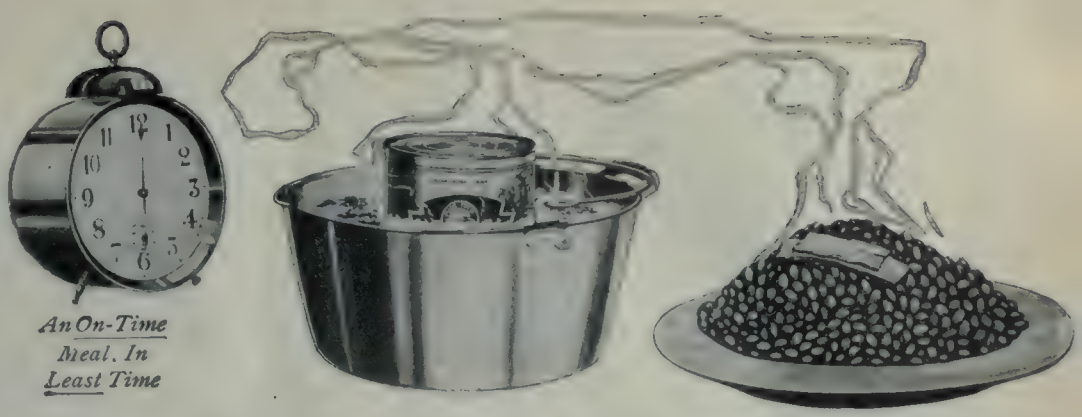
The school lasted three years. There were no rewards or prizes, save a picnic in the woods, the most successful I ever attended. It was a perfect summer's day; there were two swings, some games, and a generous supply of good things to eat. The tipple was lemonade and weak wine and water. Jimmy sat on a stone and played the jew's-harp; many of the parents came, and I remember a baby in long clothes, handed about like the cake and wine, and nursed by everybody, and a shy youth perched in a tree like King Charles in the Royal Oak, watching the fun below. We had very little opposition to our school, though one lad frankly told my sister that the Sunday schools in town—he had tried them all—were "better fun" than ours.

Also a learned magnate called one Sunday to examine the children as to their teaching, having heard that our doings were "irregular." He asked them many questions and admitted that they answered intelligently, but when he wished them to "define the nature of an oath, and the obligation in it," they were non-plussed and silent, till one of my little billy-goats piped up voluntarily, "Daddy swears sometimes."

This turned his attention to the infant class, and I put forward Jimmy to repeat his masterpiece, one of Mary Howitt's poems. His diction was beautifully clear and correct, and the reverence, the simplicity of the little chap in the last verses was touching.

"I saw him sit, and his dinner eat,
Under the forest tree;
His dinner of chestnut ripe and red,
And he ate it heartily.
I wish you could have seen him there.
It did my spirit good,
To see the small thing God had made
Thus eating in the wood."

The critic was mollified, and though he shook his head, and said "this is secular instruction, not religious teaching," he smiled tolerantly, patted the little scholar on the head, and allowed himself to be politely dismissed, with a rose for his button-hole.



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Thomas Edison—Ex-Canadian

BY JOHN M. COPELAND

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE on isolated St. Helena once exclaimed to his aide, "Montholon! Montholon! The world has produced but three great generals, Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar, and myself."

As far as generals are concerned, that may—or may not—have been true. But in sharp contrast to Napoleon's campaigns of destruction and his monumental ruin of his fellow-men, stands out the constructive genius and scientific achievement so quietly evolved for man's benefit by the brain of an equally unique genius, Thomas Alva Edison. He has contributed more to the advancement of modern civilization than any other one man, and by inheritance at least he is a Canadian.

His forebears travelled to the Land of Evangeline with the United Empire Loyalists in Revolutionary times. A generation later, they left Nova Scotia and settled in that part of the Province of Ontario now registered as the County of Norfolk. Near the little town of Vienna, close to Lake Erie, where relatives of the Edisons still reside, Thomas Edison's elder brothers were born. In 1837 the family transferred their fortunes to Ohio, and there the lad Thomas and his sister first beheld the sunshine.

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Evidently the boy's elementary education began in that state, but the fact that his brother, Pitt Edison, managed a street railway at Port Huron, Michigan, probably accounts for the lad's presence thereabouts and furnished an incentive to his nomadic predilections.

Joseph Draper, of the County of Tipperary, a ninety year old veteran living in Toronto, who was in 1855 a giant conductor on the Ontario, Simcoe & Huron Railroad (Northern Railway) remembers well how young Thomas Edison sold newspapers on trains running between Detroit, Port Huron, Sarnia and London. He declares that the embryo merchant was an active, well behaved and likable stripling who, even during the chrysalis stage, nourished a specific bent by carrying with him a portable telegraph key. During the waning months of the Civil War, 1865-6, he obtained in Detroit a printing press and learning the contents of bulletins from station to station, set up en route and printed the news of the moment which he sold along the line as the "Grand Trunk Herald."

Living in an atmosphere of daily contact with telegraphing, he took to "jerking lightning" like a sailor to the sea, soon becoming proficient.

In 1867 he worked on the wire, covering the "night trick" at Stratford, Ontario, and was also at Park Hill, where the late Geo. B. Reeve, of Grand Trunk and Southern Pacific prominence, picked up operating.

Every railroad telegrapher is said to experience once, sooner or later during his career, the horror of being temporarily petrified with alarm on finding he has ordered two trains to pass "head on" or from the rear on a single track. Railroad rumor only is my authority for repeating a report that young Edison figured in such a "collision on paper" at Camlachie, Ont., which he averted by quick thinking and rapid action.

In his commercial wire practice at Detroit his colleagues of other days remember him as a good press reporter whose handwriting resembled printing more than a string of Spencerian script. They tell how he tied the Gotham wiseacres and would-be jokers into knots with his apparently deliberate speed, the key and its characters being a part of him, like a Centaur and his horse. His demeanor was at times friendly and discursive, followed by spells of dreamy reflection and profound reticence. He would frequently immerse himself in tinkerings with the sounder and key, adding to and endeavoring to make them different and more amenable to his advanced ideas. The reel with a paper ribbon on which a message from the other end was registered by means of dots and dashes indented thereon, had not then been entirely replaced by the sound system.

In many guises I have heard repeated the story of his original device for answering his dispatcher's call, though wrapped in the arms of Morpheus for forty pilfered winks. He was working in Western Ontario and the rule declared that each operator should keep in touch with the dispatcher every hour while on duty. The operator must write "6" and sign his telegraphic signature of a letter or two. This meant the next thing to eternal vigil-

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16-oz. Johnston's Fluid Beef (Vimbos), $1.20.

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ance during the quiet hours of the night.

Edison pondered this problem and attached an extra wheel to the mechanism of the office clock, governing it by an independent spring. Around the rim of this wheel he cut the dots and dashes spelling the stereotyped message and his code signature, arranging the wheel's position so that it made one revolution each hour at the time agents usually flashed "All well." From the clock pinions a series of wire coils connected with a weak solution jar battery, were rigged and thence passing over the telegraph key joined the charged main wires leading therefrom.

When the clock struck each hour, the supplementary wheel sent the necessary intermittent ticks along the temporary mediums and these were in turn transmitted via the trunk wires to headquarters. With such ingenuity did the budding inventor abbreviate his nocturnal vigils and conductors "Mammoth" Johnston and "Silk Hat Dick" Thorpe never knew the difference as they whizzed past into the encircling gloom.

This anecdote bears the hall mark of a measure of probability and has been vouched for by some of Edison's contemporaries, but the yarn that he once affixed to the telegraph office door a contrivance that made it collide with the nasal organ of a spying superintendent is probably spurious.

When working at Fort Gratiot he introduced an improvement in relaying messages across the river at Sarnia which reduced by half, the labor involved, evincing in this test an early aversion to ponderous method and high costs, which has characterized his subsequent experiments and helpful discoveries.

On February 24th, 1868, Mr. Edison arrived in Toronto en route for Boston and after a brief visit with his former friend John Murray, a well known dispatcher, started eastward. On this date a traffic paralyzing three day storm set in and the train was snow stalled, compelling Mr. Edison and several others to return. Expecting improved weather and resumption of train service, he spent considerable time about the old depot and men who met him then state that he was a desultory talker, an inveterate thinker and a steady smoker quite oblivious to the fleeting hours of the night. The late James Stephenson was superintendent at Toronto that winter, Henry Bourlier, so long and honorably connected with the Allans, was station agent, W. A. Wilson, erect and active to-day with the "New York Central," was the Morse Code operator, W. C. Nunn—inventor of the railway signal in '56—was agent at Belleville, Ont., and that thoroughbred, Mr. Frederic

Black Tan and White Best for the Shoes

2 IN 1 SHOE POLISHES

In new patent "Easy Opening Box" 10c Easiest to use

Ships Carry Anchors in Fair Weather

And Thoughtful Men Carry Accident Insurance Because Accidents Happen When Least Expected

OUT of thirty men who lost their lives in a recent fire in a western city, five or one-sixth of the total number carried accident insurance in **The Travelers,** under which the Company will pay the beneficiaries **forty-eight thousand dollars.** The cost of these five policies was $95.00.

This protection is furnished at an annual expense per thousand of less than **two cents per day** by a company which has been writing accident insurance for over fifty years and has paid accident benefits to over 632,000 policyholders.

If you are not carrying an accident policy, apply for one today in the largest accident insurance company in the world.

It will be too late when the need strikes home.

Travelers accident policies are famous for their broad coverage, fair spirit of adjustment and prompt payment.

Moral: Insure in The Travelers

The TRAVELERS INSURANCE CO., Hartford, Conn. Can. Mo. G TEAR OFF

Please send me particulars regarding your accident policies
My name, address, occupation and date of birth are written below:

Harry Lauder singing to himself

"They adore me when I ve got my trousers on, but they love me in my kilt".
"Rob Roy MacIntosh"—Victor Record No. 70004.

When the famous Scotch comedian wants to "hear himself as ithers hear him," he becomes his own audience of one before the Victrola.

And he hears himself just as his vast audiences hear him all over the world, just as thousands hear him on the Victrola in their own homes, just as you too can hear him.

Hearing Harry Lauder on the Victrola is really hearing him in person — his delightful droll Scottish dialect and humorous personality are all there in Victor Records, and Lauder himself has pronounced them "simply 'to the life' ".

Any "His Master's Voice" dealer in any city in Canada will gladly play any of the 41 Lauder records, or Victor Records by such other well-known artists as Christie MacDonald, Blanche Ring, Elsie Janis, Al Jolson, Montgomery & Stone, Nat Wills, Nora Bayes, Robert Hilliard, George M. Cohan.

There are Victors and Victrolas in great variety of styles from $20 to $300.

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Montreal.

DEALERS IN EVERY TOWN AND CITY 363-330

Sold by the Best Furniture Stores in every Town and City
Ask for Booklet M.

The Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet Co., Ltd.,
Hanover - - - Ontario

If Men Had to Work In the Kitchen

IF any of you men had to work in the kitchen and knew just how much time and work you could save yourself—three times a day—with a KNECHTEL Kitchen Cabinet, you'd have one inside of twenty-four hours.

Then why let your wife go on tiring herself day after day when you can save her so much ?

Get her a KNECHTEL Kitchen Cabinet right now. She will surely appreciate your thoughtfulness.

A KNECHTEL is useful as well as ornamental, and something that will last a lifetime with ordinary care

Look for the Trade Mark

KNECHTEL KITCHEN CABINET
REGISTERED

Glackmeyer, Parliamentary Sergeant-at-Arms 1867-1913 was making his initial bow in railway service, probably where Thomas Edison purchased his transportation. On February 27th, he again essayed the sixteen hour journey to Montreal and at Boston in 1870 the duplex system appeared, enabling two operators to send independent messages over a single wire. Then came his perfection of the quadruplex, permitting two people at each end to forward and receive telegrams simultaneously.

Some of the familiar creations of his brain include the telegraphic button repeater, an electric pencil with motor for duplicating, the waxen phonographic records, dictaphone and revolutionizing incandescent light. To-day the speaking cinematographic pictures or kinetophone, steps confidently out of the laboratories at Orange, N.J., to mystify yet convince the incredulous and expectant populace.

Some years ago his friend John Murray paid his respects at New York and was well received by his former acquaintance. Requesting permission to inspect the interior economy of the Western Union telegraph office, Mr. Edison introduced him by letter to the proper person, asking that every attention be shown him and adding, "When Mr. Murray was an operator on the 'G. T. R,' I was a news vendor."

The Woman Of It

Continued from page 28.

to Sir Fulke. I know he does not care for your father—but you are different. I know he would care for you!"

"To what end ?" asked the young man. "I had rather remain as I am—I don't want to owe anything to my father's people. They might not care for a singer."

"Sir Fulke would care for you, particularly if he saw you shoot," said the Colonel.

"I am due in Paris in a little time."

"Don't be too proud, Sinclair—that old man is eating his heart out with grief—he hates your father—he has lost his own sons—if he were to see you he might think that life still held some compensations."

Sinclair did not answer for a moment or so and then he said with a quick laugh, "No, Sanday, it would not do ! You see, I elected to become a singer. I might never outlive my father—he is Sir Fulke's heir, not I !"

"But why should you not outlive your father ? I never saw a man who seemed to be in better physical condition."

"I don't know why I said that," said the young man frankly, "except that I don't feel as if I should live to be very old ! I lack the desire, I suppose—I never want to outlive my voice."

"I had no idea you cared so much for that."

Again Robert laughed. "You don't understand," he said. "I suppose I am many-sided—no artist is anything but that. I'll think over what you say about Sir Fulke, if he can be got to understand that I don't want anything out of him. At any rate the thing is impossible for the present."

They had reached the house and Sanday went in. Robert hesitated, he had seen Valerie disappear into the house and he had no wish to go in just yet.

He walked towards the terrace and stood at the same place where he had seen Valerie waiting two days ago. She had been waiting for him and he had known it. In this twilight, he fancied he could still see her outline, could still hear the voice he loved best in the world. And for a moment he gave himself up to dreaming of what might have been, if his father had not been the man he was.

"I should have been heir to a fine estate," he said. "I should have been a soldier. Valerie would have been my wife, we should have lived together in absolute content and our children would have played about our knees, I should have sung to her and she would have played for me. I should have stood by her side and the piano candles would have brought out all the red gold of her hair and her white hands would have wandered over the keys and when I had finished singing she would have looked up at me and would have known it was all for her."

It was quite a simple dream this—naturally he thought about his singing and her playing for him—but the mainspring of it all, was love—his love for her and her love for him—that quiet, deep love that has its roots in eternity!

"What a fool I am," he said to himself and turned to go.

A hand was laid on his shoulder. He turned quickly and in the deepening darkness, he recognized his father.

"The best about a great man is, that his whereabouts cannot be hidden," Geoffrey Sinclair cried almost gaily: "The papers, my son, tell me that you are staying with our old acquaintances, the Mertons." The captain's speech broke across Robert's visions like a great ugly scar across a fair body. He shook off the hand that his father had laid upon him.

"Why should you particularly want to know where I am?" he asked.

"You have a peculiarly straight way of asking a question," the captain said with a sneer. He could not keep up a pretence of gaiety with his son. The fundamental differences between them were too great. He hated Robert for his youth and his beauty and his fame and most of all because he had money and he, the captain, had none.

"But you have not a peculiarly straight way of answering one."

"I will answer it straight enough. I wanted to know where you were because I wanted money," he said.

"My lawyer wrote me on the first of August that he had sent you fifty pounds," said Robert. "The next instalment is due the first of November!"

"The first of November," said Geoffrey Sinclair. "It is now the beginning of October. Do you think I can live on air until then?"

"I am afraid," said Robert quietly," that I have not given that subject much consideration. I told you the amount I was prepared to allow you—it is for you to arrange your expenditure according to your income."

"And if I tell you that the thing cannot be done! That it is impossible for a man of my habits to live on a paltry two hundred a year!"

"Then I am afraid you will have to change your habits!"

A Record Growth

1810 1914

The "HARTFORD"

From small beginnings in 1810 the Hartford Fire Insurance Company has, in 1914, reached its present preeminent position in the fire insurance field. Its steady growth in strength has been unretarded by the enormous losses it has paid to its policyholders both in the great conflagrations of American History and in those small but persistent losses whic occur somewhere every minute o every day and night.

Willingness to adjust losse fairly, ability to pay fully an readiness to pay promptly are th three great fire insurance virtue and they are the explanation o the **"Hartford's"** growth an prosperity.

When you need Fire Insurance

Insist on the "Hartford"

DOCTOR, MERCHANT

FARMER, MANUFACTURER

It matters not who the car owner is, he wants two things: **Safety, Service.**

BECAUSE he gets these two and many others from Dunlop Traction Treads you find the car owner, whether he is Doctor, Merchant, Farmer or Manufacturer, one of the many seen driving cars equipped with the

"Most Envied Tire in All America"

Speed for the Doctor
Reliability for the Merchant
Comfort for the Farmer
Durability for the Manufacturer
Safety for all

And these hosts of motorists, not only travel in perpetual safety, but they never hear anything about rim-cutting, insufficient air capacity, etc., unless their acquaintances whose cars are unequipped with Dunlop Traction Treads tell them their tire troubles.

"To change my habits !" You young coxcomb !" The captain allowed his wrath to overflow and Robert was irresistibly reminded of his boyhood and the blows that woud have followed an outburst like this.

He waited until Geoffrey Sinclair had finished hurling epithets at him and then he spoke again, "I told you once for all, that I would allow you two hundred a year—I was a fool to do that, I suppose, but I could not allow the man my mother had married to starve —but I will not allow you one penny more !"

He turned away—the thing disgusted him. That he should have to deny money to anyone, especially to this man, was a loathsome thing. And yet he knew that if he were not firm, this kind of scene would be repeated as long as he lived.

"But I tell you it is impossible to live on a sum like that !"

"What did you live on before you found out my identity with the singer—what do you think *we* lived on, my mother and I, all the years that I was learning my trade ?"

"I am sure I do not know" said his father disdainfully. "Your mother had, I always believed, some secret ways of getting money, that I knew nothing of !"

His son's face was not good to look on.

"I'll trouble you to explain exactly what you mean by that," he said slowly.

His father drew back; there was something threatening in the very quietness of Robert's voice.

"I mean, that she must have sold more stuff, than I knew of," he sa .

"Very well—we will leave it at that. If you dared to insinuate anything derogatory to her, I should have knocked your teeth down your throat. My mother had a means of getting money, that you had not. She *worked* ! You consumed the product of her work !"

"A man of my temperament cannot demean himself to go from shop to shop selling his wares," said the captain, and then he added unconscious of the childishness of his remark, "Besides, I could not have modelled in clay !"

"You could have borne your part," said Robert and then he turned away impatiently. "This is futile—you could have been an honest man, I suppose. You could have handed down a stainless name to your son. You could have worked for your wife and child, but you did none of these things. There is no more to be said !"

"Except that I am asking you for the loan of some money !"

"You can save youself the trouble of asking !'

"But I tell you that I must have it !"

"Have you a little 'Fairy' in your home?"
Your healthy, husky boy or pretty, playful girl will enjoy Fairy Soap for the toilet and bath and what they enjoy you will also appreciate.
FAIRY SOAP
It is healthfully cleansing, of course—and it is sweet and pure and clean because it is made of fine vegetable oils.
Each white, oval floating cake of Fairy Soap is good for twenty-five full baths.
Wears to the thinnest wafer — that's economy; delights its user —that's satisfaction.
THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
LIMITED
MONTREAL

"You will have to get it as you can !"

"I will ask Lord Merton !"

To be continued.

Introducing Louis

Continued from page 24.

But all this about our voyageur, and, so far, not a word about your letter with its description of Their Excellencies' Garden Party, the Yacht Club affair, and other "doin's" in the home city. You are indeed in your element, and I'm sure your new gowns are all that you say. But to save me I can't work up much interest in such things. This life in the open has a way of twirling you round and round, till you find yourself reversing your opinions and beliefs, also your perspective.

For instance, this moose hunt in the

Overland

$1250

Completely equipped
f. o. b. Toledo
Duty paid

$1425 —With electric starter and generator, f. o. b. Toledo Duty paid.

The Most Suitable and Sound Investment For The Whole Family

RIGHT now thousands of families are daily depriving themselves of an endless chain of economical pleasures, comforts and benefits that could be theirs just as well as not. Get a big handsome Overland touring car into the very midst of your family, and you increase the pleasures and broaden the viewpoints of everyone in the house.

Taking everything into careful consideration, the Overland is the most practical all-year-round-family-car on the market. It is not too large nor is is bulky or cumbersome. On the other hand, it is not small, dinky or stunted—but just the right size for the full comfort, and the complete and everlasting enjoyment of every member of your home circle.

And the price—

Other cars of similar specifications cost a great deal more. How much? That varies. But in practically every case a careful comparison will prove to you that an Overland costs a full 30% less than any other similar car made.

In view of this can you afford to pay more for some other car that does not give you as much as you can get in the Overland?

Remember the cost is 30% less.

Spring is here. Get your family out of doors all you can. There is an Overland dealer in your town. Look him up to day. Catalogue on request. Please address Dept. 3.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

Manufacturers of the famous Overland Delivery Wagons, Garford and Willys-Utility Trucks. Full information on request.

Peace River Country seems ever so much more important, inspiring, and altogether desirable than any garden party could possibly be. Thanks though, for the letter. Something about it, the faint fragrance (lilac, isn't it ?) or the family crest, made me homesick for the moment. The perfume brought up the big garden sloping to the orchard, the garden where we dreamed our dreams and—oh, yes, that garden is grand.

The crest was even more than a call, it was a challenge. I spread the envelope out on my knee as I sat by the campfire at noon, and studied it. What a dignified, benevolent looking unicorn is ours ! Unconsciously, quite unconsciously, I'm sure, he hitched his horn in that corner of my heart where I store my sentiments and ambitions, and pulled gently toward the presidency of the Daughters of Social Service, the Country Club, a certain luxurious launch, a whole jumble of delectable things. Heighho ! Finding this ineffectual, he withdrew, and charged me like a cross old goat, impaled me, gave me a prodigious toss toward the effete east.

The wind carried your envelope away and Louis brought it back. He seemed amused.

"This," I said, holding it up, "is our family crest."

"Very gran'," he returned lightly. "Wait, ol' Louis hab cres', he show you, yes."

From his belt he drew a something made of embroidered deerskin and wampum covered with hieroglyphics. "Me, I had mooch cres'. My granfadder he ees Eagle Tip. Ever hear 'bout heem, Eagle Tip de scalp taker ? See, dis ees stone head arrow, dis ees de high fedder for de warrior's head, yes. De axe she is leetle but weecked, and here," with a lean brown finger on a string of scalps, "ees w'at you call de proof ob de pudding, see."

I saw, and turned sea-sick. Ugh, those scalps!

"Heap brave man de gran'fadder of me," Louis was saying. "He wove de cres' "—with a smile, "into de skins ob his teepee dat all can know hee's kill more men dan odder folk. He mak' dam' good fight al'right, but hees dead long tam. Me, I'm not beeg warrior, for w'y I mak' hees cres' mine, eh ? Too mooch man, me, to ornament wit' scalps some odder feller took, b'gosh !"

"If you value it so lightly, why do you treasure it ?" I demanded irritably.

Oh, Coz, if you could have seen the maliciousness of his merriment.

"Ol' Louis he is fool, too; he tell heemself dat some tam he is meet man or woman he want show off to, spread de tail lak peacock. You know de way, eh ?"

No Man Can Justify Higher Tire Prices

Higher Than Goodyear No-Rim-Cut Tires

Many other Canada-made tires are offered from one-eighth to one-third higher than Goodyears.

More Can't be Given

We say to you—after 14 years of trying—that more of value can't be given than we give in No-Rim-Cut tires.

And no other tire costs so much to make, unless that cost is due to wasteful methods or to smaller output.

We give you here, in a costly way, the one feasible tire that can't rim-cut.

We give you the "On-Air Cure" —to minimize blow-outs.

We have reduced by 60 per cent. the risk of loose treads.

And in All-Weather treads we give you an anti-skid with which nothing of the kind compares. Yet for these you actually pay *less* than for other Canada-made anti-skid tires.

And not another tire on the market offers you any one of these costly features.

GOODYEAR TORONTO

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With All-Weather Treads or Smooth

Made in Canada

These tires are made by Canadians in Canada. As part of the Goodyear organization, our Bowmanville factory gives you the benefit of the experience and methods of our great Akron plant.

We have a staff of graduate experts working simply on research and experiment. They build in our laboratory 8 or 10 tires a day, in efforts to get more mileage.

They test them on roads and on testing machines. But they have not in years found a way to add mileage, save through our All-Weather tread. So, in all probability, better tires never can be.

Where We Save

We save by modern equipment. We save by a low profit policy.

Higher prices have no reason which means anything to you. Prove this, if you doubt it, by actual mileage tests.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. of Canada, Limited

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29

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The Ford—the Lightest, Surest, Most Economical—the very essence of automobiling—and all Canadian.

Model T Runabout f. o. b. Ford, Ontario $600

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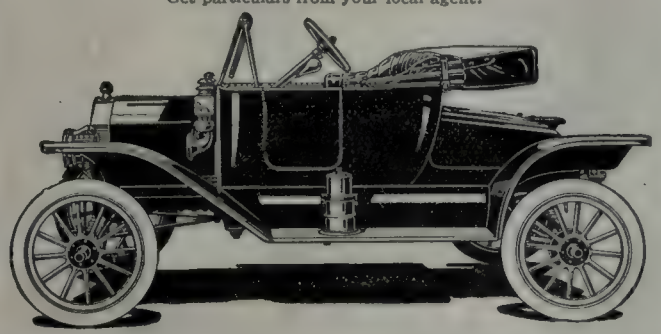

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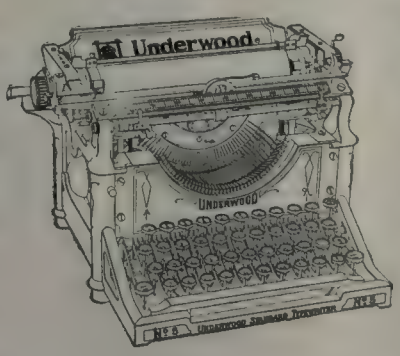
THERE is ONE business which young people have appropriated to themselves. It is a big business—that of the stenographer.

It is a good business. The stenographers of Toronto are paid over FIVE MILLION DOLLARS a year.

Most stenographers use the Underwood Typewriter.

Our Employment Department is a big factor in their success. In this city alone we supply stenographers for 500 positions a month.



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Adelaide Street East, Toronto. Offices in all Canadian Cities.

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NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafers

They stop a headache promptly, yet do not contain any of the dangerous drugs common in headache tablets. Ask your Druggist about them. 25c. a box.

NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED. 122

It must have been the camp fire made my face so hot.

"My grandfather scaled a wall and won a city," I explained.

"All same thing," he asserted tranquilly. "Dere be som'ting he want tak' from odder man, gun mebbe, or pony, or woman, it's al' same scalp. He sport hees high fedder, sharp his knife, and hip hurrah for fight," ending with a motion of tying a fresh scalp to a full belt. "De more he kill, de big man he ees, queecker he get hees cres'. W'at you t'ink?" His comical leer is irresistible.

"It's time we were off," I remarked by way of turning the conversation. "Sure t'ing, de water is call us come along! Come along! Who geeve a dam' w'at dem ol' scalp takers do, eh? Me, I radder be Louis de no good, wit' paddle in my han' an' laugh in my heart, dan be any dead man no matter how high his fedder fly, b'gosh!"

Delicious, wasn't it? This wilderness philosophy doesn't make its appeal to your head, but to the human inside you. My eyes sought our crest.

Believe it or not, Coz, the unicorn had drawn in his horn, so to speak, and looked positively meaching.

I'm bothered about you, Coz,—you and your headaches and sleeping powders! A girl of your age and build oughtn't to know a blessed thing about either.

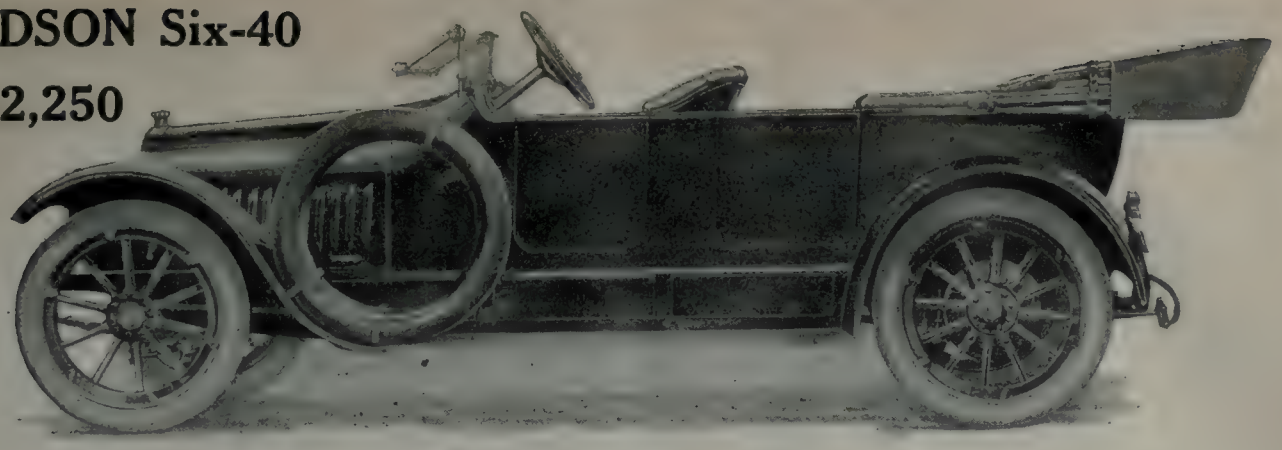
I wish you could be with us this autumn. You'd sleep without rocking, let alone powders. You say you worry yourself wide awake. I know that state, and sleep won't come no matter how many sheep you send skipping foldward, nor how much poetry you go over. I've often recited "Mary Queen of Scots" from start to finish. I've begun on her romping in the convent garden. "In that first budding spring of youth when all life's prospects please," and left her with her beautiful head cut off in old Fotheringay Castle, without inducing the least drowsiness. It's nerves.

One hasn't any to speak of up here. Wait till I tell you. Yesterday eve I was at outs with myself, my man, and my Maker. No, it isn't smartness or irreverence, it's truth. Truth comes to the surface in these lonely places. What was wrong? Nothing much. I had done my best to quarrel with my husband. One hates to try and not succeed.

Well, I took my much abused self into the tent which Louis had pitched in the edge of the wood. Joan was already fast asleep in the camp bed, but as for me, I wouldn't close an eye. I would as on former occasions fuss and fret, go over each harsh word, dwell on each glance and tone, come by final stages to tears of contrition, the tears that spoil your complexion.

HUDSON Six-40

$2,250



Rides Like Constant Coasting

Just Drive this Six Ten Miles. No Question then About Sixes!

Go to your local HUDSON dealer. Take a ride, at the wheel, in this new Six-40. Then you will become forever a Six enthusiast. Note this price, this weight, these flowing lines, these superb appointments. Note that Howard E. Coffin builds the HUDSON Six-40. And then you will have the answer to the question of "which Six."

THIS new HUDSON Six-40 can best speak for itself: You know your likes and wishes. See if this car meets them.

It needs no salesmanship. The facts are all apparent. Just get the car's own story and judge it for yourself.

Decide These Things

First, do you want a Six? If any doubt lingers, this ride will dispel it. The smoothness, the flexibility, the lack of vibration will make a resistless appeal. If you like luxury of motion you are coming to a Six.

Then the weight question. The HUDSON Six-40 weighs 2,980 pounds, due to skillful designing and properly chosen materials. Do you wish to carry, in an equal-powered car, from 450 to 1,250 extra pounds? It would mean the same, in tire cost and fuel, as to carry at all times three to eight extra passengers.

Then operative cost. The HUDSON Six-40 has a new-type motor—small bore and long stroke—which has made amazing miles-per-gallon records. Your HUDSON dealer has many actual comparisons. Figure out what this one feature will save in the years to come.

The Quality Question

THEN let this Six-40, designed by Howard E. Coffin, show you the meaning of a high-grade car. Judge what it means in staunchness, in freedom from trouble, in long life and low upkeep. Now that $2,300 buys all these things, isn't quality worth getting?

THEN see if this car meets your ideals of beauty. Note the streamline body with the lines unbroken and without a hinge in sight. Mark the perfect finish, the deep, rich, hand-buffed upholstery. Will a car so distinguished add to the pleasure of ownership?

SEE the new equipment—the two disappearing tonneau seats, the "One-Man" top, the quick-adjusting side curtains, the dimming searchlights, the concealed speedometer gear. Note how extra tires are carried—ahead of the front door. Note the gasoline tank with its gauge in the cowl. Note the convenience of every control. All these are this year's improvements.

The Price Question

THEN judge if anything in comparable cars justifies a higher price. What more can any maker offer in a car of like capacity? And what lower price, in any type, offers so much per dollar?

Count depreciation too. Since the Six is the type of the future, and since these lines and equipment are the coming vogue, think how this car will hold its value as compared with other types.

LET the HUDSON Six-40—the car itself—answer these questions for you. Let it make its own appeal. And don't delay. We are at this writing weeks behind on our orders. We have no hope of meeting all the next two months' demand.

Phaeton, with extra tonneau seats—or Roadster—$2,250 f. o. b. Detroit, Duty Paid. Convertible Roadster, with leather top, lined, windows that drop out of sight into the doors—a car as beautiful and comfortable in rough weather as a limousine, and that can be quickly changed to an open roadster, $2,575, f. o. b. Detroit, Duty Paid.

The HUDSON Six-54

The new HUDSON Six-54 is almost identical with the HUDSON Six-40 in design and equipment. But it is larger and more powerful. It is for men who want a more impressive car. Its price is $2,950, f. o. b. Detroit, Duty Paid.

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You know how it is, Coz, every woman knows. In the dark we lug out our stool of repentance, wobbly from over use, and what time our soul isn't using the thing to beat herself black and blue with she's sitting upon it so zealously she gets creeping paralysis, and falls off in the proper condition of limpness for being made into a door mat. This was what I looked forward to, but—as old Louis says when telling how the grizzly pushed him off the old caribou trail, in the gold digging days, "De firs' t'ing I know I know not'ing at all."

It is the place, the life. The water and the wilderness spy you out, lay a wager into the wind that they will put you to sleep before he can go as far as Grey Goose Lake and back. Always the water sings a slumber song—even its anger chant has a lullaby tacked to the tail of it—and this deep old wilderness is God's own dulcimer echoing, echoing on all its strings the hymn of rest that thrilled the warm new world that first Sabbath of all.

Coz, I lay there—I, no account, small-souled I—and heard the music of the spheres, vivid, clear, at first, then faint and far away, infinitely grand, infinitely sweet. I wasn't a grown up with responsibilities and hurts, I was little, so little I had a lisp, so good I couldn't hope to live long (don't dare to laugh, Celia) and a near and dear mammie was rocking me to sleep, such sleep !

In the rosiness of sunrise I woke, kicked the neglected repentance stool out of my way (metaphorically speaking) and faced the world, alert, alive, and, for no reason at all, tickled foolish with myself. Also I was better looking.

Do you wonder that I wish my little pale-faced Coz were with us on this visit to the moose ? We refer to it as a moose hunt out of courtesy to Louis and his gun; but it's only a visit. I call to mind a remark of yours anent that slumming fit that took you last year. When we enquired what you hoped to accomplish by making morning calls on women in the ward, you returned, in all seriousness: "Accomplish ! Oh, I don't expect to accomplish much, but I'm curious to see where and how the poor things live, and if they are kind to their babies."

Just so. We hope to carry on some such an investigation, and with Louis to guide and philosophize, the trip promises to be worth while. Since you are not to be with us, you shall have such a report. If we can't have your company we can have your envy. One last word, dear, don't keep too busy. As Louis would say with his grin, "W'at de use mak' bot' end meet eef de back be break on de job. I dunno."

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In Two Flats

Continued from page 13.

"Never mind!" said Mrs. Gardiner. "Never mind the cream, Katie! But do tell me"—her gaze wandered deprecatingly to Mary, wonderingly to Dale and back to rest demandingly on Katie. "*Why* are you in Miss Meredith's kitchen?"

"What!" murmured Mr. Robertson weakly, but no one heard him except Mary. Her eyes danced suddenly.

"Our stove's broke," sniffed Katie, "and——"

"Oh! good gracious!" cried Mrs. Gardiner. Her face broke into irrepressible smiling; she went up to Mary with outstretched hands and appealing laughter in her eyes. "Isn't it too perfectly dreadful!" she said. "I've been waiting and waiting for you to call on me. I saw you on the stairs the first day I came and fell in love with you. And here am I—and my household—taking possession of your kitchen. That's always the way," plaintively, "when I have made up my mind to make a really good impression. And I'd like to know, Dale Robertson," she whirled accusingly on her cousin, "how in the world you got in here!" Her very evident intention to find some one to blame as a relief for her feelings sent them all into laughter. Even Mary smiled; whereupon Mrs. Gardiner caught her hands again. "If you would only come back with us," she begged, "I should feel that you were going to forgive me! Do say you'll come!"

And Mary, protesting, but not too hard, found herself swept out of her own apartment, and into Mrs. Gardiner's, the center of a laughing, questioning group of Mrs. Gardiner's guests. Mr. Robertson was beside her. He answered the questions. His tone was easily explanatory. "And I happened to catch sight of the frescoes," he ended, "and they were such awfully good work that I went across."

. . . . . .

The door of apartment C took some time to unlock, but Dale Robertson accomplished it finally.

"Didn't Mrs. Gardiner say she was going to call on you to-morrow?" he asked.

Mary nodded.

"I shall call also," he said. "I am going to do my apologies on the instalment plan."

Mary smiled—a little.

"And didn't Mrs. Gardiner say," he went on, "that she fell in love with you the first time she saw you?"

"Yes," returned Mary, from the shelter of her own doorway.

"That runs in the family, also," he said.

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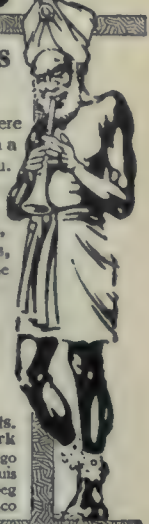

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The Confidence's Last Tow

Continued from page 12.

ized wrecking crew were able to size up their job. The broken rudderpost, the cause of the trouble, could be seen, and below it the huge steel rudder swung aimlessly, moved back and forth by the passing rollers. The boat had evidently been pretty well pounded in the high wind, though she showed no serious injury. "It's been a mess of a crew," said old Andy, who had come out to size up the situation. "Likely a lot of green hands they picked up in Montreal who wanted to get out West. Perkins always had a deuce of a time keepin' his men. They never would stand by 'im. You remember, Jim," turning to Brockel, "the time he had on the old Cuba ?"

In the meantime one of the boys had scurried together some breakfast, and the men on the Confidence, now in touch with operations, were in high spirits. The hot coffee and biting morning air wiped out any trace of sleepiness which might have come as a result of their all-night of work and waiting.

"First, we'll get aboard and look her over," said Brockel, taking Andy and a couple of the most experienced men with him in the tug's small dingy.

The Confidence was run back and forth during the ten minutes of examination. Then Andy appeared on deck.

"Looks as tight as a rivet," he sang out. "Not a sign o' water below. And she's piled up all over with iron pipe and cases. Stuff on the main deck's shifted pretty badly."

After a minute or two Brockel himself came on deck and his plans became apparent.

"We'll get a strain on her here," he shouted, from the stern, "and try and straighten her out a bit. Send over a couple of them big hawsers."

About this time, too, smoke began to pour in a gust from the big funnel.

"Huh !" grunted Charlie Dean from the door of the tug's engine room, where he was trying to keep an eye on the new steam gauge and on the outside operations at the same time. "Going to use her own engines, eh ? This tub may not have so hard a time after all."

Then the real test came. Two lines of heavy hawsers were made fast on both craft, and Brockel came aboard the tug again the better to watch the effects of her efforts.

"Easy at first, Charlie," he directed, as the long stretch of cable tightened up. "We'll have to see how this end of the apparatus will behave."

The little Confidence went to her big task willingly. Notch by notch, as the strain came on the hawsers, Charlie

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pushed over the valve lever till the old engine began to pant like a winded greyhound. There was a good deal of creaking around the towing frames in the stern as the strain increased and a sudden crack as the new braces sprung into place caused a couple of the boys who were standing watching the cables to jump back to the rail. The little craft shivered as the hundred horse-power of her engine was applied and the upward pull drove her stubby nose into the three-foot swells so that some of them broke on her deck, but the strain on the cables was steady.

One minute, two, three—it seemed half an hour to the watchers, and Brockel was about to pull the signal bell to ease off,—when slowly, almost imperceptibly, the stern of the freighter began to move to the east. Another minute, when it became evident that the tug was gaining ground, and a cheer burst out simultaneously from the watchers on both craft.

Twenty minutes later the stranded steamer stood at right angles to the beach and the puffing tug eased off to take up a new position.

"We'll try a straight pull at her, Brockel next directed. "If she won't come now she's got to a little later when Andy gets her engines started.

The little crew of hard-headed fighters put in a strenuous morning. Even with her own engines at their best under Andy's direction and with the full power of the tug the freighter refused to yield an inch of her nose from her sandy bed. Then about noon, in desperation, Brockel put the bulk of his crew at her donkey engines, dumped a quarter of the main deck cargo overboard, and shifted a hundred tons or so of the stuff in the forward holds to the stern.

Then with the steam roaring from the escape valves of both boats, the struggle was renewed.

The old Confidence had been groaning considerably during her biggest efforts but her engineer had been too busy following the movements outside to notice it. Now, when what must be the supreme test had come, Charlie Dean had put in an enormous fire of the quick-burning coal, had tied down his safety valve and with the pressure sixty pounds above the danger point was awaiting the signal for full speed ahead.

When it came, and he felt the stern of the little boat lift as the strain came on the big cable, he said to himself, "Now or never," and shoved the throttle lever hard over. For a minute the old crank shaft whirled around, driven about a third faster than usual by the pressure behind it, and the big screw churned around under the boat's stern, pulling her lower and lower. Then, just as there came an instinctive

yielding on the part of the big hull ashore, with her own engines doing their part, when the watchers on both decks, keyed up taut by the day's operations, were ready to shout with triumph and relief, when the big cable, running at a long angle from the towing frames of the tug to the stern bitts of the freighter, was singing in the strain like a gigantic aeolian harp, then—.

"Crack," went something in the after-hold of the Confidence. The tug jumped forward for a moment, then stopped with a jerk, then went on again.

"Crunkle, crack," came again to Charlie's ears from behind him, as he jumped over to ease the racing engine. At the same moment a cheer from the Strathcona came down to his ears.

He sprang through the engine-room door to the deck and rushed to the stern. On the way he noticed in a hurried glance that the Strathcona was off and coming stern-foremost toward them. He noticed too, all in an instant, that the hawsers hung limp over her stern.

Then he saw what had happened.

The Confidence's deck behind the deck house looked as if a chunk of dynamite had struck it. A gaping hole, with the jagged ends of the planks, some raised, some shoved downward, showed in the middle. Stuck up through this was the end of one of the twelve-inch brace beams from below.

"Where's"——he started to say, in amazement, looking for the two huge posts of the towing frames.

Jim Biggar, who was standing at the rail laughing, waved his hand over the stern and Charlie saw the wreckage come up on one of the swells.

"Yanked the frames clean out of the braces," said Biggar. "I thought all her insides were comin' up."

"Engine all right ?" queried Brockel, a little anxiously, picking himself up from one side where he had been knocked by the loose hawser, and rubbing his hip.

"Yep," returned Charlie with a grin. Then remembering suddenly that his steam pressure must be climbing, he dashed back to the engine room.

When he let the safety valve off with a bang and started the injector he jumped down into the bunker to close the dampers. It was dark down there and he was mightily surprised when he lit with a splash in two inches of water.

"Good Lord !" he said, "that crack must have opened her up aft."

In a minute, Brockel, who had been looking through the hole in the deck in an endeavor to estimate the extent of the damage, poked his head in the door.

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he shouted, with his face even a little more anxious. "Has it reached you yet?"

"Up to me ankles," sang out Charlie, who by this time had a light below, "an' comin' fast."

"Looks as if we'd have to beach her," said Brockel in his turn. "Jim and Dick are on the pumps but they might as well bail with a hat. Dang!" he went on, "it's too d—n bad. Just as we got her off too. Nothin' now but to pull her home an' this puts the spike in the whole business."

"What's that?" said old Andy, who on the sign that something was seriously wrong, had left his engines on the Strathcona and made his way over in the dingy. Then, taking in the situation, as he heard the roll of water below, "You've cracked her open, have ye, Charlie? I was afraid o' it." Then to Brockel. "We cud rebuild her engines but could hardly put on a new hull in a night, could we, Jim?"

"I'm afraid she's done for," Charlie observed, after they listened a moment to the rushing water. It's gained three inches in the last five minutes. In a quarter of an hour it'll reach the fires."

All three, old Andy on his knees gazing into the bunker, Charlie in the water, his hand on one of the dampers, Brockel, looking out through the door to the Strathcona, now lying a hundred yards off, were silent for a moment, thinking deeply, while the water swished below as the tug settled a little by the stern.

Then old Andy jumped up and hit Brockel a crack in the ribs that nearly sent him backward.

"We kin do it," he said, exultantly. "There's a pump in her," pointing to the Strathcona, "that 'ud suck the rotten bottom right out of this craft, an' all the lake with ut. I tried it on the bilge just before I left her. Get her alongside and I'll run half a dozen lines o' hose down and pump her out for ye."

Without waiting for an answer he jumped over the side into the dingy and sculled off at a racing pace for the larger boat.

Fortunately the wind had dropped to a zephyr and in consequence the swells had almost disappeared. It was easy enough to get the Confidence alongside, and five minutes later, Andy had half a dozen lines of fire hose run from the big pump down through the hole in the tug's deck, and a small Niagara was pouring from the freighter's discharge pipes.

"That'll keep her afloat all right," Brockel said, as he watched the water in the engine room hold recede. "The next problem is how to get the Strathcona to port. I wonder if we could tie up here alongside and take her in that way?"

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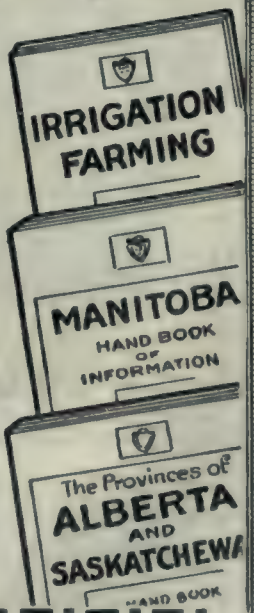

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Fortunately the wind had dropped completely, and the swell had fallen with it so that the interdependent craft were blessed with favorable conditions.

Charlie Dean nursed the Confidence along carefully.

"We'll let the big brute do her own share, now," he said to himself. "That pump of Andy's seems all right, but I don't want to shake the bottom off her altogether."

A little after ten that night watchers on the town docks saw a couple of lights, one low, the other high, swing slowly round the end of the islands and begin to move down the harbor. In ten minutes seemingly the whole town was on the waterfront, and a score of whistles were tooting to aid in the welcome.

Very slowly the two boats swung round to make the C. P. R. slip. The tug's small rudder did good work but to do rapid duty for both craft was beyond its power. Then, even more slowly they crept into the range of the maze of lights and into the Strathcona's dock.

Curran was the first to shake hands with Brockel as he stepped ashore amid the welcoming crowd.

"Great work, Jim! So you weren't ragging me after all," was his greeting. "We'll be able to use the Confidence again next summer, won't we? But what did you bring her in that way for?"

Brockel led him a little to one side and pointed to the quivering lines of hose over the Strathcona's port side.

"The Confidence has made her last trip," he said. "Half her bottom's lying with her towing frames back on the shore of Thorn Island. She's only floatin' because we're pumping the lake up through 'er. But she's got a great old engine."

They held a banquet in the McQuarrie and Curran offices a little later—an affair which Curran in an instinctive mood had hurriedly arranged earlier in the evening. The Confidence's temporary crew, sleepiness again held off by excitement, were the guests of honor, with the mayor and the town's big guns ranged down the other side.

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One chair at the head was empty for awhile and when Jim Brockel came in everyone noticed that he looked rather sad.

"I've been paying my last respects," he said hesitatingly,—for he hated a crowd,—when he had been forced to his feet in his turn, "to as noble a bit of workmanship as man ever turned out.

"The little old Confidence has made her last trip," he went on "She's lying now on her side in the end of the slip just behind the machine shop," pointing suggestively through the office wall, "where she went down five minutes ago. We could hardly get her round from the C. P. R. dock after they stopped the Strathcona's pump."

. . . . . .

The old Confidence still lies there. You can see her any time, or what's left of her—most of her rail and deck-house rotted away and the old funnel full of rust-eaten holes, lying at a drunken angle across the top frame-work.

There's a new Confidence, though, a spic and span sixty-foot yacht, with wireless radials across her masts, and all the appointments you can imagine tied up alongside the new concrete dock. There's a new name on the firm's letter head too. It's now "Curran and Brockel." Jim bought old man McQuarrie's share in the business with his share of the salvage.

"Yes," he mused the other day, as I asked about the story, "The Confidence's last tow was, I guess, the best job she ever did. I often think I'll yank her up and put her on the ways. She deserves a better graveyard."

Greta Greer

Continued from page 21.

His gaze travelled back, a form was being lifted into the life boat, and the men were bending to the oars. They were in the shadow of the ship and Dare could not distinguish any one, but as a very faint cheer rose to the lips of the onlookers, there came to him one of those inexplicable flashes of intuition upon which he always relied and acted. He thrilled with the certain knowledge that Greta Greer stood beside him in the crowd.

Turning, he faced her.

CHAPTER IX.

The captain stepped forward and laid a stern hand on Billy Cunningham's dripping shoulder.

The passengers stood aloof, gaped and whispered among themselves, all except Dare and his companion, who moved near Captain Myles and waited for him to speak.

But Cunningham opened the conversation.

"Ellis, my boy, lend me a dry handkerchief, won't you?" he said quite naturally. "That was one of the best dives I've ever had, 'pon my word! Thank you, old man—I'll keep it as a souvenir. Now, captain," he continued, in a somewhat lower tone, "if you will come to my room, I think I can hold your interest for a few moments."

Perhaps relief, perhaps speechlessness at the man's audacity kept the captain dumb, as he walked away with Cunningham.

The little group dispersed with various expressions of indignation and wonderment, the ship trembled a moment, then moved slowly forward.

Dare turned to his companion. "You will take cold," he said in a voice which expressed myriads of other things.

The girl looked at him suddenly. What she read in his eyes startled, unnerved her. She trembled and her eyelids drooped.

"I am quite warm," she said and the tone of her voice was throbbing with things unspoken.

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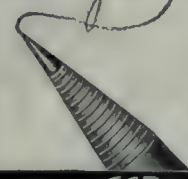

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They moved to a sheltered spot and sat down.

"I should like to tell you the rest of what I commenced this evening," began Greta Greer almost timidly, "if you will stay to listen. This is our last night on board and I may have no other opportunity."

Dare put his hand over hers, and compelled her to return his clasp. Her hand trembled slightly and she tried to withdraw it. The doctor thrilled as he realized that the girl was not insensible to his influence, his touch. If the personal, primitive element entered into the struggle, his task would not be so difficult.

"Briefly," she began again, "my childhood was very unhappy, and at seventeen I ran away from what should have been my home, with an oriental named Karska. He was a Persian who lectured on various occult subjects and traded on his good looks and ingratiating ways with woman, to fill his houses. He was kind to me—very—and I missed him sorely when he died, but my life, my soul is tainted with his mark, Dr. Dare,—one which I despair of ever blotting out—he taught me to smoke hashish."

Dare started, and made a slight exclamation.

Hashish! *Cannibus Indica*! perhaps the most seductive of all drugs. And she had smoked it for years. That explained the odor he could not name—the reason the stewardess was not permitted to enter her stateroom—the illness to which she had alluded. No wonder she looked at life with eyes of tragic hopelessness and despair. He sought her hand again and held it closely. This time she did not shrink, but seemed to cling to him.

"For three years I travelled with him. We visited many countries and I have seen places and people, world wide travellers never dream of. At first I found many things repulsive—then growing accustomed to oriental ways, I accepted them, and was quite happy. My family, of course, forgot my existence—my sister married a title and my brother made millions. I did not care, I had everything I wanted, for we two, were wealthy. I was burdened with gowns, jewels, and Karska was fond of me. When I was twenty he died."

She went on speaking without a pause. Dare's clasp was sufficient sympathy.

"I had no relatives who would want me, and did not care to live with any of Karska's. He had only such followers as he made on his trips, and they were only interested in me because he loved me. Not knowing what to do with myself, I began to wander, and soon the lust possessed me.

"As soon as I attracted unpleasant attention in one place, I went somewhere else trying to be happy without people. You remember I once told you they seemed commonplace and irritating—wholly undesirable in comparison with my 'dream friends.' But when you realize that I did not live anywhere, did not belong anywhere, that hotels and apartments were my only refuge, that a bowing acquaintance with a few tourists was the extent of my social life, you may realize what I mean when I say I was lonely. Of course that is not the case now—I mean that for one reason or another

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there are many houses such as Mrs. Beaufort's where I am a welcome guest." She made a deprecating gesture, "I speak many languages, you know, and have weird stories to tell of people and lands, half of which are thought untrue, and because of that awful something which puts its stamp on me, Dr. Dare, I am called interesting! But at that time I had none of these things. I was younger, and I was lonely! It was then that I realized what hashish would do for me—it would people my world with ideal companions, my rooms would be converted into palaces of untold luxury and beauty, my depressed spirits lightened, and I would be made radiantly happy. Fancy led me to Athens, where I stayed two years. I wonder whether you will understand when I say that the life I lived in—my dreams—was the only one which filled all my desires and completely satisfied me. Where hashish used to be a sort of recreation with Karska, it became indispensable to me! I read everything I could find descriptive of ancient Greece, a pagan atmosphere seemed to enter my blood and make a different creature of me. I read about them until those people became intimate friends and companions and their homes quite familiar to me. I sat in the temples, in the ruins, on the old walls. I had sacrifices made that I might see exactly what the ceremony was like. I followed the route of the old processions, triumphal through arches and gates; I burned incense until I grew to find it almost a necessity—even now."

The peculiar odor which clung about her recurred to Dare. Incense, the ordinary perfume emanating from feminine belongings, cigarettes, and hashish. No wonder he was confused!

The girl was trying to read his thoughts—she looked earnestly at him with eyes which implored him not to shrink from her weakness and be disgusted. She did not excuse herself, she did not whine nor complain, she did not blame her husband—she simply stated bald facts, tragically.

The doctor pressed her soft, sensitive hand, and said,

"I think I understand—go on!"

"Perhaps you don't appreciate the difference—in dreams," she stopped and struggled with herself. It was both a pain and a relief to speak.

"Yes, I do appreciate it," Dare answered earnestly. "You mean that instead of Persian gardens or Japanese cherry orchards, you prefered to dream of Greece. It is the way with hashish, isn't it?—one can choose the subject of the visions, so to speak, by surrounding oneself with appropriate paraphernalia, and by steeping oneself in the pictures desired. For that very reason it is so much more seductive than opium or any of the other drugs, the effects of which may bring nerve racking fear and horror to the user of them. I quite understand."

The girl leaned forward and pressed slightly against her companion. "You are very kind," she said, "and if any one could make the awful subject easy, you are that one. Ah, Dr. Dare you can't know what it costs me to speak of it!"

A sudden jealous impulse prompted him to say—"Myles knows all about it," but he checked it and was silent. After a moment, Greta Greer continued, "I stayed there two years. I smoke—" she half closed her eyes—and looked far away into a picture Dare could not see—"and I live again where the old pagans breathed; I am one with them; I dance, I laugh, I sing, I float. Time and space are nothing to me—I am so happy—until the change comes, and I look again at four walls, and hear the shriek of motors and the clang of discordant bells, when I realize that I must go abroad

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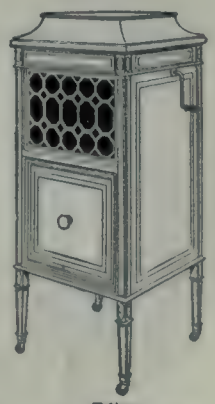

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amongst my kind, with a body of to-day and a soul of the past. It's hideous!"

She drew her hand away sharply, and covered her face with it.

Dare resisted the longing to take her in his arms, and looked across the sea. After a moment, Greta Greer spoke again, "I crossed perhaps five years later with Gregory Myles. He discovered my secret through the garrulousness of a stewardess, and tried to help me. By that time I understood how unalterably set apart I was from people, and how bitter a thing was a long life stretching out into lonely wastes. I wanted to be as other people but could not. Of course I might have married, but even though the men would have accepted me as I was—like Gregory—, I could not endure them as compared with the companions of my dreams."

"I see. But you did begin to wish you could break from the habit?"

"I did and I did not. Naturally, I hated the secrecy of it! always I did without a maid, after finding it impossible to employ a woman who could hold her tongue and withstand the temptation of bribes."

"You don't mean to say that people bribed—"

The girl laughed and the sound hurt Ellis Dare.

"Many a time! You can see the result. While Karska lived I never considered how my actions might be judged—I was never thrown with people. But after I was left alone everything I did was criticized. It did not take me long to discover that I might more easily have soaked myself in alcohol and hoped for leniency, than to look for it, with my own grievous weakness. People only forgive those things which they understand. No one understood hashish, consequently no one could forgive it. I tried to make friends and smoke at the same time. Then sooner or later the secret leaked out and I was despised, shunned, a social outcast, a pariah."

She spoke so bitterly that Dare could feel the slights, the vulgar curiosity, the indignities she had suffered.

"You poor girl," he whispered, tenderly. "The constant struggle was bad enough, but added to that you lived in continual dread of being found out, it must have been—must be—hell! And have you always had to yield?"

She nodded forlornly. "Yes. The visions haunt me, torture me. When I begin to feel the desire people fret me, irritate me and I show it. I constantly lost friends, when I used to try to make them. I changed physically too, I suppose, for my sister met me one day at a reception and did not recognize me. I often cross with people I have known and am a study

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and a puzzle to them. At first that used to amuse me; now, I am haunted by the ever present fear and the old torturing question—do they know?" Gregory Myles told me of a wonderful physician who would cure me. I went to him. While under his treatment, I heard of another. I went to him. In all, I have been to fourteen, and am as bad as ever."

Dare remembered his conversation with Judson and Hobson when the latter had spoken of seeing Greta Greer one day in the Row, and the next in the lower parts of London. He did not doubt now that she re-visited old haunts of her husband's and smoked in the true Oriental fashion, inhaling the smoke through a vessel of water. He leaned a little nearer.

"Were any of the physicians hypnotists?" he asked.

"One. Why?"

He hesitated, then spoke very gently.

"I was thinking of the Beaufort jewels," he said.

At first she did not understand, then a look of horror passed over her face.

"No, no," she cried, "it was nothing like that! Good God, is that what people think?"

Dare sat silent. On the whole it was as well to let her understand the delicacy of her present position. She was evidently realizing the menace of the drug not only to herself but to her friends as a result of her using it. He was now strongly imbued with the idea of thought suggestion and felt certain that the girl had some unknown force at work compelling her to commit crimes while she labored under the delusion that her love of hashish was the only thing to make life the hopeless, tragic thought it was. Her appeal to him for help was an encouraging sign and argued her faith in him as well as her attraction toward him. But Dare wanted—required more than that. He wanted some assurance of his attraction for her, a knowledge that she not only wished to be cured of her weakness but that she felt ready and anxious to put herself unreservedly in his hands, that she leaned on him because of himself, and not on account of his medical knowledge.

She laid a shaking hand on his arm.

"Tell me," she implored with her face uplifted and very near his own, "tell me, does Madeline Beaufort connect me with it?"

"I don't know—honestly, I don't. I have tried to get at the Marconi man who has handled all of Cunningham's messages, but he will tell me nothing and I know no more than what I saw in the paper the day we sailed. However you must not worry, for Cunningham thinks he has found the real culprit. Did you know a Jean someone?"

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The girl drew away and stared at him speechless.

"You don't mean Jean Catapani?"

"I suppose so—she coached——"

"But she wasn't there when I left," cried Greta Greer excitedly. "She had been in town all day. The jewelry came down about noon and Madeline who had not expected it so soon wondered what to do with it, for Chauncy Beaufort was out somewhere and was the only one who knew the combination of the safe. I persuaded her to let me

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keep it in my room because I had a silly little strong box in the wall—you have probably seen the same kind in apartment houses."

Dare nodded.

"Why didn't one of the men keep them? he asked, "I mean some one who should have been responsible for them?"

The girl raised her shoulders. "I can't tell you," she answered, "it was simply fate, I suppose. About two o'clock I got a cablegram from Dr. Wright, the first man who had ever treated me. I gathered from the message that if I could catch a boat immediately I would be in time to get a few treatments from a Russian specialist who was only in London for a short time. On the impulse I decided to try to get this boat and you may imagine that there was no time to lose."

The doctor interrupted.

"You did not give the jewels to any one except—

"No, no. I went in search of Madeline, in fact I packed and searched at the same time as far as that was possible, but she was away off in the grounds somewhere and I could not find her. I then wrote a note in which I said that I was called away most unexpectedly and at the bottom of it I put the figures signifying the combination of my safe. The motor was honking at the door and I rushed off. Just see how incrimiating the facts look—" she stopped and tried to regain her composure— "Fancy my persuading her to give me the jewels! Isn't it horrible?"

Dare frowned deeply. His theory of thought suggestion was not precisely weakening, in fact her hurried trip across might be a blind, or she might have the jewels secreted in her effects somewhere. But he did not feel like suggesting such a possibility at the present when Greta Greer was so distressingly over-wrought. Before landing he would devise a way of going systematically over her trunks, perhaps with Cunningham's assistance. He wondered what Billy would make of this.

"You don't know of any one else who might have suspected the hiding place?" Dare asked after a long pause.

"Oh, any of the maids might—How I wish I could speak with Madeline—how I wish I had never heard of this frightful curse! But for hashish I would never have needed to run away, like a thief." She whispered the last words into her hands. "Oh, do you think you can help me, Dr. Dare?"

"What would you be willing to sacrifice for a cure?" he asked brutally and with intent.

Greta Greer recoiled from him as though he had struck her, and for the first time Dare saw a wave of crimson dye her white skin, even in the grayness of the approaching dawn. She showed plainly the effect of his insult, not by anger-hauteur, but by a deep pain in her disappointment of the man's personality. She did not answer for a moment, trying to readjust her measure of him.

"Are you speaking of money?" she asked finally. "I can pay you almost any reasonable price you ask."

The coldness of her tone stung him,

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but he was glad. Had he not been able to hurt her, to move her, had he not seen the poignant disappointment she felt when he fell from the place she had set him, perhaps he would have hesitated to ask her for a crucial test of her desire to give up the hashish. But a woman of Greta Greer's stamp does not leave herself unguarded, does not bare her innermost soul to every passer-by, and least of all is the power to wound in every man's grasp, to anger—yes, but not to hurt.

He caught her hands and held them to his breast. She raised indignant eyes to his.

"No, I did not mean money," he answered gently, and thrilled anew at her quick change of expression, "I meant yourself—how much of your self are you willing to give me, unreservedly for a long time—are you—willing—to marry me?"

For a space she looked at him fearfully, reason and intuition both arguing for him. Then her eyes flickered and the red of her lips deepened he thought. "Are you sure that you want me?" she answered his question, tremulously.

To be continued

Argumentative

IN "Tail-Lights," a magazine that our friend, W. R. Callaway gets out every little while, there was recently printed an informative argument between a kicker and a booster of Canada.

The kicker began by making the cheerful statement that "the drift in Canada is not all one way—that Canadians flock southward as well as Americans northward." It's curious, by the way, how these statements are put forward in all earnestness as proving that Canada is an undesirable country. Canadians do go southward. They also go to China, and Chile, and Paris—but nobody asserts that therefore China and Chile and Paris are superior residence-places to Canada. It's the surplus that counts; and although Canadians may go hither and yon at their pleasure, it remains an indisputable fact that more people come to Canada than go away—by some several hundred thousand a year—and that the population is growing "hand over fist."

Then after one of those fine old, moth-eaten raps at the climate—just as though nightingales were more conspicuous by their absence in Manitoba than in Minnesota—the kicker brings forward what is evidently his *piece de resistance:* "In the western provinces the machinery of civilization is in a more rudimentary stage. The facilities for the education of children must be comparatively low." You will notice he says "must". In other words he hopes it is—just to give point to his argument.

"Now anyone who has even the most rudimentary knowledge of Canadian affairs should be aware of the Dominion's excellent reputation in educational matters," says the man who knows Canada. "The school teacher follows the plough as the top hat was supposed to follow the missionary. Why, in these three prairie provinces with an area three times the size of Germany, and supporting less than two million inhabitants, there were in 1911, 5,544 schools on which $11,000,000 was spent. Also the educational status of the population has been strikingly improved during the last ten years. Government statistics show that the percentage of those who can read and write have increased 18.02 per cent. in Alberta, and 22.16 per cent. in Saskatchewan, or to 86.33 and 86.04 respectively, among those who are five years of age and over. When you realize that

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In the care of your skin have you reckoned with the most powerful, the most persistent enemy it has—the *outside* enemy?

Skin specialists are tracing fewer and fewer troubles to the blood—more to bacteria and parasites that are carried into the pores of the skin with dust, soot and grime.

Examine your skin closely. If it is rough, sallow, coarse-textured or excessively oily, you are providing the very best soil for the thriving of these bacteria.

How to make your skin resist this enemy

Begin this treatment tonight: With warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Then with the tips of your fingers rub this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin using an upward and outward motion. Rinse well with warm water, then with cold. If possible rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

Use this treatment for ten nights and you will see a marked improvement. If your skin should become too sensitive, discontinue until this sensitive feeling disappears. Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of an authority on the skin and its needs. Use it regularly in your daily toilet and *keep* your skin clear and fresh, free and healthy, and its insidious enemies will invariably meet defeat.

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Write today to the Woodbury Canadian Factory for samples

For 4c we will send you a sample cake. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. For 50c, copy of the Woodbury book and Samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write today to **The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., Dept. 111-P Perth, Ontario.**

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CROWN BRAND
CORN
SYRUP

Children clamour for it—CROWN BRAND makes the kiddies strong—builds them up this cold weather—grown-ups like it too.

Get it at your grocer's.

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over half the population consists of immigrants from across the water the significance of these figures will be more apparent. Also, in 1910 alone, the two provinces established respectively 251 and 254 new school districts. This does not savour of facilities 'comparatively low,' or any serious neglect of our coming citizens.

"The fact is that schools are provided in every district where ten or twelve children of school age are to be found; and in every township in Western Canada two full sections of land, consisting of 1,280 acres, have been set aside as a school endowment, thus assuring ample funds for this all-important work. Need we say more?"

Canada has cheap land—any amount of it—and though she is selling it and giving it away in ever-increasing quantities she fears it will be some time yet before her immense agricultural area is comfortably settled.

As for Canadian law, we quote an extract from a letter written by an American farmer now in Southern Alberta, to prove that here, at least, our correspondent does not stand alone:

"We are giving some of the Canadians new ideas about being good farmers, and they are giving us some new ideas about being good citizens. On Saturday night, every bar-room is closed at exactly seven o'clock. Why? Because it is the law, and it's the same with every other law. There isn't a bad man in the whole district, and a woman can come home from town to the farm at midnight, if she wants to, alone. That's Canada's idea of how to run a frontier; they have certainly taught us a lot."

Ask the men who are settling in the West, and they will give you the same answer. There's no place for the man who wants to make his fortune by sitting on the front porch and smoking while the wheat harvests itself; but for the worker there are places and to spare. The kicker is one of two things: either the man who doesn't know the West; or the man who doesn't want to know it.

The following verse was submitted to the editor under the spirited title, "Tra-la-larceny:"

A heathen named Min, passing by
A pie-shop, picked up a mince-pie.
If you think Min a thief,
Pray dismiss the belief:
The mince-pie that Min spied was Min's pie.

He and she arrived in the fifth inning.

He (to a fan)—"What's the score?"

Fan—"Nothing to nothing."

She—"Goody! We haven't missed a thing!"

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The Weight of a New Broom

THREE YEARS AGO, WILLIAM PEARSON READ A BRIEF PAPER TO A HANDFUL OF PEOPLE IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM OF ST LUKE'S CHURCH. THAT PAPER WAS THE INITIAL FORCE THAT SET WINNIPEG HOUSE-CLEANING AND INAUGURATED A MOVEMENT THAT WILL AFFECT ALL THE CITIES OF WESTERN CANADA

By A. Vernon Thomas

Illustrated from Photographs

WINNIPEG felt sick and called in a specialist. The expert came, made an examination and pronounced it to be a complicated case of congestion and cramps, insufficient lung space, poor circulation and arterial obstruction. The cause he pronounced to be unscientific growth.

For the fact is that Winnipeg in her feverish desire to grow, only to grow, was not in the least concerned to grow properly and healthfully, to develop sanely. Her mad passion for evidences of her expansion, her insistent demand for figures to prove growth, and only growth, be it by building permits, or by bank clearances, or by customs receipts, or by pavement mileage, or peradventure by the price of vacant land, any process of growth demonstration, have blinded her to the fact that cities cannot live by growth alone.

SMALL BOYS ON THE "GIANT STRIDE" IN ONE OF WINNIPEG'S NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYGROUNDS

How many sighs have Winnipeggers in these later days heaved to Heaven that railways were ever allowed to make a bee-line through the heart of their city. How often have the millions been counted which Winnipeg would have saved if the railway companies had been compelled to enter and leave the city by one common right-of-way. How many tempers have been lost when angry citizens and reluctant railway companies have wrangled over subways, bridges, land damages and fifty other highly contentious matters!

Of course it is the old story. Nobody wants anybody else's experience. We all insist upon buying our own. Winnipeg could have looked around and seen the mess which Toronto made of her harbor front, or the worse mess which Chicago made of hers. Or a look could have been taken at Montreal, now trying to wriggle out of its nightmare of narrow streets.

London, with its great hives of world's workers cramped into a mediaeval labyrinth, was a clarion cry to new communities to plan and control their growth. Two and a half centuries ago London lost her great opportunity. For in 1666, the year after the Great Plague, when the Great Fire almost wiped the city off the map, Sir Christopher Wren besought his fellow-citizens to abandon the old building lines and plan a city worthy of its rank and reputation. But they refused to hear him and London once more assumed its ancient and mediaeval dress. To-day Londoners are spending millions and millions of pounds sterling to let the life blood flow freely through "all that mighty heart."

If space permitted one could dwell on the example of Paris, where, in the middle of the nineteenth century, Baron Haussmann had to overcome a mountain of obstacles to help make Paris the magnificent city that it is to-day.

Winnipeg heeded none of these things. Like Topsy, she was content merely to grow, and growing, mere growing, became a habit. As we have seen, the habit got so bad that a specialist had to be called in. We heard the diagnosis, but what was the remedy? Town-planning! Those are

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the words that have been in the air in Winnipeg for the past two or three years. Citizens are catching the sound. The words are being conjured with and the people are slowly but surely getting the vision.

The growth of such a movement is slow and attended with many difficulties. Much, of course, has been prejudiced. Vexatious conditions have been created which will not be removed for generations. Fortunately there have been splendid accidents, such, for instance, as the magnificent width of Portage Avenue and Main Street, both old and famous Indian trails. And it would be unfair to say that Winnipeg is totally without examples of forethought and artistic sense. Burrows Avenue, in North Winnipeg, with a central tree planted boulevard and tree planted boulevards abutting on the sidewalks, is one such instance of prevision, and Broadway, in the southern part of the city, with four boulevards and four rows of trees, is another excellent and worthy effort.

WILLIAM PEARSON, WHO STARTED THE CITY PLANNING MOVEMENT; EX-MAYOR EVANS, WHO FOSTERED IT; AND J. D. ATCHISON, AUTHOR OF THE CAPITOL APPROACH PROJECT

Almost exactly three years ago, Mr. William Pearson, the head of a large Winnipeg land firm, read a paper on "Good Citizenship" to a small but keenly attentive audience who gathered in the schoolroom of St. Luke's Church, Winnipeg. That paper was the grain of mustard seed. It was the beginning of town-planning in the metropolis of the Canadian West. A town-planning committee was formed on the spot with Mr. Pearson as chairman. It took quick grasp of the problem. A programme calling for an educational campaign on town-planning was drawn up, printed and distributed. It asked for an investigation into conditions existing in the city.

Co-operation was sought between the Pearson Committee and the Winnipeg Industrial Bureau—another organization with an extremely interesting story. Things moved rapidly. A joint delegation waited upon the mayor, Mr. Sanford Evans, a well-known Canadian, and laid its idea on town-planning before him. Mayor Evans revealed himself at once an enthusiastic town-planner. He assured the delegation of his entire sympathy and strongest support.

By a curious coincidence it happened that the question of town-planning was coming up in the city council that very evening. This, in itself was significant, for it meant that the unordered and sporadic growth of the city was forcing itself upon the council's attention. It was arranged at once that the delegation representing the Pearson Committee and the Industrial Bureau should wait upon the council in the evening. There was complete sympathy with the ideas of the town-planners. Mayor Evans, whose interest had been vigorously roused at the convention of the Canadian Union of Municipalities held in Montreal the previous summer, gave the delegation every encouragement. Shortly afterwards the council showed its good faith by obtaining an amendment to its charter giving it power to appoint a commission for the purpose of reporting upon a city-planning scheme.

In June, 1911, acting upon this newly-acquired power, the council appointed a city-planning commission, with Mayor Sanford Evans at its head. The commission was a strong and representative body. It included several members of the city council, a member of the Manitoba Government, a representative of Manitoba University, of the Winnipeg Trades and Labor Council, of the Winnipeg Real Estate Exchange and of many other bodies.

Before proceeding it will be fitting to say a word as to Mr. William Pearson, the father of town-planning in the city of Winnipeg. To write of Mr. Pearson is an inspiration, for he represents a type conspicuous by its absence at the present stage of Canadian development. Coming to Manitoba thirty-one years ago from Manchester, England, where he was born and brought up, Mr. Pearson farmed for fifteen years, a few miles west of Winnipeg. Contact with the soil gave him, as it has given to others who have served their fellows, large ideas and broad concepts of human conduct, human relationship and human responsibility.

In 1899 Mr. Pearson moved into Winnipeg and has for some years been head of the land firm which bears his name. He has prospered and is to-day a wealthy man. But he has not forgotten the thoughts which came to him upon the Manitoba prairies. The ordinary satisfactions of money, ease, social position, respectability, pillardom in the church, etc., left Mr. Pearson hungry and dissatisfied. He made up his mind that his life should count for something beyond these things.

The poverty of ideals within the church depressed him. For he represents the large and growing class which is beginning to chafe at the restricted outlet offered by the church for the human sympathies of the normal

person. Mr. Pearson has an unshaken belief that the average man of means and influence is willing to do more than open pews, superintend Sunday schools or give to missions. He simply needs to be given a chance, declares Mr. Pearson.

While not enamored of any particular economic doctrine, Mr. Pearson is one of the growing band of wealthy men who are heartily ashamed of the disproportion between the protection given to money and to the things which cost money and the protection given to human life and to the things which go to make life pleasant and healthful for the common people.

So Mr. Pearson has set out to do in Winnipeg the thing which lies nearest, and that happens to be the promotion of town-planning and better housing. He is intensely interested in the subject and has made a thorough study of what has been done and is being done on both sides of the Atlantic. As far as Winnipeg is concerned, Mr. Pearson has issued his challenge and is out to fight for his ideals. He is giving freely of his time and money to further the movement. Nothing will deter him in his high resolve to improve conditions in Winnipeg. He has the pioneer instinct, looking neither for praise, nor caring for criticism and suspicion.

Yes, let the word be repeated, "suspicion." For in this present period of rapid nation-building, when material things are uppermost and insistent, many people are unable to understand what William Pearson expects to get out of an investment which, in the current sense, is neither revenue-producing nor dividend-bearing. As far as Mr. Pearson is concerned, they can keep on guessing.

It would, however, be quite unfair to create the impression that Mr. Pearson is fighting single-handed for a more beautiful, more ordered and healthier Winnipeg. Far from it. His call discovered a splendid body of citizenship, of intelligent and influential citizenship ready and anxious to join in the work.

THE LITTERED LOT WHERE THE OLD BOOT, THE TIN CAN, AND THE ANCIENT BARREL FURNISH PASTURAGE FOR ERRANT GOATS

Let us again take up the thread of events. As we have seen, in June, 1911, the Winnipeg City Council appointed a city-planning commission with the then mayor, Mr. Sanford Evans, as chairman. Upon this commission Mr. Pearson was the representative of the Winnipeg Real Estate Exchange, although personally he does not own a foot of land in the city except that on which his own house stands. The section of the Winnipeg charter under which this commission was appointed empowered the commission to consider and report upon a city-planning scheme, the distribution of population, and other problems relating to city organization and government.

The commission was formally appointed in October, 1911, and at once got to work. It labored for fifteen months and then drew up a detailed report. Early, it was recognized that the co-operation of adjoining municipalities must be secured. In response to invitations, representatives of St. Boniface, the French cathedral city opposite Winnipeg on the Red River, and of the rural municipalities of St. Vital, historic Kildonan, Springfield and Rosser, were added to the Commission. Six committees were appointed, Mr. Pearson taking charge of the Housing Committee. The other five committees were entrusted with the matters of social survey, traffic and transportation, river frontage and dockage, aesthetic development and physical plan.

Perhaps the work of the Winnipeg City Planning Commission cannot be better described than by quoting from the preface to the report by Mr. Sanford Evans. He writes:—

"To indicate the amount of detailed work carried through by the Commission, it may be sufficient to state that the living conditions of 2,222 houses were personally investigated by representatives of the Commission and the information obtained tabulated; that 4,212 houses were visited in order to obtain information as to the movements of population to and from employment; that real estate values in relation to rentals were worked out in several hundreds of cases; that the building by-laws of fifty cities were carefully examined and compared with conditions existing in this City; that the birth and death register at the City Hall for a period of two years was carefully analysed to arrive at the statistics of infant mortality; and that draftsmen were continuously employed for six months preparing drawings and plans for the Committees."

THE VACANT LOT AS TRANSFORMED BY THE EFFORTS OF THE CITY PLANNING CAMPAIGN INTO A FLOWER GARDEN AND MINIATURE PARK

The findings of the Commission are given in detail in the reports of the various committees. Mr. Evans, however, in his preface summarizes these findings under eighteen heads, one or two of which it may be of interest to quote. "Your Commission," says Mr. Evans, "finds unquestionably:—

"That the infantile death-rate in Winnipeg is too high and varies strikingly in different wards, proving that conditions in certain districts are unfavorable and calling for educative work along the lines of child welfare.

"That the erection of examples of 'Model Housing' should be urged upon the attention of private capital, and, failing a response from that source, upon the Civic Authorities.

"That many new highways must be planned by extending, straightening and in some cases widening existing streets and by building bridges or subways and perhaps by opening up entirely new thoroughfares.

"That, as it is certain that more railway tracks will be required within the City and in the future new railways will seek to enter the City, this problem should be carefully studied without delay with a view to indicating, in justice to the citizens and in the interests of the railways, the areas in which such development can take place to the greatest general advantage.

"That there is a more urgent duty upon private citizens and upon the civic authorities in Winnipeg, than in many other places of more striking and varied natural location, to create by architecture and by the landscape gardener's art pleasing vistas in the streets, effectively breaking wherever possible, by an attractive resting place for the eye, an otherwise vacant stretch of straight and level roadways."

One of the most important things dealt with by the Commission was the proposal of Mr. J. D. Atchison, a Winnipeg architect, to form a civic centre, with the new parliament buildings, now in course of construction at a cost of between two and three million dollars, as a base. This proposal was gone into very fully by a joint committee composed of the aesthetic development, the traffic and transportation and the physical plan committees of the Commission. In its report this joint committee stated:—

"Winnipeg is now facing an opportunity for creating a Civic Centre, which is without parallel in the history of town planning movements, in that there is not a single obstacle in the way under existing conditions. The Provincial Government is about to commence work on the Capitol building, which will be without doubt, the finest in the Dominion, and the citizens of Winnipeg will soon be obliged to build a City Hall in keeping with the City's importance as the capital of Manitoba and the commercial centre of Western Canada."

To carry out the scheme it was proposed to build a capitol approach by creating a mall or plaza 154 feet in width between Portage Avenue and Broadway. Off Broadway, at the southern end of the mall, were to be the new parliament buildings and at the northern end, in the vicinity of Portage Avenue, was to be the new city hall. The actual scheme, now taking definite shape, has been slightly modified, but is substantially the same. The joint committee suggested that the entire control of the mall, including the property on either side, be placed in the hands of a commission.

Great interest has been taken in this approach scheme by prominent citizens. Ex-Mayor Evans, speaking at a public meeting in Winnipeg, said.—

"When the provincial government decided that it needed new offices it could have obtained all the actual accommodation necessary by the expenditure of a few thousand dollars. It has been decided, however, that legislative buildings worthy of the province shall be erected, and hundreds of thousands of dollars expended on ornamentation.

"As the competition for plans for the new building was thrown open to the architects of the whole British Empire, and as the plans were adjudicated on by the president of the British Architects' Association it is a justifiable assumption that the building will be the best obtainable within the bounds of the Empire. Having once obtained a good thing it is the duty of the City of Winnipeg to display it to the best advantage. The new buildings will not be properly appreciated if they have to be 'peeked' at from an angle. It is necessary that distance and vista be provided."

"If Winnipeg takes hold of the problem and solves it the achievement will be talked of all over the world and more tourists will be attracted to see the capitol approach than will come to Winnipeg for any other attraction. But besides its advertising value the capitol approach will have an advantageous effect on the citizens themselves, accustoming them to the sight of beautiful buildings, instead of more utilitarian structures."

It is obvious that the difficulties connected with this capitol approach scheme are enormous. The question of expense, especially at the present time, is perhaps the chief obstacle. Nevertheless the proposal is being vigorously pushed and the scheme will, in all probability, be carried out. At this writing (Jan. 31, 1914) a bill sponsored by Mr. Lendrum McMeans, M. P. P., chairman of the Legislative Committee of the Winnipeg Housing and Town Planning Association, the successor of the Winnipeg City Planning Commission, is before the Manitoba legislature. It empowers the provincial government to appoint a Capitol Approach commission, to study the whole question and particularly the financial side of it.

Already the City of Winnipeg has passed a by-law providing for what is called excess condemnation in connection with the scheme. That is to say the city council, or the Capitol Approach commission if appointed, can expropriate, over and above the land required for the actual mall, 300 feet on either side of it. The idea is that this abutting property, greatly increased in value by the laying out of the mall, should be sold by the city to provide funds for the improvement.

It should be explained that after presenting its report to the mayor and council the Winnipeg City Planning Commission dissolved. To preserve continuity, however, and to press for the carrying out of the recommendations of the Commission a voluntary body, previously referred to, and entitled the Winnipeg Housing and Town Planning Association, was formed. It has to-day some twelve hundred members, including many of Winnipeg's best citizens.

At this writing the Association is keenly interested in two bills before the Manitoba legislature. One of these is the Capitol Approach bill,* already referred to, and the other is a measure to encourage the building of houses in towns and cities. This bill, like the other one, is being sponsored by Mr. McMeans, chairman of the Association's legislative committee. Perhaps there is no problem more insistent in Winnipeg, or more vital, than the provision of cheap houses. High rents, high cost of construction, high cost of land near the city, are hardy perennials in the discussion of Winnipeg's social and economic problems.

The Housing bill now before the Manitoba legislature is framed upon and is virtually a copy of the Hanna Act of Ontario, of 1913, an act which has produced excellent results in Toronto. Briefly, the bill provides for the guaranteeing by any Manitoba town or city, up to 85 per cent. of the bonds of building companies. The guaranteeing municipality must be represented on the board of the company and the latter may not earn more than six per cent. upon the capital invested. Net profits over and above six per cent. must be used in the acquisition of further land for improving the housing accommodation already provided, or for the redemption of capital stock.

The bill will pass, of course, and it is altogether likely that the coming spring will see the completion of plans to take advantage of it. As in Toronto, some of the best citizens can be counted upon to assist in the application of the act. Concurrently with the efforts being put forth by the town-planners to provide cheaper and better housing in Winnipeg, the advocates of the single tax are energetically preaching their gospel. They have recently succeeded in persuading the city council so to amend its charter that a referendum on the question of the single tax can be taken in Winnipeg. In the near future this referendum will probably be taken.

The coming spring will also see some easement of the acute housing situation in Winnipeg through the creation of a model labor village a few miles to the north of the city. Full details of an elaborate scheme to build a garden

* *Note*—Since the foregoing was written, the Capitol Approach Bill has been set aside by the Manitoba Legislature. This, however, does not mean that the scheme has been abandoned. Its promoters are still busy trying to influence public opinion in its favor.

ALTHOUGH THIS SCENE RESEMBLES A VISTA ALONG THE UPPER REACHES OF THE THAMES, IT IS ACTUALLY PART OF THE PRAIRIE CITY OF WINNIPEG. THE CITY PLANNING IDEA TAKES ADVANTAGE OF ALL NATURAL BEAUTIES OF RIVER AND WOODLAND

city for workingmen on the banks of the Red River between Winnipeg and Selkirk were recently made public. The scheme has gained the hearty approval of the Winnipeg Trades and Labor Council and many more applications for houses in the garden city have been received than can possibly be granted.

Another important project which the Winnipeg Housing and Town Planning Association has very much at heart is one which the Association's name suggests, viz., the laying down and establishing of a physical plan for the future growth of the city. Such a plan to be of any use would, of course, have to have the sanction of law. Town-planning legislation of this kind has already passed in the Canadian provinces of Ontario, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. As almost everyone knows, the principle of town-planning is deeply rooted in Germany where most of the cities are planned for long years ahead. The principle has also found wide acceptance in the United Kingdom and in the United States.

Petitions now in course of circulation in Winnipeg request the city council to obtain the legislation necessary for the laying down of a physical plan. When this authorization is obtained—and there is no doubt that it will be—the city will probably employ expert town-planners to draw up a physical, or, as it is often called, a superimposed plan. This is simply a large map showing the lines and directions of future growth. Railway entrances will be provided for, arteries of traffic, public squares and parks, while neighborhood centres, créches, community wash-houses, comfort stations, recreation grounds, etc., will be planned on up-to-date principles.

Most important of all, perhaps, the superimposed plan will set apart sites for public schools. All sub-divisions will, of course, have to take cognizance of this physical plan and will have to meet its requirements as to streets, school sites, park sites and all community needs. Land needed by the city will be acquired by expropriation, but no fancy prices or speculative values will be paid. The price will be the price obtaining when the plan was filed, plus interest. This will permit the opening of new streets, etc., without incurring the present enormous expense of so doing.

These are some of the big things which the Winnipeg Housing and Town Planning Association has in hand and on behalf of which it is conducting a campaign of popular education. Nor has the immediate present been forgotten. For a couple of summers past, and particularly last summer, the Association did a splendid

Continued on page 139.

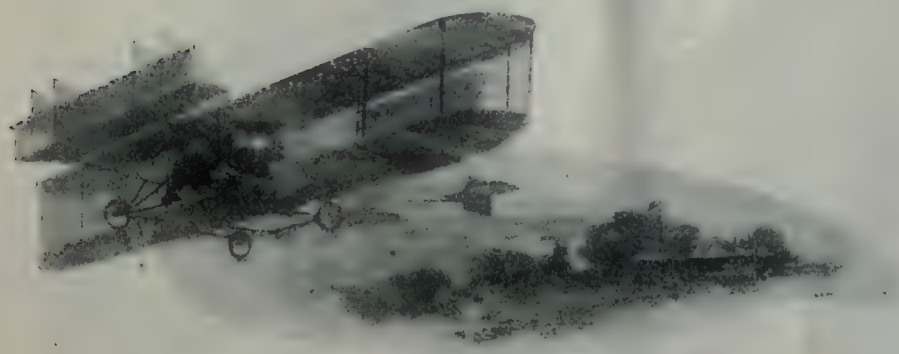
On the Wings of the Swallow

WHEREIN THE INSIDIOUS GAME OF GOLF, THE SWIFTEST AEROPLANE IN THE WORLD, AND A WOMAN'S BRIGHT EYES PLAY THE DEUCE WITH "DAREDEVIL TIM" RAINEY

By Frederick Palmer

Author of "Danbury Rodd, Aviator" etc.

Illustrated by
Edwin F. Bayha



HE FLEW SOUTHWARD THROUGH THE NIGHT, SEEING A GIRL'S FACE ALL THE WAY

AN electrician peels the insulation off a severed copper wire, ties the ends, and a bell rings with unbroken titter down the line. Then he fixes the push button and the bell rings only when you tell it to.

That process of repair is perfectly simple until you substitute human nerves for wires and the alienist takes the place of the electrician. In Tim Rainey's case it was golf—or, to be more exact, golf and Eunice Walker—that severed the connection. He knotted the ends himself, without calling in an expert. But the bell which he set ringing had no push button control. It drowned all other sounds on the switchboard.

Nature had blessed Tim with genius and limitations. She never meant that he should have a golf club in his hand. Golf set all those nerve wires writhing and arguing. The touch of an aeroplane's lever and the feel of cloud mist on his face made them work in beautiful unison. He was a born aviator, whom Danbury Rodd—still in this year 1917 the foremost aviator of the day—had found a mechanic in his shops and trained for higher things.

There was no work too trying, no risk too great for Tim. Rodd loved him no less for his freckle-faced, sandy-haired, transparent-natured self than for his skill. When Rodd had any difficult task leading to adventure or to profit which he could not spare the time to perform in person, he turned it over to Tim. Fortune and prizes came fast to the cub, who banked the sums that flowed in, without thought of investment. Some time he would take a holiday and have a regular devil of a time spending his pile, he said.

Perhaps it would be still more exact to include Parker Worthington with golf and Eunice Walker in severing the connection. Worthington had begun golf soon after he was out of the creeping stage by putting across the carpet at the table legs. He had nothing to do but play all his life, except, incidentally, to go through a university. And he was courting Eunice by means of golf.

Eunice was a type of the outdoors girl who could make as unconsciously clever use of her fingers in brushing back a wild strand of hair before she made a drive as indoors girls can of theirs in adjusting a hatpin or running a piano scale. Yes, Eunice knew how. The day after he met her, Tim had a set of clubs, and the next day she was giving him a lesson. Worthington appeared in the course of that lesson and in the course of most of the lessons that followed. He offered no advice, but looked on at Tim's struggles in curious wonder.

There were moments when Tim longed to entice Worthington aboard an aeroplane for a flight in which he would clip off the limbs of trees, nick church steeples, and shooting up five thousand feet, descend as tipsily as a sheet of paper falling out of a sky-scraper window. But it was part of his quixotic stubbornness and chivalry, under the spell of his double infatuation, to meet Worthington on his own ground—to beat him at his own game.

A Tim Rainey in love was a Tim Rainey without any sense of proportion. He loved with the glory of flight and the actions of folly. He saw golf as the only way to Eunice's heart. How could he have the courage to propose when he could not hit a little ball nicely placed on a tiny hill of sand? How hard it was to look at that little ball when her face was so near him!

The real truth was that he did not like golf. It was torture. But he read all the books, he practiced in secret, applied the principles of physics and psychology, laboring determinedly and earnestly, his goal the day when he should make clean drive after clean drive and turn in a better score than Worthington. And Eunice liked to watch him play; but that might be said of anyone whose sense of pathos did not altogether eclipse his sense of humor.

He was improving fast and in a most confident frame of mind when the call from Labrador intervened. That trip was the worst he ever had had, a continual hammer-beat of exasperation and hazard. He found the famished exploring party making their semi-weekly meal off their bootlegs, and taking the weakest one first, he bore the whole emaciated lot, one by one, to safety on the coast.

"Congratulations, my wonder-child!" Rodd wired him. "Take a good rest at St. John's before returning."

Tim did nothing of the kind. He flew southward through the night, seeing a girl's face all the way, and arrived at his own landing station soon after daybreak.

"I made it!" said Tim triumphantly, not thinking of the rescued explorers, but that he was on hand for the golf tournament which began that morning.

"I suppose you are playing against Worthington," said Rodd, looking sharply at Tim's pale, drawn features.

"Yes, I am!" answered Tim defiantly, gulping the hot coffee which one of the attendants brought. The trembling of his fingers in the reaction from hours of vigil made the cup beat a tattoo against the saucer.

"You know what effect golf has on you when Worthington is in the neighborhood," Rodd warned Tim. "You say each time you go out there, that this is the time it won't, but it always does. You are in no state to stand the strain of such recreation to-day. Go to sleep, I tell you, and to-morrow go down to the seashore and play in the sand and imagine you are a clam for a week—one whole, idle week—or after this I won't trust you to take mayors and millionaires up for little circuits around the field."

And Tim, with a twitchy smile, thanked Rodd and resolutely called for his golf clubs.

Eunice and Rodd formed the gallery of two following the memorable and tragic exhibition of that morning. Worthington was in the pink of condition. While Tim had had two cups of coffee and one piece of toast after being up all night, Worthington, knowing the physiologic and psychologic effects of the juice of a single coffee bean on your put, had drunk nothing but malted milk for breakfast and had eaten three dishes of Flaky Toast Dreams. Four would have been too many; three were just enough. His swing was rhythmic; his face as calm as we imagine Plato's might have been after an evening meal al fresco in pleasant weather.

Tim had the expression of Israel Putnam rushing Fort Ticonderoga. His stiff sinews and joints were working at cross purposes. He used his driver as if it were a sledge-hammer, his putter as if it were a curling iron. He sliced, foozled, pulled and ran his hands through his sandy hair desperately, in keeping with the charm of his earnestness, sincerity and simplicity of character.

If he had not been so earnest and sincere he might have known that this was not the way to win a girl. Eunice was smiling all the time—encouragingly, she said. When Tim looked up he tried not to look at her face. When he looked down he could not see the ball.

"Isn't he too funny ?" she whispered to Rodd. She was paying no attention at all to Worthington's playing.

Rodd was boiling at the sight of a great pilot of the air being made ridiculous by a petty, pottering, earthly, silly game, fit only for kangaroos and jumping beetles.

"No, he is a man !" he said grittily. "It is golf that's funny."

Eunice shrugged her shoulders, quivering with merriment, and afterwards surveyed Rodd in the superior manner of a don coming down to the primer class.

"Golf," she announced, with impressive solemnity, "is a serious matter, a test of all-round qualities."

"Such as a pancake has ! Well, if this cures him it is all I ask," he replied. Then she could have all the courses in the country and Worthington too; though it was a pity that she should throw herself away, he thought with a twinge, on that empty, unwired human structure which had never had an emotion.

"Why, I wouldn't have Tim cured for anything," she said. "It might change him—spoil him."

Tim was eight down at the eighth hole, frazzled but still fighting. He got a decent drive off the ninth—his first one—but he sliced into the swamp with his brassie. It was all up. He was routed, goose-egged, humiliated. He watched his ball sink among the cat-tails and regarded his club head as if it had been a cobra's expanded hood. The others guessed his sulphuric thought, which, happily, was denied profane voice in public shame. What they did not know was that this slice had severed a nerve wire, and he was his own electrician, scraping the insulation off the ends.

When, finally, he did look up, his sandy features had the calm of a hot sunset and the same decided manner of withdrawing from the scene. He called for his bag, and taking out the balls, said:

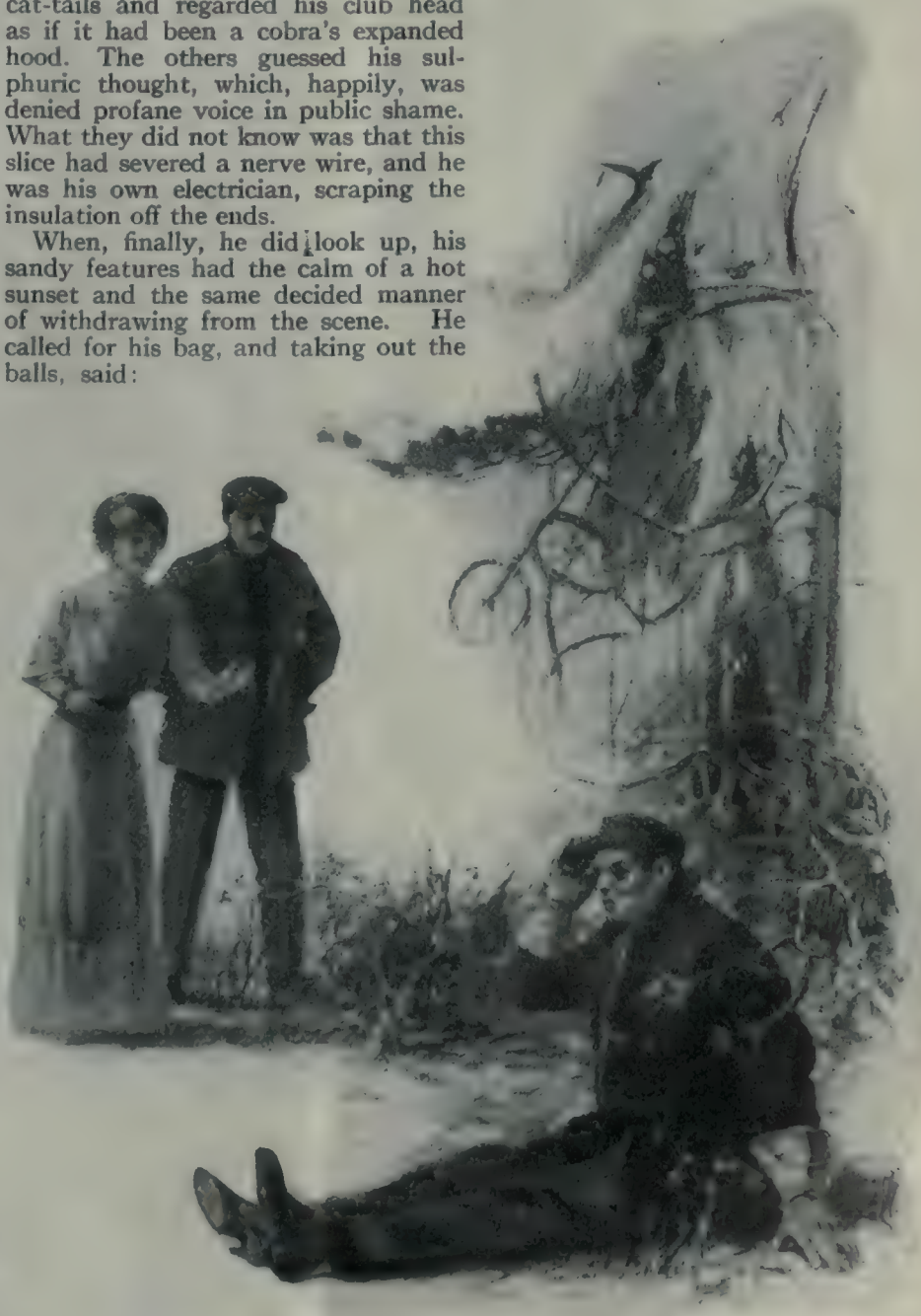
"I can throw them, anyway. Join your brother, fiends ! It's evidently where you want to go. I won't try to keep you any longer."

After them went his clubs in so many whizzing cartwheels.

"As for the bag," he told the caddy, "take it home for an umbrella stand for your mother, or an ash-bucket. Perhaps an ash-bucket is better."

He laughed in a far-away, rattling fashion. He made a wrenching gesture—and it was then that he must have tied the ends of the wires together and the bell began ringing down the line. Without a word he set off across the fairway toward the aero-station.

"Extraordinary !" said Parker



"IT'S EIGHT DOWN," HE WAS SAYING DAZEDLY, "BUT IF I GET A GOOD BRASSY, I MAY DO THAT STICK OF PEPPERMINT CANDY AT HIS OWN GAME YET"

Worthington—a remark safe, correct and characteristic.

Eunice did not notice that he had spoken. Puzzled and frowning, she stared after Tim.

"But, Tim—Tim !" she called.

Unless he had grown deaf he must have heard her, yet he did not even glance back over his shoulder.

When she understood that he was not going to answer, that he was going without a word like one suddenly bereft of all knowledge of present surroundings, with his mind set on another goal, she seemed to lose her temper.

"You—you," she began at Rodd, "you've spoiled everything !" And then she turned red and bit her lip over her own words.

"Spoiled your sport with a man destined for greater things !" answered Rodd, who, out of some instinctive fear on Tim's account, found no humor in the situation. If ever a girl had disgusted him she had. She seemed capable of something worth while, but when you were most expecting an illustration she disappointed you.

"No ! no ! You don't understand !" he heard her saying as he hastened after Tim, who was racing along at heel-and-toe gait.

No one knew so well as Danbury Rodd that the more complicated the machine which man invents, the more complicated he must be to run it. A single screw off a piano-wire brace or a little extra pressure on one of the blood-vessels of the head and there is a tragedy.

The aero-station was hidden by a bend in the road and when Rodd turned it he saw that Tim had his machine out of the shed preparatory to flight. He was in the seat, a sinuous, high-strung, dynamic figure, wonderful now, in his own kingdom. He gave his old master a look, piercing, quizzical, supernatural, centering with a kind of telescopic intensity on the distant skyline. He seemed a being projected out of its mortal frame—nothing but eyes and some wild force behind them.

"You suggested clams and the seashore," he said, in a voice that was in keeping with his appearance, a voice trickling, distant, detached, speaking to the mountain-tops. "I go you one better. I'm off to the coral reefs of Bermuda to imagine that I'm a golden glowfish, and I'll blow up in atomic particles of sunrise and be dissipated in the heavens. Raindrops to the ocean! Star-dust to the stars ! Chaos stirred with a putter ! Good-by !"

The motor sounded his farewell. Rodd had sprung forward in alarm, only to spring back as the brace-ends brushed his coat.

"It isn't the aviation screw that is loose," he thought, as he saw the Swallow, Tim's plane, sweeping upward and feeling for the right strata before it chose its course at terrific speed a thousand feet above the earth. "I ought to have thrown myself in front of him ! There's the devil working in his mind—yes, I ought, even if it had broken my arm and smashed the plane ! I might chase him—" But by that time the Swallow was little larger than its namesake, melting into a gathering cloud.

Rodd turned on himself for his stupidity. He who had met so many emergencies with instant action had been thrown into a coma of conjecture at the sight of his beloved Tim—his genius of the clouds—gone stark, staring mad.

It was barely twenty-four hours' run, in anything like average weather, for a plane to Bermuda in the year 1917. A week passed, with no report of Tim's arrival to searching cables of inquiry.

"Bermuda was a ruse," Rodd tried to reassure himself. "Tim has simply awakened to his condition, that's all. He's gone to some unknown spot to fish and hunt, and he will fly back to the shed one of these days, right as rain."

One morning, soon after this, when Rodd landed at the station on the roof of the Great Century Hotel, he had information from an unexpected quarter.

"Everything was in good running shape when Mr. Rainey left here," said the liveried attendant. "His auxiliary tank was full to the last drop of its capacity. Why, he had enough gasoline to take him to Panama."

"Left here ?" inquired Rodd greedily, believing that he was to hear something which would prove the correctness of his theory.

"Yes, on his way to Bermuda," answered the attendant.

"How long did he stop ?"

"About fifteen minutes, I should say. He went out on some errand."

Where ? Of course the attendant did not know. It would take about fifteen minutes for Tim to reach his bank, Rodd reasoned. He hastened there and learned from the cashier that Mr. Rainey had withdrawn his entire deposit, amounting to some forty thousand dollars, in cash.

"Naturally, it is unusual for anyone to carry that amount of currency about in these days," said the cashier, "but of course I did not ask any questions."

There was nothing further to learn from him except that Tim had said he did not want gold, as that would be too heavy to carry on a long aeroplane trip.

"Yes, he had a package under his arm, when he returned," said the Great Century attendant when he was questioned further. "I remember, now I come to think of it, that he said, 'Nothing like plenty of lubricant,' when he stowed the package in the aluminum tool chest."

"How was he looking ?" Rodd inquired.

"Why, well and gingery as ever; perhaps a little tired. He got away at once."

Some skippers reported bad weather on the Bermuda path, tending to support the theory of the press of "another plane lost at sea"—that kind of news had already lost its novelty—which was corroborated definitely when a fisherman picked up a bottle off the Jersey coast containing this message in Tim's handwriting.

"Pretty blowy. Hope the main plane rods are not going to buckle on me. If they do, it's good-bye everybody from T. Rainey."

Stardust to the stars ! Drops of water to the ocean ! Thus Tim had gone and with him all his earnings ! Aviation was a game with death; but Tim, in his youth, his eccentricity, his charm and boyish sincerity, deserved a better fate. It was like the loss of a brother to Rodd.

When he met Eunice Walker on the street, he found himself gripping his resentment toward her as the cause of Tim's ruin, lest it should break out in a storm of reproach to all flirts. He hoped to pass her with a bow, but she stepped fairly in front of him and he had to parley.

"How is golf ?" he asked lightly, looking down the street as if he were missing an engagement.

"I haven't played lately," she answered, in a strained voice, "not since"—there her voice was breaking, he might have observed if he had cared to.

He interrupted her almost harshly, determined that she should not bring up the subject of Tim. She was unworthy to mention his memory, he thought.

"And Worthington ?" Rodd continued.

"Oh, he's gone abroad. He—and Tim ? Tim ?" she demanded suddenly.

"He has not played lately, either," said Rodd, in bitter sarcasm; and then the misery of her question was borne in on him. He looked into her eyes, which were swimming, and saw the lids drop while her hand went out to his arm as if to steady herself under his punishing blow.

A mortal change had come over the girl. He could see now what lay underneath her golf manner. It shone resplendent out of her being. Recovering herself she spoke with a brave confidence the one idea which

still gave him private hope against all skepticism.

. . . . . .

"I don't believe he is dead! It's something else—perhaps it's more terrible," she said. "Tim would not have thought of writing any note. He is too intense, too much the man of action, to be hunting pencil and paper in a blow. No, his one thought would have been to keep that main rod from buckling. There is nothing you can do—nothing?"

"Only wait," he answered gently.

"Nothing!" she repeated dismally. "Oh, you didn't understand how I felt about Tim, and I did not know what a fool I was!" And, as if afraid of her own words, disconsolately, brokenly, confusedly, she turned away.

"Women!" mused Rodd. "Long after we know all about the air-currents we shall still be studying them!"

Ever since flight had begun, one startling possibility had dwelt in the back of Danbury Rodd's head. It was the anarchy of mischief which a clever, irresponsible aviator in the full development of the science might loose if he chose. Three weeks after Tim Rainey had sliced with his brassy for the last time came a sensation that awakened the police forces of the world to their earth-tied clumsiness.

"HOLD FAST!" CRIED RODD, AND SHE OPENED HER EYES TO SEE THE WRECK OF THE SWALLOW LYING TANGLED AMONG THE TOPS OF THE PINES BELOW THEM

On that memorable hot morning in August when the players in all our broad land, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, as the orators say, were dreaming of a week-end on the links, light sleepers among the residents in the immediate vicinity of the Sherbrooke course were awakened by a series of low explosions, which, if they had counted, would have numbered exactly eighteen. The greenkeepers who went on duty at seven found that all the putting greens had been transformed into "traps," as it were. Every hole was the center of a basin of pulverized earth and sand.

We have the opinion of Colonel Thayer, of the ordnance (retired)—who would have made an eighty once if General Smith had not ruined his put on the seventeenth by humming an air—that the work could not have been done better if the greens had been charged with an explosive and regularly wired to a central station. Two neighboring courses, the Wawamis and the Totoket, had suffered the same ravages, presumably by the same unseen hand. On Sunday morning it was the turn of three other courses; on Monday, which was also a holiday, of five.

Its reputation as a promoter of blue oaths which golf had won was sustained by a rising, nation-wide chorus. This was villainy, felony, assassination, an interference with the right of any citizen to lose as many seventy-five cent golf balls as he chose.

The Golf Association had a president who acted promptly. He was the author of that ringing phrase, "If you hesitate too long between the mashie and the spoon you will foozle anyway," one which will skim over the bunkers of history with "We have met the enemy and they are ours." He sent out notices that all greenkeepers should be armed and report for duty at three a.m.

But Tuesday, not being a holiday, passed without further destruction. So did Wednesday. On Wednesday night golf-players slept better, and on Thursday morning most of them were able to proceed with their business without outbursts of incoherency which made young lady stenographers blush. A peaceful Friday lulled them into

Continued on page 141.

The Silver King

REVIVED IN LONDON TO CELEBRATE THE KNIGHTING OF THE PLAYWRIGHT BY KING GEORGE. IT WAS WRITTEN WHEN SIR HENRY WAS A YOUNG AUTHOR SEEKING RECOGNITION IN THE THEATRICAL WORLD AND WON HIM HIS FIRST SUCCESS AT THE PRINCESS THEATRE IN 1882. STRIKINGLY DIFFERENT FROM THE POLITE COMEDIES BY WHICH HE IS GENERALLY KNOWN, IT IS FULL OF THE RED BLOOD AND SWIFT EMOTIONS OF YOUTH. IT IS HERE RETOLD IN STORY FORM BY THE PLAYWRIGHT'S OWN SON, RECENTLY A SUCCESSFUL JOURNALIST IN WESTERN CANADA

By Sir Henry Arthur Jones

Retold by his son, Lucien Arthur Jones

PATACAKE had won the English Derby, beating Blue Ribbon by a short head. Just those few inches between the two horses meant final ruin for Wilfred Denver. And Geoffrey Ware, former suitor of Nelly, Denver's wife, was glad. Nelly would now surely recognize the difference between her husband, a drunken, gambling sot, and himself, commonly believed a respectable hardworking engineer. To the world, that was the kind of man Geoffrey Ware was. To the under-world—well, its denizens knew better.

Ware strolled down to "The Wheatsheaf Inn," just off the Strand, a snug little place frequented by crooks of every description. There Denver night by night for the past few years had slowly seen his fortune slip away from him. Ware chuckled as he hurried along to hear the gratifying details of Denver's last attempt to get square.

"Well, what about Denver ?" he asked Bilcher, one of the racing crooks.

"Doubled up this time and no mistake. Went a smasher on Blue Ribbon and lost everything. Owes me a hundred besides."

Ware laughed cynically.

"You're sure you cleaned him out ?" he said.

"He's through this time. Thanks for introducing him to me."

"How did he take it ?"

"Oh, tried to laugh it off. He's pretty well drunk. He was drunk when we started."

"Well, I'll come back here and have a look at him later on," said Ware.

"Wilfred Denver ruined," he thought to himself as he walked slowly down the Strand to his lodgings. "Now, Nelly Hathaway, I think you will find you made a slight mistake when you threw me over for him."

Back in the bar-room of "The Wheatsheaf" comments on Wilfred Denver's luck were being frequently passed. "Poor fellow," said Tubbs, the fat landlord, "I feel downright sorry for him. He's a good-hearted young fellow is Mr. Denver."

"When he's sober," said one of the drinkers.

"And that ain't been for the last six months," remarked Bilcher dryly.

"Why I've seen——" The rest of his remarks were lost in the clink of glasses. Old Jaikes, the faithful family retainer of the Denver family for two generations, had entered. He belonged to the type that is fast disappearing in England. Jaikes looked around for his master.

Tubbs nodded salute. "You must give him a little extra time to-night, Jaikes," he said.

"Ah, but he'll be early to-night," replied Jaikes. "He promised the missus he would, and I want to ketch him and pop him off to bed quietlike afore she sets eyes on him, d'ye see ?"

"He's been going the pace a bit lately, ain't he ?"

"Well, he's a bit wild, but there's no harm in him. It's in his blood. His father was just like him when he was a young man. Larking, drinking, hunting, fighting—out all night and as fresh as a daisy in the morning. And his grandfather before him. There was a man if you like. Never went to bed sober for ten years, except once when the groom locked him in the stable all night by mistake."

There was a general laugh at Jaikes' account of Denver's grand-parent.

"Never mind, he's all right !" said Jaikes.

"Yes, I'm alri'." Denver had rolled into the bar to overhear the last part of his servant's conversation. "I'm alri,' " he repeated. "I'm as drunk as a fool, and I've lost every cursed penny I have in the world."

"Did you back the wrong horse, Mr. Denver ?" asked Tubbs.

"No, I backed the right horse, but the wrong horse won."

"Well, you seem pretty merry over it," said Bilcher.

"Yes, Bilcher, quite merry. I've lost my money, and to-morrow I shall lose your acquaintance. I'm satisfied with the bargain."

Old Jaikes had been listening to the conversation with a sorrowful expression on his face. "Come on, Master Will," he said, "you'd better come home."

"Home," cried Denver. "What should I go home for ? To show my wife what a drunken brute she has for a husband ? I've got no home. I've drunk it up. Get home with yourself."

Old Jaikes left. Persuasion, he felt, in Denver's condition was useless.

Denver watched Jaikes go. Then he furtively drew a revolver from his pocket. "There's always one way of doing it," he said to himself.

Baxter,, a detective, who had been drinking at the bar, watched Denver. He crossed over and spoke to him in a low voice. "If you don't know what to do with that give it to me," he said.

"I know what to do with it," said Denver, as he slipped it into his pocket again.

The bar-room was fast filling up. Sports back from the Derby were pausing to have a final drink.

'Enery Corkett, Geoffrey Ware's clerk, was amongst these. He was flush with five hundred pounds. He had conveniently borrowed eighty pounds from Ware's safe. He had won, and to-night he would "repay" the money.

"I'll play you billiards for any old sum you like," said Denver to Corkett. He was hoping that his luck would turn. "Come on," said Corkett. A crowd followed the pair into the billiard room, leaving the bar empty. Baxter alone remained behind. Two persons were just entering in whom he was very much interested. They were Captain Herbert Skinner, gentleman crook, better known as "The Spider," and Eliah Coombe, receiver of stolen goods.

"A big fortune for us all," whispered Coombe to the former. "A sackful of diamonds in Hatton Garden. No danger, and as safe as saying your prayers."

"How do we get in ?" asked Skinner.

"Through the wall of the next house."

Meanwhile Corkett had returned from the billiard room. "Beat 'im proper, I did," he cried in a swaggering voice, "What'll you 'ave ?"

"Coombe," said "The Spider," "just relieve that young fool of his wad, while I throw Baxter off the scent."

Coombe sidled up to Corkett and deftly picked his pocket.

"Now, gents," said Corkett, "we'll 'ave a bottle of champagne." He reached to his pocket for his money. He stopped short suddenly. "Here !" he cried. "Somebody has stolen my money. I'm ruined, you know, I'm ruined !" he cried piteously.

"I know who got it," said Tubbs. He described Baxter, who had left on the trail of Skinner.

"Come on," said Coombe, "We'll get him."

The two brushed against Ware as he entered to gloat over the downfall of his rival.

"Well, well," he said in a tone of assumed cordiality. "How are you ?"

"I'm three parts drunk and the rest mad, Geoffrey Ware, so keep out of my way."

"Nonsense, you're looking fine. I'm so glad for Nelly's sake."

Denver staggered to his feet. "For whose sake ?" he questioned fiercely.

"Mrs. Denver—excuse a slip of the tongue. She was once engaged to me, you know."

"Yes," replied Denver, "and she'll stick to me through thick and thin." He cursed Ware, lashing him with fine scorn, sure in the knowledge that Nelly in no circumstances would ever become his wife.

Ware laughed a reply. He had little fear of Denver. It was pleasant to prod his rival, and he continued his running fire of satirical comment.

The fire flashed in Denver's eyes as he listened to Ware. "The devil's in me to-night," he told Ware. "Take care of yourself."

Ware told him to give his best regards to Nelly. The taunt was too much for Denver. Rising from the table, he picked up his glass and dashed the contents into the other's face.

Ware started back. Denver lurched forward, vowing vengeance.

"Take that man away," he cried hoarsely. "Take him away before I kill him." His words were significant of what was to come.

Tubbs and Bilcher hastened forward and seized Denver. Drunk as he was, he had the strength of a giant at that moment. Then followed the anti-climax. After vainly struggling for a few moments Denver sank down with his head on the table. It was a pitiable spectacle—that of a man sunk to the lowest depths.

So Nelly found her husband, when she came in to find him, as Jaikes had done earlier in the evening. She offered no reproaches. She had merely expected it. Gently she stroked his hair as she stood over him. Denver started up as he felt the familiar touch. "You here, Nelly ?" he said, "in a place like this ?"

"My place is by your side," she replied.

"Not by a husband such as I am," answered Denver. "Go home, my darling, I will come later."

Geoffrey Ware stood by their side still smiling cynically. Again he commenced his biting words. Nelly sank to a chair. She had no reply to make. Denver pulled himself together. "You cur," he said, rushing at Ware. "You shall answer to me for this."

Nelly placed herself between them. Roughly Denver brushed his wife aside. Ware, now thoroughly alarmed, ran out of the inn. Denver followed him. "I will kill you. I will kill you," he shouted hysterically as he rushed after him.

II.

Naturally Corkett had not been successful in his search for his lost five hundred pounds, as he made his search with Coombe. He was beginning now to be really afraid. He had not the slightest idea how he was to repay the eighty pounds that he had "borrowed" from his employer. Prison walls were looming up in front of him. Finally he confessed his troubles to Coombe.

"I'm Ware's clerk, you know," he

THE PLAYWRIGHT AT HOME IN PORTLAND PLACE

said, "and I'm pretty sure he'll be hard on me."

Coombe remarked that in all probability he would get fourteen years penal servitude. Then he said casually, "Live at 114 Hatton Garden, don't you ?"

Corkett smiled assent.

"Well, I'll help you out if you care to do something for me. A friend of mine wants to take some photographic views of London by night, and he'd like the use of your employer's sitting-room for half an hour."

Corkett glanced at his friend suspiciously. He felt that it was not quite right. But he had no option in the matter. It was that or prison. "All right," he said, "I'll do what you want."

They proceeded in the direction of Ware's apartments in Hatton Garden. There was no light in the window. Evidently Ware had gone out for the evening. Everything seemed propitious. By arrangement "The Spider" and Cripps, the third member of their gang, were waiting outside. Cripps was an expert safe cracker. Corkett unlatched the door for them. "That's enough for me," he said, and he vanished quickly.

The safe containing the diamonds could be easily reached by boring through the wall in Ware's sitting-room.

Skinner took off his immaculate evening dress and proceeded to business. The gang worked silently with expert touch for a few moments. A noise in the hall below interrupted them. "Quick, Coombe," whispered Skinner, "see what that is."

Coombe slid quietly downstairs. He returned a moment later.

"It's that drunken Denver," he announced. "He's swearing he'll come up and kill Ware."

Coombe and Skinner heaved a sigh of relief. "Let him come up," said the latter. "I'll soon quiet him."

Skinner and Coombe stood behind the door, while Denver entered the

Continued on page 152.

Concerning Greta Greer

Part IV.

WHEREIN SEVERAL STRANGE THINGS ARE CLEARED UP, BUT THE ANCIENT AND UNFATHOMABLE MYSTERY OF LOVE REMAINS UNSOLVED

By Madge Macbeth

Illustrated by Elisabeth Telling

SYNOPSIS.—Dr. Dare, specialist in insanity and crime cases, has shipped as surgeon on a transatlantic liner, and meets Greta Greer, a tall, reserved girl invariably gowned in green. She is strangely moved on learning his chosen profession, and he becomes aware that she has some mystery weighing on her mind.

The second day out he learns that there has been a daring robbery of emeralds at Montreal, by some woman, and that they will be searched on arriving in England. Mrs. Threckmeyer, a cheerfully ungrammatical matron, Miss Kelly, a little school-teacher, who gives the impression of looking particularly well before she leaps, and Billy Cunningham, a former classmate of Dare's, and now a detective, discuss the case excitedly. Dare feels instinctively that Cunningham, at least, has his eye on Miss Greer, and determines to protect her if need should arise. Suddenly Mrs. Threckmeyer sends for Dr. Dare and Cunningham, and confides that she has just discovered Mrs. Beaufort's jewels hidden in her hand-bag, along with a note from her niece, Jean, saying that she has broken out in a new place, and wonders if her aunt will ever forgive her. Since she used to be a victim of kleptomania, Mrs. Threckmeyer is sure she has stolen the Beaufort jewels and in a fit of remorse, put them in her aunt's bag. Billy Cunningham receives the news with delight, crying "Heaven bless dear little Jean. Believe me, it's awful to be in love !" and rushes off to the Marconi-man. That night he dives overboard, and is rescued, jaunty and debonair as ever, refusing any explanation. Dare learns that Greta Greer is trying to fight the habit of smoking hashish, and revolves a plan to cure her. He tells her that she is suspected of the Beaufort robbery, and she is horrified. He asks her to marry him, and she asks, "Do you—are you sure you want me?"

CHAPTER X.

At ten o'clock the next morning, Gregory Myles and Dare met in Cunningham's stateroom. He looked particularly fit after his dive the night before, although he had not, at the hour, exchanged his lavender pajamas and cerulean-tinted dressing gown for the more sombre, conventional garb society decrees. There was nowhere to sit, the chairs, couch, berth and floor being covered with papers, so the two men stood in amused silence regarding the affable Billy, who smiled benignly on them over his cup of coffee.

"Be seated, gentlemen, while I finish my breakfast ! Be careful, Ellis boy, don't fold up those films—that's better, we will hang them over the electric light until we need them."

A space cleared, the captain and his companion sat down and waited for Cunningham to speak.

Wiping his lips with elaborate nicety, he began:

"I suppose you want the whole story, do you—old gossip-mongers ? Well, here goes.

"About a week ago I was having a quiet, peaceful and wholly enjoyable lunch with a—well, a lady of my acquaintance,—and we were deciding just how to put in the afternoon, when I got a message calling me at once to the office. Annoyed at having to curtail our day's enjoyment I bade my companion farewell and bolted. It was nothing of great importance, except that the chief hankered for me—such a doting old chap !—and I was just preparing to sneak when every 'phone in the place got to work on the Beaufort case,—and I *was* really wanted. An hour is not much time to get data for a case like that, but with my usual energetic methods I managed to scrape some information together and catch this boat. At first, I must admit that a good deal of nasty suspicion was thrown on—" he hesitated, looking keenly at the captain. Dare supplied the name.

"Miss Greer ?"

"Just so, Ellis. It looked peculiar, but I never place much dependence on appearances—not as long as there is a pictograph working."

"What is a pictograph ?" asked the captain.

Cunningham pulled a suit case from under his berth and opened it. It was filled with yards of the transparent paper ordinary photo films are made of, and this paper was attached to a flat box somewhat resembling a folding

"LOOK HERE," SAID BILLY CUNNINGHAM, DISPLAYING A ROLL OF DEVELOPED PHOTOGRAPHIC FILM. "DO YOU RECOGNIZE THE PORTRAIT?"

kodak. Upon closer inspection Dare discovered that the paper was marked with quite distinct pictures.

"My own invention," announced Billy with pride—"the pictograph. Something suggested by the success of the dictograph and other delicate recording machines. It is, as you see, a small, box-like machine resembling a folding kodak, only it is much thinner. As a matter of fact, it is a combination of moving picture machine and camera working automatically and noiselessly. There is a diminutive time lock" (he touched a small screw) "which releases a cog holding both the shutter and revolving spools. I shall not go into it very scientifically at present, for you want the rest of the story, but will merely say that I can put in a roll, set my lock for a certain time, and the machine will commence to work, taking pictures for an hour from the time set. I then develop the films and make out an indisputable case."

He sorted a number of strips by holding them to the light and continued. "There were three *possible* guilty persons on board this boat—Miss Greer, Mrs. Threckmeyer and one other. Never mind why, but there were. You both will be surprised I fancy, when you hear the name of the third suspect."

Dare thought hastily of Hobson, Judson and the women at the captain's table; of a crotchety dame and her spinster daughter, of his neighbor with double chins. But Billy laughed and went on. "The pictograph can be placed almost anywhere—as long as the small opening for exposure is not covered. See?" he put it amongst the life preservers over his berth and left only the protruding button uncovered. It looked, even after close observation, like a screw head in the rack. He put it against his port hole and arranged a few strips of wood across it so that it looked like a portion of the ornamental wood work; he fixed a piece of tin in front of it and one could imagine it an ordinary meter such as are common for registering the consumption of electric light.

After satisfying himself that his two listeners were assured of the unlimited advantages of his invention, Cunningham again took up the story.

"I set three machines and placed them. Miss Greer, I early discovered, was more than likely innocent."

In a very subtle manner, Billy Cunningham adopted a sort of impersonal tone not too professional to be intensely interesting, but sufficiently so to preclude any idea of impertinence on his part. If there could be a way to excuse oneself for the most intimate prying, he did so, easily and without apology. After the first revulsion of feeling that he should have looked upon what Dare considered almost sacred, the doctor listened with utmost absorption to his friend.

"This photograph, by which I mean the film taken from the machine the first time Miss Greer left her stateroom, shows her presumably asleep. There are only a few variations from the recumbent position—this one showing her with a cigarette, and the last showing her annoyance when the stewardess came to the door. It was

impossible to connect her with the case after having the second roll developed —after putting two and two together, I discovered how treacherous a thing circumstantial evidence is."

Dare looked with mingled feelings at the photos. He shrank from them in much the same way that he would resent the suggestion of placing his eye to the key-hole of Greta Greer's door. At the same time they bore upon the case—not merely the Beaufort case, but his own, in so intimate a manner, that he felt he could look, and yet not stretch a point of honor.

He saw the girl arrange her room with the trophies she had spoken of—wreaths, garlands, pictures, bits of armor—she crowded them in every available way so that they could be seen from her berth; he saw her drape herself in a Grecian costume, complete even to odd bits of jewelry; he saw her carefully select a cigarette, light it and compose herself, after what was apparently a long time spent in dreaming. He saw her awakening after one of these sleeps and could feel acutely the mute tragedy of her suffering. He lost himself for a moment and did not see the pictures Billy held out to him.

"These are different—full of motion —you can almost hear the voice, can't you ?"

Dare passed the first strip to the captain and took the second from Cunningham's hand.

Instantly he recognized Mrs. Threckmeyer in her crowded, clothes-stuffed stateroom. He saw her open her gold mesh bag, surprised, then annoyed, as she took out the forgotten note and read it. Horror, terror showed next, followed by a paroxysm of weeping. There were several pictures showing her studying a newspaper or re-reading the note. Then there was one which showed her finding the bag of jewels.

"I was wild with excitement when I got that," grinned Billy. "It was, by the way, just before we had our little talk, Dare, that she went out of her room and I could get at the machine. It threw a very different light on all my well planned theories, and serious things might have happened if I had not set the other machine for the same time and got this result."

He took a large roll of films from the suit case and those from the electric light, fitting them together.

"They are," he said, "views of the stateroom belonging to one Blanche Craig, alias Lady B., alias Busy Bee, one of the cleverest 'light-fingers' of our time."

The captain shook his head. "I don't know of any passenger named Craig," he said, walking to the port hole where Dare had already commenced to unroll the film. Then, with an exclamation he turned back to Cunningham.

"The Kelly woman !"

Billy laughed. "I thought you would be surprised," he said. "Between ourselves, I nearly was myself. Then anticipating many questions, Billy explained, "You know all of these crooks sooner or later make a mistake

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The Man Who Used Commonsense

IN SIR WILLIAM WHYTE'S DEATH, THE WEST HAS LOST A WISE AND FAR-SIGHTED BUILDER, A BRAVE AND LOYAL SPIRIT, AND A GOOD NEIGHBOR TO ALL THE WORLD,—MANY PEOPLE SAY THE WEST'S MOST DISTINGUISHED PRIVATE CITIZEN

By John Arbuthnotte

WITH the death last month of Sir William Whyte, there passed perhaps the best loved man in public affairs in Western Canada, and certainly a man who had as much to do with the making of the country west of the Great Lakes as any one other man, not excepting the late Lord Strathcona.

When he retired from active service with the Canadian Pacific in 1912, that eminently practical and hard-headed business corporation made him a director of the company, as many said, "for sentimental reasons."

For twenty-five years, Sir William had been the western overlord of Canada's pioneer sea-to-sea railway, and he was about to retire from the position of vice-president. Three years earlier he had passed the age limit, and at that time the only reason he remained in active charge of affairs was that the company urged him to do so. He was recognized as a man of peculiar administrative genius, keen insight and sound judgment. King George had knighted him for his important part in the maintenance of an imperial highway across Canada. Many other honors had come to him. But the real reason for his appointment as a director of the Canadian Pacific, the significant thing that made it distinctive in the business world, was the recognition by that austere corporation of the value of sentiment in business. Western Canada loved Sir William Whyte, and the railway company recognized the value of that sentiment in cold dollars and cents to itself. With the rapid development of Western Canada Sir William Whyte's personal influence meant "business" to the road.

The regard in which Sir William was held by Western Canada made itself manifest at the time of his death in columns of tributes in the newspapers from almost every man of note in his own province and its western neighbors. Sir Rodmond Roblin, Sir Douglas Cameron, Sir Hugh John Macdonald, Ex-Mayor Waugh, of Winnipeg, the Hon. Robert Rogers, all spoke for Manitoba and for themselves. Dozens of others representing almost all fields of human endeavor from colleges to packing-houses united in expressing their sense of personal loss and their appreciation of what Sir William's life-work meant to Western Canada. The curling clubs, the street railways, the newspaper men, the politicians, the grain men, even the police force and the harbor-masters all mourned for him and praised him. Thousands of others—the rank-and-file of the west—voicelessly grieved over the loss of a personal friend.

Now such a spontaneous and country-wide tribute as this does not result from power or place or brilliant achievements alone. Sir William Whyte was through all of his life, a good neighbor to his fellows. When there was a nice question to decide in Winnipeg, where he had lived for more than twenty-five years, it was to him that the parties at issue went, and what is more, they abided by his

decision. When there was grief on the western division of the big sea-to-sea line, it was Sir William Whyte that straightened it out. And when he had once met a man, be he the Governor-General of the Dominion, or Jim Johnson who took Number Six out on the night run from Brandon, he knew that man's face and name again though he met him five years later on Yonge Street and he had grown a vandyke beard.

On the night of the dinner when Sir William resigned his vice-presidency to become a director of the Canadian Pacific, all Winnipeg turned out to do him honor. For twenty-five years he had been their friend. Most of the men at the banquet had done business with him, and they knew him for a man of remarkable executive ability, shrewdness and grasp of business. But men have had all those qualities, perhaps even in larger measure than Sir William, and their fellows hated the sight of their shoe-prints—witness, for example, Cecil Rhodes. No corporation ever gave Cecil Rhodes anything for a sentimental reason; no neighbor ever went to him to settle a difficulty; no engineer ever "let her out a piece" because he had Cecil Rhodes behind him and Cecil knew that he, Jim Johnson, was up in the cab, and had asked how his boy Dick was doing in the agricultural college. It was sentiment that gave Sir William Whyte that directorship—not cold hard business ability alone. The engine-driver or station agent who feels that he is personally known to the vice-president takes a pride in his job that a man working for that indefinite and soulless thing called "the company" never will entertain. And it was sentiment that prompted those columns of affectionate sorrow that appeared in the Winnipeg papers when his multitude of friends in every walk of life heard that Sir William Whyte had gone on into the shadow.

Sir William understood Western Canada, and understood the station-agent sitting behind his key, for he sat there once himself, long before King George's sword rattled on his shoulder. Somebody once showed him a biographical notice of himself in a "Who's Who" of famous men. He regarded it consideringly:

"WHYTE, WILLIAM. BORN SEPT. 15TH, 1843, CHARLESTOWN, FIFESHIRE, SCOTLAND; RECEIVED EARLY TRAINING NORTH BRITISH RAILWAY COMPANY; CAME TO CANADA 1863; ACCEPTED POSITION AT COBOURG, ONTARIO, WITH THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY——"

Sir William laid down the biography and ran one hand through his thick white hair, a canny Scotch twinkle lurking in his eye.

"Accepted a position," he repeated, with a touch of the Fifeshire burr in his voice. "Those are not exactly the worrds. In eighteen sixty-three I was going about with a verra thin seat to my breeches, and when I roped and threw that job of freight handler in Cobourg I was one of the most thankful lads in Canada. Accepted! Man, I *had* to have that job!"

And, looking at the shrewd, determined eyes of him, one was instantly convinced that whenever he, as "William," "Mr. Whyte," or "Sir William Whyte," felt that he had to have anything, he took it by the throat and held on until it came obediently to heel.

THE LATE SIR WILLIAM WHYTE

In 1863 big railways were not standing around waiting to offer "positions" to stray Scotch youngsters, any more than they are now, and when young William was authorized to handle a baggage truck on Cobourg platform while his boss went up to the post-office to talk politics, he had only just begun. But he handled his truck well and didn't mix up his waybills, and presently he was transferred from sleepy Cobourg to Toronto. Later he became yardmaster at Toronto where the moguls backed up and backed down at the crooking of his finger, and even the profanity of the yard-engine drivers was stilled. By 1870 he was handling the night station agency at Toronto and a year later did notably good work as freight and station agent at Stratford, Ontario. In 1884 he switched from the Grand Trunk to the Canadian Pacific Railway, becoming general superintendent of the western division in 1886, his headquarters being at Winnipeg and his jurisdiction extending over 1,455 miles of main line and over 700 miles of branch line, the trackage lying mainly in Saskatchewan and Manitoba, and tapping the country where the red elevator goes up ahead of the post-office when the little new towns start growing along the pushing fingers of steel.

In May, 1897, he became general manager of all the Canadian Pacific lines between Lake Superior and the Pacific Coast, and in 1901 he was appointed assistant to the president and relieved from all routine work in order to look after the extension of the system in the west. In furtherance of this duty, in 1901 he made a trip through Russia over the newly-constructed Trans-Siberian Railway, and in 1903 was appointed second vice-president of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Since 1886, which was the date of his advent in the West, that part of the system lying between the Great Lakes and the Pacific underwent a great transformation. The chain of Canadian Pacific hotels extending across Western Canada; the huge mines of the company in British Columbia; the elevators at the lake terminals; the fleet of Empress steamers plying between Vancouver and the Orient, are a few tangible evidences of the real development of the property after it came under Sir William Whyte's jurisdiction.

At the time of the extension of his term of service his position in the business world of Western Canada was an important one. He was the directing head in Winnipeg of the Winnipeg street railway, vice-president of the Standard Trust Company, director of the Confederation Life Association, and a director of the British Columbia Southern Railway. During his entire association with the Canadian Pacific he stood consistently for business development. In 1886 the line was still in the experimental stage, and the value of investment in Canadian projects questioned by a good many apparently far-sighted business men. But Sir William knew the country, and steadily urged a continuance of the policy of expansion, advocating the construction of additional mileage and providing of better equipment. In all large commercial undertakings he took a deep interest, and in addition to furthering the interests of the railway on every occasion, he never missed an opportunity to encourage an infant industry.

At the beginning of 1911 Sir William announced the programme on the

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Spinal Maginnis, Essayist

DR. TASSIE INAUGURATES A COMPETITION IN ENGLISH, AND THE "BACK ROOM" PLACES A FEW SIDE BETS

By John Patrick Mackenzie

Illustrated by A. W. Grann

ADJUSTING his eye glasses precisely with his left, Dr. Tassie with his good right hand brought the fifth reader into exact position, displaying in his action that dignified accuracy which invariably compelled admiration.

Even the refractory Upper Third on the "circular bench," most of whose members had, until now, successfully resisted in the Lower Third the tyrant's high handed efforts to develop a vein of scholarship by persistent hammering at their adamantine stubbornness; even these, like the banished cavaliers, when, in exile, they saw Cromwell's pikemen charging against the flower of the infantry of Spain, could scarce restrain exclamations of enthusiasm at sight of the exceedingly good form displayed by a worthy foe. And Chummy Jones, in the spirit in which he would commend a straight bat at cricket, or a clean shot at the lacrosse goal, whispered to Satan Nixon, "Well played, indeed, sir !" causing that ever guileless youth to snicker and thereby arouse hopes among his fellows that the class would once more be treated to the spectacle, so common in their Lower Third days, of a public administration of the tawse.

But "Old Bill" evidently had something unusually absorbing on his mind, for he failed to grasp the opportunity.

With left foot advanced and his Olympian head well thrown back, he gave voice to his familiar slogan, invariable prelude to important proclamations or sentences, "Ah, h'm ! h'm ! h'm !" and began:

"In order to encourage in this deplorably backward class a higher conception of the beauties of literature, it is my intention to offer a prize for competition, and, in explanation of the conditions of the contest, I shall read to you from an advanced text book a masterpiece which has had a marked influence in forming the taste of many of my upper school pupils in the past, as well as, I may say, that of multitudes throughout the English-speaking world. I refer to the closing passage of the peroration of Macaulay's review of Mitford's History of Greece."

Spinal Maginnis sat up straight, feeling in his bones that something had to

"YE MICHT JUIST CA' ON ME," SAID MUNGO, SITTING BACK WITH A CONTENTED SIGH

happen when "Old Bill" selected that particular essay to point a moral. It was historic ground to Spinal, for in his Lower Third days he had scored heavily on the tyrant when coached to recite that part of it which he called "the perpetration." He still gloated over the memory of the enraptured applause of the assembled school on that occasion, which had more than repaid him for a severe application of the tawse resulting from "Old Bill's" lack of appreciation of his efforts. So he listened with keenest attention to the reading, which began where his recitation had come to an untimely end, and watched for an opening to verify the adage that history repeats itself.

With deep musical voice and sympathetic diction, Dr. Tassie captured the attention of the most stolid and stubborn of the hardened veterans as, with fine enthusiasm, he delivered the flowing sentences.

Let us with the fascinated semicircle rise above the commonplace for a time and listen to the glorified recital of the masterpiece.

"The dervise in the Arabian tale did not hesitate to abandon to his comrade the camels with their load of jewels and gold, while he retained the casket of that mysterious juice which enabled him to behold at one glance all the hidden riches of the universe. Surely it is no exaggeration to say that no external advantage is to be compared with that purification of the intellectual eye which gives us to contemplate the infinite wealth of the mental world, all the hoarded treasures of its primeval dynasties, all the shapeless ore of its yet unexplored mines.

"This is the gift of Athens to man. Her freedom and power have for more than twenty centuries been annihilated; her people have degenerated into timid slaves; her language into a barbarous jargon; her temples have been given up to the successive depredations of Romans, Turks and Scotchmen; but her intellectual empire is imperishable. And when those who have rivalled her greatness shall have shared her fate; when civilization and knowledge shall have fixed their abode in distant continents; when the sceptre shall have passed away from England; when perhaps travellers from distant regions shall in vain labor to decipher on some mouldering pedestal the name of our proudest chief; shall hear savage hymns chanted to some misshapen idol over the ruined dome of our proudest temple; and shall see a single naked fisherman wash his nets in the river of the ten thousand masts;—her influence and her glory will still survive—fresh in eternal youth, exempt from mutability and decay, immortal as the intellectual principle from which they derive their origin and over which they exercise their control."

As Dr. Tassie resumed his seat with the impressive air of one who has done his best in a worthy cause, he was gratified to see an immediate result of his efforts, for the egregiously unimpressionable class sat spellbound for at least a minute.

Grasping the psychologic moment, he announced:

"A prize will be given for the best essay written by a member of this class on a subject suggested by the passage which I have read to you. In order to popularize the event, the decision will be arrived at by a vote of the assembled school. Remember, there must be no external assistance, nor help of any sort not accessible to all; nor comparing of notes; nor communication of any sort on the subject after the competition has begun.

"Let me see—," as the clock struck twelve, "Freeman, remain. Let the others wait outside. I shall give you

the topic, which you will communicate to your classmates."

After due consideration, Dr. Tassie wrote in his beautiful but minute hand on a slip of paper from which he read with definite satisfaction:

"Seeking for hidden treasures of literature," and handed the slip to Harry who delivered the message to the scoffing crew outside.

A good majority of the class, consumed with curiosity, was waiting at the school door and to them Harry repeated the title fresh from Old Bill's lips. Spinal, having been "stumped" during class by the equally reckless Yankee Dickinson, who had displayed the first and second fingers of his right hand pointed upward like a V, meaning "let's go for a swim," had unloosed all possible buttons during class and had made a descent down the steep hill which can best be described as one long dive from the school door to the river, so he missed Harry's communication and came panting up to the play room door just in time to comb his dripping hair as the dinner bell was ringing. Harry handed him the slip of paper over the dinner table saying, "You can keep it; it's all over town by this time. Guess he's struck the wrong crowd in this house, though; some day-scholar'll get the prize."

"Uh huh," Spinal answered indifferently as he stuck the paper in his pocket.

Just then Dr. Tassie took his seat and said grace with his customary impressiveness. Further communication was constantly interrupted by such sounds as, "bread please, bread please, bread please, butter please, butter please, butter please," repeated down the long table like a Queen's Birthday *feu de joie* until the supply was reached and started on its way in the desired direction.

"OLD BILL SAID OUT IN THE HALL THAT IT WAS IN-COM-BAT-I-BLE WITH HUMAN INTELLIGENCE," DECLARED SPINAL, "AND THAT MEANS INDISPUTABLE—DOESN'T IT?"

Spinal, as he left the dining room, looked around ready for a challenge to play riding duck on the way back to school. You rolled a stone ahead and your opponent tried to hit it with his stone and land further on, in which case you would ride him on your back from your stone to his, and so on.

Spinal, with good competition, had been known to play this game all the way to school after dinner and get there on time. However, he did not happen to see any of the best exponents of the game at the moment, so he stuck his hands in his pockets and idly glanced at the slip of paper which he found, intending to throw it away, for he had not considered the contest seriously as a sporting proposition.

But instead he took a second look, opened his eyes wide, deposited the slip carefully in the inside pocket of his jacket and went off by himself over the least frequented road, buried in thought, until he reached the school door.

Spinal's announcement that he was going to compete created a sensation and his serious attitude did much to advertise the event.

Throughout all the stages of the competition he righteously resisted every overture on the subject, saying sturdily, "Let's play the game, fellows. I'm with Old Bill in this first, last and all the time."

"Old Bill will be with you at the finish and no one near to help, I bet," someone interrupted.

Spinal ignored the remark and continued with dignity, "Don't let's talk about it. Old Bill said we weren't to talk about the assay."

"The what!" inquired the back-room solicitously.

"The assay. That's as far as I've gone—getting that word right and I'm sure of it anyway. That's right. Look it up, Chummy," to his always skeptical and exacting critic.

Spinal had privately looked the word "essay" up as a starter and had unearthed the interesting information that "essay" and "assay" had originally been "equivocals," which he now made known with pride.

"Most of your words are that, Spinal," Chummy replied, but he made no move toward the dictionary, having learned by experience that Spinal was often mysteriously supported by it.

THE LITERARY ASPIRATIONS OF THE UPPER THIRD WERE THE TALK AND THE JOKE OF THE REST OF THE SCHOOL

"Yes, they are equivocals, and assay is the obsolute form which shows that it is obsolutely right to use it. It has a secondary meaning, to determine the amount of precious metal in anything. I'll show you fellows something precious."

Yankee Dickinson, carried away by Spinal's earnestness, enthusiastically exclaimed, "I'll bet anyone the sausage rolls for the crowd that Spinal wins the prize."

"I'll take that myself. It's a cinch," said Spinal, much to Yankee's dismay, but as Spinal assured them that he would do his best to win and the bet would make no difference, the backroom, as it would be ahead either way, decided that the bet stood.

As Mrs. Knox's sausage rolls were a rare delicacy only to be enjoyed in flush times, excitement ran high. But inasmuch as Spinal was known to have had for some time a standing offer from his father of five dollars whenever he could succeed in winning a prize, whereas Yankee's expectation of paying in the event of his losing was recognized to be characteristically optimistic, a rather peculiar situation was seen to exist.

If Spinal should win the prize, he would lose his bet and would have five dollars to pay it with, meaning practically unlimited sausage rolls. If, on the other hand, Spinal should fail to win the prize, Yankee would lose and, barring miracles, a beggarly half a dozen sausage rolls for each of the eight occupants of the backroom would be the maximum purchasing power of his monthly allowance after a known and old-standing debt to Mrs. Knox had been satisfied, and at that they would have to wait until the end of the month.

Chummy Jones dilated upon this feature in a conference with Harry Freeman and Gabby Wilkinson which was promptly called, these three constituting the commissary or grub committee which made all arrangements for the clandestine spreads held whenever any of the backroom boys received a box from home.

"It's no use doing our worst," Harry decided, "for then some dark horse from one of the other houses would have all the better show."

"We must all get busy—make the air so thick with literature that Spinal will just have to pitch in," Gabby suggested.

Chummy, who knew his school, agreed with his colleagues and assured

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The Masked Cavalier

By Frank Lee Benedict

Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant

THE two girls got out of the carriage at the great, gloomy old palace where Mrs. Thorwald had her apartment, and, after laughing adieus to that lady, ran down the street to their own dwelling—another desolate looking old place only a short distance below.

They did not meet a living creature, except an unhappy dog going on three legs, and a still more decrepit female, seated on a curbstone, plying a pair of knitting needles and muttering so busily to herself that she could not afford the pair even a glance.

A little one-horse conveyance—the style of vehicle so common in Rome—had halted at the corner of the street, as Mrs. Thorwald's carriage drew up before the door. A masked man dressed in a rich cavalier's costume, got out, paid the driver, and as soon as Mrs. Thorwald had disappeared, hurried toward the house which the girls had already reached.

It was the height of the Carnival season, and the whole Roman world was still collected on the Corso. Mrs. Thorwald, anxious about a dinner she was to give, had hastened her young friends away before the race, which closes each afternoon's wild gayety; and each of the girls privately thought that Mrs. Thorwald was selfish in spite of her pretty speeches and coaxing ways.

ROSE WRINKLED HER PRETTY FOREHEAD OVER THE NOTE

For some inexplicable reason, the doors were closed when they arrived at the place, and Rose Sanderson pounded furiously with the ponderous knocker, which made noise enough to rouse the dead, although unheard, or unheeded, by old Assunta.

While Rose hammered, Geraldine Gray, glancing up the street, became conscious of the tall man marching onward in his cavalier dress.

"I do believe Assunta is dead," cried Rose. "If not, I could end her miserable, old misspent existence with great pleasure the instant we get in,—if we ever do."

There was no answer from her companion. She was too busy pounding with the knocker and anathematizing Assunta to wonder at the silence. Then it suddenly occurred to her that Geraldine bore the delay with singular, not to say aggravating, composure. She turned to discover the reason, and saw the mask close to the great doorway, in whose shadow they stood. He was holding out a rose. After an instant's pause, Geraldine took it.

"Well!" exclaimed Rose, dropping the knocker with a final bang, which sounded like a young cannon.

The cavalier made a merry gesture of farewell, and darted down the street. At the same moment the door opened, and Assunta appeared, so deafening in her loud-voiced excuses, that, between her desire to get out of reach of the sound and her determination to have an explanation from Geraldine, Rose rushed her companion on, and left the scolding for a more convenient season. The girls mounted the first flight of steps in silence. As they reached the

landing Rose pulled at her friend's dress and held her fast.

"I do think there are limits to what is permissible, even in Carnival time," she said with a glance at the red blossom her friend held.

"Mercy," returned Geraldine laughing, "a lecture on prudence is something new from you, Rose. What have I done ?"

"I saw him hanging about under the balcony half a dozen times to-day," pursued Rose. "You needn't think I didn't recognize him."

"How observant you are," said Geraldine admiringly.

"I wouldn't be deceitful," cried Rose, reproachfully.

"Persevere in that good resolution," returned Geraldine. "Dear me, puss, what is so dreadful in my taking this pretty flower—your namesake ? If it had been any other sort I might have refused."

This teasing reply was more than Rose's patience, sorely tried by Mrs. Thorwald's selfishness and Assunta's delay, could endure. She walked on up stairs with dignity, not deigning to look behind her. Geraldine followed more leisurely, and took the opportunity to unwind a slip of paper, carefully folded round the stem of the rose, and hide it in her purse. At the door of their apartment, Geraldine overtook her friend, and said with a consoling pat:

"Now, don't be a cross rose-bud. I didn't mean to tease you."

"Tease me ? The idea !" she said, neither very intelligibly or amiably, but her good disposition wasn't proof against Geraldine's coaxing way and she forgot her displeasure.

"Come and see papa," she said.

"I want to go to my room first—then I will," Geraldine replied, and went her way.

Rose passed on to a cosy little room where Mr. Sanderson had made a combination den and workroom. Having sprained his ankle a week earlier he lived in the one room. He was a handsome man, with the marks of ill health on his face, and a certain peevishness audible in his voice.

"So you are back," he said, as Rose entered. "Aren't you early ?"

"Oh, yes. Mrs. Thorwald wouldn't wait for the race," replied Rose. "Papa, she's the most selfish thing I ever knew in my life."

"Then she must be a monster," said Mr. Sanderson.

"Have you had much pain to-day ?" she asked.

"No. I think not so much as usual," he replied, making the admission rather grudgingly. "Where is Geraldine ?"

"She went to her own room. She will be in presently. Oh, papa, it is too bad that you have to stay shut up here at the Carnival time !"

"My dear, that is just a specimen of my luck—just ! However, I don't mind missing the Carnival much. It is nothing compared to what it was when I used to be in Italy."

"Now papa, don't be cynical. I don't believe there ever was a finer one. I wish that ankle of yours was well enough for you to go to Mrs. Harriman's dinner. I've got the invitation just now." Rose wrinkled her pretty brows over the note.

"My dear, the one consolation I have found in my accident is the fact that I am able to stay away. That woman's airs and affectations are more than I can endure."

"She *is* dreadful," sighed Rose. "However, she has been very good-natured about taking Geraldine and me out since we've been here."

"Because Geraldine is an heiress," he replied; "and she likes the glory. If it was not for that you might have stayed shut up till doomsday before she would have noticed you in the least."

Rose didn't pay much attention to her father's bitterness. She was accustomed to his grumbling, and it had no effect upon her happy disposition.

Geraldine came in then, and the conversation took a pleasanter tone. Mr. Sanderson could be amusing when he could forget himself, and he was invariably kind and gentle with his ward. He had hoped once to see her something closer, but since his son had turned out a disappointment, he had been obliged to forget that.

Geraldine Gray was twenty-one now, and she had come to live with the Sandersons soon after her sixteenth birthday. Rose was two years younger, but, from the first, they had been fast friends, and their affection had only strengthened during these years. Geraldine had been an orphan from early childhood; her home had always been with an aunt, whose death made it necessary for Mr. Sanderson to rouse himself sufficiently out of his accustomed indolence to take charge of her and her affairs.

"I FAIL TO SEE,—" BEGAN MR. SANDERSON, AND STOPPED. "IF THESE MATTERS ARE ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY TO EXPLAIN YOUR ESCAPADE, GO ON"

Not long after her arrival—before they had gone abroad—came the news, which dashed to the ground the hopes Mr. Sanderson had been weaving. Charley was twenty-one then, just raised to the rank of lieutenant in the navy, and was expected home after an absence of three years.

He did not come. In place of that came tidings that he had resigned his commission to escape dismissal. He had been mixed up in some wild affair—had struck a superior officer, and away went the whole fabric of dreams that had been indulged in over the boy's future. There ensued a brief, angry correspondence between father and son, ending in the father's telling the lad he never wanted to see or hear of him.

Two years later Mr. Sanderson took his daughter and ward to Europe, where he would have settled down into a disgruntled old hermit if it had not

Continued on page 113.

THE WOMAN OF IT

By Alan Adair

Author of "THE APOSTACY OF JULIAN FULKE," "JOAN," *etc.*

Illustrated By Katherine Southwick

SYNOPSIS.

This novel of English society opens with a prologue showing Robert Sinclair as a boy in Rome. He angers his father, a cashiered captain, by wanting to become a singer, and is brutally beaten. Mother and son leave Rome that night, the boy regretting only his parting with his playmate, Denzil Merton.

The scene changes to London. Lord Merton is giving a box party at the opera for the family of a Canadian railway man, with whose daughter, Valerie Monro, he is deeply in love. When the new tenor who is to make his premier in the role of the Knight Lohengrin comes on, Merton recognizes him as his boyhood friend, Robert Sinclair. Valerie is strangely impressed by the tenor but chides herself for being as silly about him as the other women of the party. Merton tells her he is going to call on Sinclair the next day, which he does, and finds Sinclair eager to renew their boyish acquaintance. Merton tells him that Valerie wants to meet him, but he laughs and intimates the Lohengrin's armour has dazzled her a little. Merton disclaims this, saying, "She is not like that," and when Mrs. Monro sends the singer a card for her next ball, Merton persuades him to accept. Valerie perversely snubs him. Later in the evening a lighted candle falls on her, and Sinclair puts out the fire, burning his hands. Valerie attempts to thank him, and ends by a gust of hysterical tears which washes away the coldness between them. They start afresh on their acquaintanceship, and she invites Sinclair to come and see them. However, their next meeting is at the Duchess of Northshire's musicale, where Sinclair is a lion. She promises him three dances at Lady Merton's ball. Feeling intuitively that Merton will ask her to marry him, she tells herself, "To-night I will be happy. After that, the deluge!" She coquettes with Sinclair, and provokes him until at last he takes her in his arms, and admits that he loves her. Then, coming to himself, he puts her away, saying, "There is Denzil, my friend—and yours." She tells him, "He will ask me to marry him, to-night. What shall I say to him?" Sinclair grips her by the shoulder and says fiercely: "You aren't going to marry him! Do you hear me?" Then, coming to himself, he puts her away. He will not take Denzil's beloved away from him, and he tells Valerie he loves her too much to marry her, that he would not make her happy, that he loves his work more than any woman. Valerie cannot understand this altogether, but he forces her to accept the fact that he will not marry her; and later in the evening she accepts Denzil. When Sinclair reaches home, his father is asleep in his rooms, having come to beg for money on the strength of the fact that he is the next heir to the baronetcy of Abbott's Wood, and Sir Fulke Sinclair is a very old and feeble man. His son settles two hundred pounds a year on him, and tells him that it is only on condition that the captain never show his face near his son again, never write to him or communicate with him. The elder Sinclair consents, borrows all the gold the son has in his pockets at the moment, and goes off with a pitiful attempt at jauntiness, leaving the young man alone. Valerie, as Denzil's fiancee, goes with the Mertons to Barranmuir, for the shooting. After much persuasion, Sinclair comes for a few days, and is shocked to find how thin and white Valerie has grown. Diphtheria breaks out in the village, and Denzil is anxious about her, but she laughs it off. Captain Sinclair turns up, and demands more money from his son, which Robert refuses to give. In a rage, the captain threatens to ask Lord Merton for a loan.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued

"You had better," said his son with a short laugh, "only I warn you that he has no illusions concerning you."

"There are men staying here who would help me."

"The man from whom I parted a few moments before you accosted me, was talking to me of you. I don't fancy that there would be much good asking *him*!"

"There may be other men in the party. I am staying at the inn here with two other men—we are doing a little bit of shooting."

"You will not be likely to come across any member of our party. We only shoot Merton's moors!"

"I shall find some means of making myself known to them! I tell you for the last time Robert, that it would be better for you, if you came down from that high and mighty position of yours and gave me what I ask for!"

"That may be, but I shall not do it!"

"You will have reason to regret it! I will trip you up, sooner or later. I will wound you in your tenderest part!"

"That, of course, is your affair," said Robert. "Whatever you may threaten, it is all one to me. I tell you, and I mean it, you will get nothing more out of me, than the two hundred a year which I told you you should have!"

"You will live to regret this!"

"That is my affair," said the young man.

"Is that your last word?"

"My very last! But I warn you, that it will not be any use appealing to any friends of mine!"

"Then I swear to you, that I will be even with you! I have never yet let anything stand in the way of my revenge and I will not now. Do you hear?"

"I hear," said Robert with a little laugh.

"Laugh," said his father in a passion. "You will not laugh for long." Robert made no answer but walked quickly to the house. The hall was full of people talking and drinking tea. Valerie was seated in her accustomed place near the fire, holding her hands to the blaze. They seemed more frail, more delicate than they had ever looked. As he came in she lifted her head and her eyes sought his across the crowd of merry guests. For a moment it seemed to him as if they two stood in the room, alone!

CHAPTER XII.

"WHAT *is* the matter, Bob? You are so odd lately."

It was Lady Merton who spoke and she halted for a moment as she was passing from one drawing room to another to speak to the young man, who was seated alone in an angle of the room, apparently in a brown study.

He gave a little start. "The matter? I don't know. Sit down by me and

talk to me—I think I want something motherly !"

She laughed. "Do you ?" she said. "You are a strange boy—there's Dolly Brent looking at you with all her heart in her eyes ! Looking pretty enough, poor child, to attract any man !"

"Why do you say, poor child ?"

"Because she is a poor child ! Do you see her ? Well, she has to get married, and that pretty soon, to make room for two other sisters who are coming out—and she does so want to marry a man of whom she can be fond ! Not but what she would accept the first man who offered if he could give her money and position ! She is no heroine—poor Dolly ! But she is not altogether of the type who does not care !"

"Poor girl, indeed," said Sinclair, but he did not make a movement towards her.

"Now there again ! What a curiously impassive boy you are," said Lady Merton. "Another man would have said, 'shall I go over to her and talk to her for half an hour, shall I make her happy with a few nice speeches and a kiss ?' "

"I should not care to do that," said the young man slowly.

"I know you would not, or else I should not have said so—I was jesting —I don't believe you care for anything except singing—and, they tell me, shooting and all manner of sport."

"Is not that enough ?" said he.

"If it made you happy—but you are not happy. Something is wrong with you this time, Robert."

"How do you know that ?"

"You would not have sat here for twenty minutes in a brown study if you had been. Your face was not the face of a happy man !"

"I'll tell you what it is," said he. "I am too idle—I am not used to an idle life ! And I want to sing to-night. May I not sing for you, dear lady ?"

"May you not?" she said, joyfully, "may you not ? But Robert, it would be simply delightful if you would. We have been dying to hear you, and I knew you would not mind—only Denzil was so insistent that you should not be asked !"

"Dear old Denzil," said he.

Denzil's mother impulsively stretched out her hand to pat the coat sleeve of Denzil's friend.

"He is so happy ! It is marvellous to me to see him—and she—is she not delightful ? So beautiful, too—and so sympathetic !"

"Yes," said Sinclair simply, "she is all that. When may I sing to your ladyship ?"

"Now, at once. Go into that room and begin—it will not be long before every other room is empty !"

"Is there any one who can play for me ?"

"Lady Killoe—she is very musical !"

"Then if you will take me to her, we might ask her."

Lady Killoe, tall, slight, middle-aged and Irish, was delighted. "You must tell me where I go wrong, Mr. Sinclair," she said.

"You won't go wrong," smiled he.

Denzil and Valerie were seated in the conservatory leading out of the long room that was the last of the three drawing rooms composing the west wing of the house. It was a room used mostly for music and for dancing and had an inlaid floor of wood that was famous all over the county. It was lit by small groups of shaded electric lights. It was a room that was not too full of furniture and therefore lent itself easily to singing.

Valerie was seated with Denzil in the conservatory which led out of this room. It was a favourite place of theirs, being private, but not too secluded. At this time of the year it was filled with beautiful chrysanthemums whose slightly acrid smell was pleasant to the young girl. A little fountain in the centre plashed prettily —Denzil loved fountains ever since his boyhood—they reminded him of Rome, he said. He had been out shooting all afternoon and he had missed his hour with Valerie—the diphtheria was still bad in the village and he was telling her of one or two cases. She was listening

SHE LOOKED VERY WHITE AND FRAIL AS SHE PASSED UP THE STAIRCASE, OUT OF DENZIL'S VIEW, AND HE WAS SHAKEN BY THE SUDDEN FEAR OF LOSING HER

with interest and asking him whether he had taken precautions.

"I am all right," he said. "But that was one of the reasons I did not come in to see you before dinner. I will take no risks where you or anybody else is concerned. No one else goes into any houses of the village, so the household is safe. I have ordered that none of the household shall mix with the village people on penalty of instant dismissal. I shall be almost glad when the last of our guests leave !"

"You want me to go?" she asked, smiling.

"I want to know that you are quite safe," he said, "and then, Valerie, when that time comes—it will be by so much nearer to our wedding day !"

"Then you are not happy now ?"

"Not happy," he said and looked at her. "Only, Valerie, you must not forget, that however little of a man I may appear to the outside world, I *am* a man ! And I want you to have and to hold !"

"You are always a man to me," she said. "Hark, what is that? Who is going to sing ?"

There was almost the sound of fear in her voice, but Denzil for once did not notice it.

"I do hope my mother has not asked Bob to sing," he said in a tone of vexation. "I particularly warned her not to do so. It was all right when we were alone in London—he sang to her and to me—but here it is different !"

"He is going to sing," said Valerie in a low voice.

"Is he ?" Denzil was vexed.

"Probably he wanted to," said the girl—she spoke in a voice of intense weariness.

"Shall we go into the music room ?"

"No, let us stay here, Denzil—we shall hear and we shall not be seen."

"Why are you always so good to me, Valerie ?"

"Good ?" she laughed a bitter little laugh that puzzled him—"hush, he is beginning !"

"In the shadow of the conservatory he stole his arm round her and kept it there. Valerie made no movement at all, but turned her face slightly towards the room. At the first sound of Sinclair's voice, the music room had become full of people. Dolly Brent was among the first to come in. She seated herself at the entrance of the conservatory and Valerie fixed her eyes on the young girl's face. It was so pretty ! and the girl herself was so easily moved by the tenor's voice. Valerie, looking at her, knew that Dolly had laid her impulsive young heart at the handsome tenor's feet. She had guessed it before. Indeed she had known from the very first when Dolly had asked her to introduce her to Sinclair, that the girl had been attracted to him. But now Valerie could see by the look on the girl's face, that it was not attraction merely—it was love !

Song followed song. The wonderful voice rose and fell, full of that nameless charm, that only belongs to the great singers of the world. He sang songs of high daring, songs of good fellowship and then at the last, songs of love. And as he sang, Valerie could see Dorothy's face grow more and more womanly, she could mark her quickened breathing, her heightened colour. She could see the tenderness in the moist, blue eyes. And as she looked a bitter jealousy seized Valerie. This girl, this Dolly, was free ! Free to love, free to let a man see her love ! Free, so that she still had a chance of fulfilment to her love !

Now and then too, it seemed as if Sinclair were not ignorant of the girl's rapt look. He turned to her once almost involuntarily.

"He is singing to her, he is singing to her ! How dare he ? When he knows I am here ? Looking on, seeing it all ! He has never cared for me, never ! It has been a game to him ! If he does not stop, it will kill me !" Valerie clenched her hands in her lap.

But he did not stop—he sang on and Dolly's face grew more and more beautiful. Denzil said at the end of a song, "It is a marvellous voice ! I have never heard anything like it." Valerie forced herself to say "Is it not ?"

"I am glad he is singing," he said the next time. "I don't think my happiness could be greater, Valerie—here, with you quite close to me and that wonderful voice saying what I could never say—I don't care now if my mother did ask him !"

And then the prelude of another song began.

Lady Killoe was playing beautifully and she was enjoying herself. Of the people who were grouped round the piano, it was not too much to say that they were spell-bound. The few elderly people who always do prefer a game of bridge to anything else in the world had opened the door of the room where they were playing so that they too might hear while the cards were being shuffled. It was their way of offering incense at the shrine of art.

And then after he had sung for about three-quarters of an hour, Sinclair bent towards Lady Killoe and thanked her for playing. Then without deviating, he walked straight across the room to Dolly Brent's side.

"You liked it ?" he asked.

"I loved it," she answered.

"There are tears in your eyes," he said gently.

"I know—I don't mind. You make me feel, you know. I have never dreamt of music like that."

He laughed. "Lady Killoe plays beautifully—she has the artistic temperament. One can see it—one feels it ?"

"How ?" she asked, turning her charming face to his. "Have I the artistic temperament, Mr. Sinclair ?"

He laughed again. "No," he said, "you have not. But don't fret about that—you are best without it. It is a privilege for which you have to pay rather highly !"

"And I have nothing to pay with," she said frankly. "I am poor in every way, you know !"

"Not in *every* way !"

The dimples which were one of her chief beauties made their shy appearance. Dolly was looking enchantingly pretty. Valerie, looking out of the dark conservatory at the two felt as if she could not bear this much longer.

"Bob seems taken with Dolly," said Denzil at her side in an amused voice.

"Yes, he seems to be." She did not know how she forced herself to speak easily.

"He might do worse—although I can never imagine Robert loving any woman !"

"Why not ?"

"I don't know—he is so keen about his singing and sport generally, there does not seem to be room for women in his life ! And he could have almost any woman for his wife whom he wanted !"

"Could he ?"

"Why of course—with his voice and his beauty and his manners. Sanday was telling me too that he is undoubtedly heir to Sir Fulke's property in Berkshire !"

"The fairy godmother must have been asked to his christening !"

"Undoubtedly—and he is a dear fellow too. He has not an atom of self consciousness or pride about him ! He does not even resent my giving you all I have to give !"

Robert was talking still to Dolly Brent. Valerie felt as if knives were being thrust into her heart. She rose abruptly from her seat.

"Denzil," she said speaking quite softly, "I think I must say good-night—I'm horribly tired !"

"Tired, my darling ! and here have I been talking away like a fool all the time about my happiness and not noticing that you were looking white ! How pale you are. You are sure you are feeling well ?"

"I have not got diphtheria, if that is what you are fearing," she said with a forced laugh. "I'm just tired, Denzil !"

"Just tired—as if that were not enough—come, I will walk with you to the foot of the staircase !"

That meant across those three long rooms—she would have to pass Robert and Dolly—how could she do it ?

(To be continued)

Masked Cavalier

Continued from page 109.

been for the liveliness of the two girls. Fortunately Geraldine had determination enough to insist that neither her existence or her friend's should be rendered monotonous or unbearable. Altogether the years had been very pleasant ones to them both. They had traveled a great deal, made agreeable friends, and Mr. Sanderson's complaints had grown too much a matter of course for either to be seriously affected by them.

This winter in Rome had been an especially gay one, as Geraldine had now come into full possession of her fortune. There had been parties, balls and pretty new dresses for Rose as well as herself; she managed to do all sorts of little things for her friend in that line without exciting the father's suspicion, as he was one of those men who could grant favors readily enough, but was utterly incapable of accepting them.

The two girls sat with Mr. Sanderson while he dined, and after they had dressed for Mrs. Thorwald's dinner came to show him their pretty costumes. There was something odd about Geraldine to-night. Rose could not help remarking it, and as she connected it with the flower and the masked cavalier, she was somewhat displeased, and would ask no questions. Rose had always held fast, during these years of silence in which Charley's name had been a forbidden subject, that he would sometime reappear; and in her mind she had reserved her friend for him. And now this fellow, who had haunted Geraldine's steps during the past week, had power to bring such light into Geraldine's eyes, and to make her so excitable and nervous.

When they reached home, Geraldine, instead of lingering as usual, went off directly to her own room. So Rose went to bed to rid herself of her disagreeable fancies. How long she had slept she did not know. It seemed to be nearly morning, when some sudden sound roused her. She sat up and listened. It came again. Her first thought was that robbers were trying the window; she sprang out of bed and ran to Geraldine's room. It was fastened on the inside—the first time such a thing had ever happened. Beyond that was a door which opened into Geraldine's maid's room. The room was empty. She ran across it into Geraldine's apartment—that was empty too. She looked about and noticed that the noise had been caused by the slamming of a shutter that had been left open. It never occurred to her to waken her father, as she had no thought of betraying Geraldine, but

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this midnight disappearance was so out of keeping with the girl she had known so long.

"If I'd done such a thing it wouldn't be so queer, I'm such a crazy goose," she sobbed. "but for Geraldine —heavens, what does it mean ?"

She looked about the room again. There was an unfamiliar basket in one corner. She threw up the lid, and instantly knew where Geraldine had gone—to the masked ball at the Apollo Theatre ! The basket still held a mask and a portion of a domino. Rose was more puzzled than ever. A friend had offered to take them to the theatre to see the masquerade from a box, and Geraldine had been the first to refuse. A masquerade where there was no dancing would be only a bore, she had declared. But she was gone, and the rose had something to do with it.

Mr. Sanderson, unable to sleep, got up, put on his dressing-gown and hobbled into the den to smoke. The vicious-voiced little clock on the mantel was striking two when he was starteld by hearing a key turn in the door. He crossed the room painfully, opened the door and found himself face to face with two figures the foremost, to his unbounded astonishment, being his ward !

"Geraldine !" he spluttered in his wrath, "what is the meaning of this ?"

The other muffled figure darted off down the corridor. It was Miss Gray's maid, shrouded like Geraldine in a long black wrap. Marianne was so rigid and angular, so full of British prejudices and propriety, that it seemed impossible that she had been guilty of such a freak escapade.

Geraldine looked pale, a little tired, too; but there was no sign of fright or confusion. If it had been noon-day she could not have been more composed.

"Geraldine !" he repeated, feeling himself grow stupid from surprise.

"You will catch cold standing on that stone floor," she said quietly. "I am sorry we disturbed you; the door would not open, and Marianne made a great racket."

"Where have you been ?" he demanded. "But I don't need to ask," pointing to her costume. "Geraldine, who went to the masked ball with you ?"

"Only Marianne," she replied; "but we were as safe as if we had been at home—nobody recognized us. And I couldn't have been more properly chaperoned than with dear old precise Marianne."

"I wonder you could have persuaded her to go," he replied, puzzled by her composure. "I—I am shocked."

"Please don't let's say any more about it to-night. Marianne and I were not alone—we had ample protection. I

am very tired, and I want to sleep."

"Is that all you mean to say ?" he asked, aghast.

"I want you to wait until morning for explanations," she said with a finality in her tone that staggered him.

"You refuse to explain," he gasped.

"Just for to-night, please," coaxed Geraldine. She made the best of her advantage and kissed him goodnight.

She went in to her maid's room first, and Marianne pointed to the other room in silence. There was Rose all huddled up in a Morris chair, asleep.

"Heavens ! Rose, what are you doing asleep at this hour in my room ?" she said.

"Oh, Jerry ! where have you been ? Why it's morning, and I've been scared out of my senses."

"It's only half past two, and we are often out later than this," said Geraldine calmly.

Rose rubbed her eyes, stared at her friend and exclaimed, "You've been at the masked ball at the Apollo !"

"Exactly where I was," returned Geraldine.

"Geraldine, you are crazy !"

"Opinions differ. To me it seems much more like a symptom of insanity for a young woman to go to sleep in a chair instead of getting into bed," Geraldine said in her most unruffled manner.

"I was in bed," said Rose. "But I heard a noise and I came in here frightened, and you were gone. I think it was a horrid way to treat me."

"Rose, honey, do be reasonable ! How could I possibly know that you would get a fright and rush into my room, this night of all others ?"

"I couldn't get in," said Rose.

"Horrors ! Then I suppose it's your spirit I'm talking to."

"Jerry, you're a cat," cried Rose in one of her little bursts of temper. "I knew when you took that flower to-day there was something doing. I hate that horrid Italian; and he'll be sure to tell of your going there to meet him. Yes, and then Mrs. Thorwald and her set will talk, and talk and talk !"

"I don't think the Italian will tell," returned Geraldine with a mischievous smile.

"I don't see how you can like him anyway," Rose said miserably.

"I don't." Geraldine was entirely unabashed.

"After taking that rose—after going to the ball. Good gracious, what would papa say if he should find out ?"

"He knows already," said Geraldine calmly. "He opened the door for us, because Marianne made such a racket, and turned into a statue of horror at the sight."

"Goodness!" breathed Rose. "What on earth did you say ?"

"Nothing. I took him into the den and advised him to sit down."

"And he didn't insist on knowing ?"

"Yes, as a matter of fact, I think he did," responded Geraldine, turning to the mirror and beginning to take down her hair. "But insisting doesn't always imply that you find out."

Rose scrambled out of the Morris chair indignantly, and stood up, her curly hair tumbled all about her piquant little face. She looked like a small but defiant kitten.

"Geraldine Gray ! I'm astonished at you !" she burst out. "If you won't tell me who was with you to-night, I'll never speak to you again."

"Why, pussy !" said Geraldine, turning about with amused surprise. "Did you think I'd been a naughty girl with an *affaire de coeur ?* Stop looking like the muse of tragedy, and I'll tell you."

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17

Agents; *W. LLOYD LOCK & CO., Winnipeg.*

ASSOCIATED ADVERTISING CLUBS OF AMERICA — TRUTH

Do you know what this emblem stands for?

IT means, bigger, better, cleaner business. It is the inspiring insignia of 140 clubs, with a membership of over 10,000 earnest men. Learn what the Associated Advertising Clubs of America are doing for honesty in business, for more systematic, scientific and successful methods of distribution, advertising and salesmanship. Attend the Tenth Annual Convention of the A. A. C. of A.

TORONTO JUNE 21-25 1914

Interesting Program

The program for this great convention is comprehensive and diversified, covering every phase of modern merchandising. The sessions will be addressed by able, successful men; open meetings, devoted to a wide range of special topics, will give everybody a chance to ask questions and hear his own problems discussed by the men who have met and solved them.

Edward Mott Woolley

the famous writer on business topics, has made a study of the A. A. C. of A. and their work, as well as of the plans for the Toronto Convention. He has embodied the result in a little book "The Story of Toronto." This book paints a graphic, inspiring picture of what this great movement signifies.

It will be sent free to all business men asking for it on their business stationery—together with detailed facts as to the conventinn program and rates for accommodations

Address—CONVENTION BUREAU

Associated Advertising Clubs of America

Toronto, Canada

"Well?" said Rose, unmollified.

But Geraldine did not speak. Instead she crossed the room, shut the door snugly, and whispered something very seriously into Rose's little ear. The girl shrank away from her with a cry.

"Geraldine! You don't mean it?"

"Hush!" said the older girl. "You'll wake your father. It's quite true—*he* was the cavalier, and he will be here in the morning. Now we must both go to bed at once and sleep. We will have a hard day to-morrow."

She spoke with gentle authority, and Rose, dazed and astonished, obeyed her. Silence shut down upon the old house, but Geraldine lay awake, thinking.

Mr. Sanderson slept late next morning, and when Rose came in he set down his coffee-cup and looked impressive.

"Send Geraldine to me at once," he said, without the formality of a "Good morning."

"Geraldine? Certainly, father," agreed Rose sweetly.

"He's cross as a bear," she confided to Geraldine. "Be careful, won't you?"

Geraldine was her usual charming self, as she entered the den where Mr. Sanderson was frowning over the morning paper.

"Did you sleep well?" she said serenely. "And are you in the best possible humour?"

"At least I am ready to hear what explanation you may have of last night's occurrence," stated Mr. Sanderson solemnly.

"Then you must promise not to interrupt me," she said, her own face taking on a look of gravity, "for I shall have to speak of matters you have forbidden anyone to mention in your presence."

"I fail to see—" began Mr. Sanderson, and then stopped. "If these matters are absolutely necessary to explain your escapade, go on."

"They are," she corroborated him. "I must go back some years, to the time before I came to live with you. Shortly before Aunt Margaret died, I met a young man who was foolish enough to love me better than I deserved. I was very young and romantic then; and though I cared for him a great deal, I teased and bothered him, without realizing how serious a matter it was to him. I flirted with another man—a naval officer—for a week or two, because we had had some trifling quarrel and I had some idea of punishing him."

She broke off, and looked up at him, two crimson spots burning in her cheeks. He regarded her sternly, but evidently without any idea of what she was leading up to. She went on.

Continued on page 124.

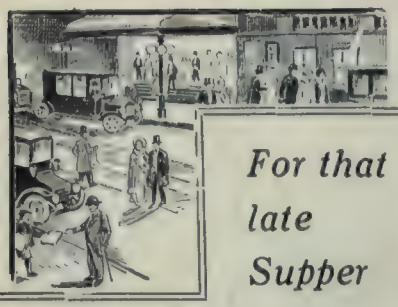
Waltham Watches

The purchase of a watch involves more than selecting the one that merely *looks* the best.

Waltham Watches are supremely beautiful, but the real basis of their world-wide fame is the perfection of their inward structure. It is this which makes them unequaled for right time-keeping. The name Waltham on a watch protects you from inferiority in those things which you cannot see.

There are Walthams for as low a price as will buy a good watch, and up to as high a price as any one should pay. Visit your jeweler.

Waltham Watch Company
Canada Life Bldg., St. James Street, Montreal



For that late Supper

Just a light, nourishing snack before retiring—try

Ingersoll Cream Cheese

Easily digested—pure and wholesome. The delicious flavor of Ingersoll Cream Cheese is most enjoyable. Send for little Ingersoll Recipe folder telling how to make dainty dishes for everyday.

"Spreads like Butter"

Sold by all Grocers in 15c and 25c packages.

The Ingersoll Packing Co., Ltd.
Ingersoll, - Ont.

BEAUTIFUL LINENS

at little cost. How strongly that statement must appeal to every housewife! Dainty centrepieces and a hundred-and-one other things to add beauty to your home are made possible through our scalloping.

Scalloping is suitable for so many purposes that every woman will be glad to know that we are able to do it, as well as embroidering and initialing, cheaply and quickly. In addition, we do pleating and hemstitching and make covered buttons.

For prices and booklet, write

TORONTO PLEATING COMPANY
Dept. G **TORONTO, ONT.** 2

This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

THE MONTH OF ROSES

LET us worship for a moment at the shrine of the rose—the emblem of old England. It was bold of her to capture the queen of flowers—yet it is not the rose as we know her in our hothouses that is England's emblem, but the wild rose that clambers up the houses in those quaint and beautiful villages that lie dotted over the whole country. It is a little rose with five delicate petals of pale or deep pink—the Tudor rose.

English history is perfumed with the rose. The rose-noble was a coin worth six and eightpence—the exact price of a lawyer's letter to-day. When York and Lancaster fought it was with roses—and other things. Harpocrates, the god of silence—whom women despise—was bribed by Cupid with a rose not to reveal the amours of Venus. And Cupid is busy with roses to-day. Artful little dodger, he even puts it into the heads of old husbands to give roses to their old wives when wedding anniversaries come round. By the way the idea that Cupid is the son of Venus we always considered a libel on that young imp, holding rather with Hesiod, the ancient theogonist, who says that Cupid was produced at the same time as Chaos and the Earth. Of course he was. How could we have ever got along without him, and is not Love eternal—without beginning and without end? In any case he is the dearest Boy in the world, and the universal Honey Boy.

THE GOLDEN ROSE

TO return to our roses. Like the Roman banquet halls of imperial time when showers of roses fell at intervals upon the guests, we remember one glorious night at Covent Garden in the year of the second jubilee of Queen Victoria, when in the silence one could almost hear the soft thud of a falling rose from the great garlands that wreathed the boxes. Roses, roses! Everywhere England's flower! Literally, from floor to box-top nothing but wreaths and bowers of roses whence shone out the fairest faces in the world, where glimmered all that there is of costly gems, diadems, gorgeous uniforms. An openwork curtain of roses woven with delicate greenery hid the front of all the circles, and drooped above the boxes, making a fairy-like frame for the royal women. The dying flowers dropped their petals into the laps of women sitting in orchestra chairs. It was a night spent in some enchanted fairyland where all was laughter and happiness, love—and a dream of fair women. It was difficult in this rose-world to believe that outside Want and Squalor pressed their lean and ill-favoured faces almost against the walls of the great theatre, watching—silent, eager, sullen—for the out pouring of a procession where walked Beauty, Youth, Happiness and Wealth. And yet, not far away, the ghastly Embankment was gathering its sordid company of lodgers for the night.

The golden rose arose in the Twelfth Century. It was a jewel which each year on the fourth Sunday in Lent was solemnly blessed by the Pope, who presented it in turn to all the Roman Catholic sovereigns of Europe. The Queen of Spain has one—also Alfonzo's mother. It is a very beautiful floral jewel and more than once it has carried a silent but no less potent political message. As compared with the olden time there are very few to whom such an emblem can be presented to-day. Once or twice the gift has been made to some lady in recognition of extraordinary piety or meritorious action.

But the custom as the occasion for it —is fading after the manner of all roses.

A GRAVE TALE

NOT long since we had a conversation with a woman who had received grave news in a doctor's office. This is what she said:—

"Although I had long familiarized myself with death, meditated upon it, noted the passing years and computed —within reason—the years that might remain; the absolute fact that Death was nearer to me than I had anticipated gave me a shock. That is, a shock of a sort, as though one had come up noiselessly behind and had tapped me on the shoulder suddenly, and that as I turned I met with something grim and inexorable. I remember smiling stiffly as I left the office, though the tears were very near. The first sensation I felt was one of immense self-pity—the next a sense of aloofness from all others of my kind—a dreadful loneliness. I remember that Moore's lines about the "stricken deer" came unto my mind, and also a story I had heard in childhood of how when the gamekeeper walked through the deer-park, and marked—in his mind only, remember —one of the herd to be killed—the rest silently withdrew and left the stricken one alone. My next sensation was the curious one that all responsibilities had dropped from me. A feeling of infinite and sad detachment from everything possessed me.

"Of what use to begin anything, to go on with anything, to plan anything? There were only a few days, weeks, months—perhaps a year or two, left—why should I not play these away doing anything I liked or—nothing? Was I not now and henceforth a privileged person? Then came a sort of hurry, as of one going upon a long and important journey. So many loose ends to be caught up. So many—so few rather—little jewels and trinkets to be divided as keepsakes. I even began to take an interest in gravestones and cemeteries. I owned no spot of earth in which to lay my body. Would it not be wise to put any spare money into an estate in the cemetery?

"All this without too much sadness, only that feeling of immense self-pity. Came more gruesome thoughts. Somewhere, in some shop in the city, my coffin was lying among many on one of those secret shelves in undertaker's places that are discreetly hidden lest the sight of them would cause our delicate sensibilities to suffer. Then, who would I have for pall-bearers? One I knew of. How well he would look in his immaculate linen and tall hat—how much would he care? What sort of a funeral would I have? Would anyone outside the few relatives and fewer friends come? Would they send flowers? Why did they not give them to me to-day, now, in my living hands where I could look at them with my living eyes and love them with my living heart? What would the clergyman say?—the old beautiful lesson—the old beautiful prayer:

"'I am the resurrection and the Life'—and then the last journey, and then the first night out under the stars —the awful, awful loneliness. The house I used to call home barred and locked against me—those whom I loved and who had loved me, lost at last in sleep and dreams. I thought of the woman in Olive Schreiner's 'African Farm' who went out the night her baby was buried and spread a waterproof over the little, little grave, to keep off her baby the rain that swept down in the dark, ..."

"And then came the rain—that human rain of tears. Never had the world seemed more beautiful. The earth was singing her spring love-song. The birds were mating, the young grass was just peeping up—the trees were thick with fat brown buds. The

In Spotless Town this teacher rules
The new Domestic Science Schools.
"A little loaf is good," she said.
"It helps to make us better bred."
We soften crusty natures so
By polishing with
SAPOLIO
TRY this on your dirtiest, greasiest pan:
Rub just the amount of Sapolio you need on a damp cloth. Scour the black surface of the pan.
Sapolio quickly drives the grease and grime
Sapolio keeps your hands soft and works *without waste.*
Out!
ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS
SAPOLIO

FREE SURPRISE FOR CHILDREN

DEAR CHILDREN:

WE HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU. A TOY SPOTLESS TOWN—JUST LIKE THE REAL ONE, ONLY SMALLER. IT IS 8¼ INCHES LONG. THE NINE (9) CUNNING PEOPLE OF SPOTLESS TOWN, IN COLORS, ARE READY TO CUT OUT AND STAND UP. SENT FREE ON REQUEST.

Enoch Morgan's Sons Company, *Sole Manufacturers,* New York City

"Thin, Faded or Discolored Hair"

unsuitably arranged and accompanied by a becoming costume or hat will mar your appearance.

Dorenwend's

offer the solution to the problem of overcoming all difficulties with your headdress. Our hair-goods answer every demand to suit all circumstances. Skilled workmanship, selected European hair, and styles suitable and correct are features of merit which gives them precedence.

Our Catalogue "A"

illustrates and describes each style in detail. Sent for the asking. Perfect satisfaction assured on every mail order.

THE DORENWEND CO. OF TORONTO, LTD.

The House of Quality Hair Goods

105 YONGE STREET TORONTO

sun streamed upon the world, warming it. To leave it all for the cold, the dark! The very soul shuddered at the thought of that unknown land beyond the curtain. Doubts assailed me. Was there any place? anything? Faith was for the moment annihilated. What if there was nothing—nobody, or —some place worse than this? For a while chaos reigned.

"Then the storm swept away, leaving everything clear, beautiful, fine. Courage came back, a courage made strong by the fires of suffering. The broken threads were joined, the web of life began again to form under the hands of the worker. All the self-pity, all the morbid thoughts, all the curious idle feeling—all these passed away, and the day's work took their places. Faith shone forth again clear as the rainbow after the shower. I cannot express to you the buoyant, hopeful feeling, the fresh energy for work, the still sort of happiness that pervaded all my soul. I felt like a soldier girding up for the final fight—brave, strong, sane, full of force, of will. And though often, I find myself making up epitaphs, like young John Chivery in Little Dorrit, it is always with a happy sense of humour—that saving quality which is the salt and the soul of life."

This is what the woman told and the way she told it. The Pedlar stooped, and gathering up the tale, folded it tenderly in the silken web of imagination, and laid it in his Pack.

ORIGINAL SIN

NOT long ago a poor bricklayer told his wife that he was a failure, and, jumping over London Bridge, he drowned himself in the Thames, leaving a wife and eight children "to mourn his loss." Had he paused awhile to meditate on failure's compensations he would be alive and placidly laying bricks to-day. Because he could not "get rich quick" like Wallingford or Andrew Carnegie he went and "did himself in." He forgot that it was he and not Carnegie who could lay bricks and build a library. In fact, the poor man was a mere ordinary, emotional, non-digesting human atom—and not a philosopher.

One need not be a Buddhist in the final unemotional stage of one's life's career to realize that the man whose name appears daily in the papers and whose wealth is a byword in the country is by no means necessarily a successful man in the true sense of the term. Something more than early to bed and early to rise is required as a rule to make a man inordinately rich. Ingenious youth slights this rather baleful lesson, but a time comes when the question puts itself almost inevitably: Which is the more desirable and expedient—possible wealth at all costs, or a moderate competence as the result of little more than routine effort? Of course there is the third alternative of being poor but honest, two things which do not run in harness as easily as those who utter the platitude may suppose.

The old leaven of original sin stirs in most of us, and even a hard working Pedlar might—if no one was looking—stoop to pick up an unconsidered trifle here and there for his Pack—nay, the

You Don't Have to Go to New York

We've solved the problem of style in shoes for Canadian women.
Few can afford to visit New York or Boston every time a new pair of shoes is needed—We bring the new York and Boston styles to you. You get the newest, latest models from the American shoe centres when you get the

ALTRO

SHOE *for* WOMEN

No shoes at any price excel those that come from the Minister-Myles factory. Few brands come anywhere near them in style, in fit or in wearing qualities. You can settle the style argument for yourself by dropping into almost any good shoe shop and asking to see a pair of Altros. To see them is to want them on your feet—then will come that lasting satisfaction that these good shoes ensure through months and months of wear.

Send Coupon for Vanity Hand Glass

Size 5 inches long, fine bevelled glass, richly chased silver-finished back, engraved with any initial. Retail price, 50c. Sent prepaid for 15c. to cover cost of engraving, postage and packing.

Minister Myles Shoe Co. Limited
109 Simcoe St. TORONTO

B
Send me a Vanity Hand Glass
Name _____

The ALTRO

_____

_____

fellow hath often done it, and lieth in danger of being caught at it, some misbegotten day, and beaten with heavy sticks.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE MILLIONAIRE

FOR all great aims there must be great achievements and great sacrifices. To become a millionaire, you must stake health, the mind's balance, and maybe even conscience itself on the game. Having got so far along the golden road as to be able to write a cheque for a hundred thousand or so, you would be astonished—had the power to notice it remained yours—at the hardening process to which your nobler instincts have been subjected. Sympathy has become a word to jest at. You are not concerned with the feelings of others: only with their pockets—and these you rifle. You can laugh at the poor penniless devil who is sent down for snatching a lady's purse, for you are immune, though your thieving is done on the most gigantic scale, i'faith, when you come to think of it, you are not fit company for a dejected withal honest bricklayer, nor are you worth as much to the world—especially to the wife and eight children—as that hapless fellow.

If everybody who was a failure went and put an end to himself the world would lose some of its greatest men. There was Mr. Roosevelt with his Big Stick, his grin and his loud voice, who went forth to battle with the Trusts. Now he has gone—and the Trusts are still gambolling. There was Mr. Taft with his Arbitration Scheme—but Mr. Taft was wiser than the bricklayer. He did not drown himself, as he might have, in the Panama Canal. There is the Czar of Russia, Mr. Arthur Hawkes, and Sir Wilfred Laurier—and there is yourself and—we say it with modesty—ourself—Yet we do not rush over the parapet of the bridge to find oblivion among the drowned rats and cats in the river. We are failures—ourself and the Czar especially—in that we have had our pet schemes turned down one way or another, through the pigheadedness of the man in the street, or the Government, or the printer's devil.

Time and again the Pedlar has looked over the parapet and mused upon the capacity of the Don for dead dogs and decaying mice. It is so with us all, and the bricklayer—who was evidently a man without a sense of humour—proves the rule by being the exception. When the like of him—instead of a stomachless millionaire—swiftly raises the curtain and jumps into the blackness beyond, we pause to deplore his lack of common sense. Multi-millionaires can be more easily spared than he who may lay bricks to build an edifice of Peace.

All Ready for Strawberry Time

In the spring, grocers everywhere stock up on Puffed Grains to get ready for strawberry time. Our mills are run night and day. We have sent out more than ten million packages to prepare for June demands.

For people, more and more, are mixing Puffed Grains with berries. The tart of the fruit and these nut-like morsels form a delicious blend.

Serve Together

When you serve berries, serve with them a freshly-crisped dish of Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice. Mix the grains with the berries, so that every spoonful brings the two together.

The grains are fragile, bubble-like and thin, and the taste is like toasted nuts. They add as much deliciousness as the sugar and the cream.

Strawberries, you think, are hard to improve upon. But try this method once.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

There are many delightful cereals. We make 17 kinds ourselves. But Prof. Anderson, in creating Puffed Grains, has supplied the daintiest ready-cooked morsels which come to the morning table.

And their delights are endless. They are good with sugar and cream. They are good mixed with fruit. Yet countless people like them best when served like crackers, floating in bowls of milk.

Girls use them in candy making. Boys eat them dry like peanuts. Cooks use them to garnish ice cream. In all these ways they take the place of nut meats.

But they are never better than at berry time, mixed with the morning fruit.

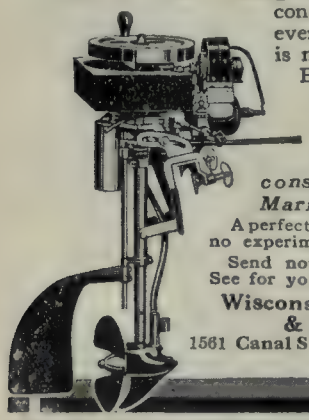
The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

"No More Rowing *for* ME!"

NO MORE blistering, back-breaking oar-labor under a blazing sun. Never again need I cut short the day's fishing or picnic so that I'll be able to pull back to the hotel in time for supper. Just a twist of the wheel and away I glide to the steady purr of my sturdy little

Wisconsin Detachable Row Boat **Motor**

The little motor with the powerful push. The motor which gives more speed, more economy, more power and more positive efficiency than any other of its size and weight. Absolutely dependable—always. The row-boat motor with *High Tension Magneto Ignition* and *Rudder Steering*. No missing—even at slow, trolling speed. Constant control of the boat—even when the motor is not running.



Built by the same men who have been for years building the famous *Wisconsin Valveless Marine Motors.*

A perfect, complete motor—no experiment or makeshift.

Send now for *free catalog.* See for yourself.

Wisconsin Machinery & Mfg. Co.
1561 Canal St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Short-Story Writing

Dr. Esenwein

A Course of forty lessons in the history, form, structure, and writing of the Short-Story taught by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, Editor of Lippincott's Magazine.

One student writes: "I know that you will be pleased when I tell you that I have just received a check for $125 from 'Everybody's' for a humorous story. They ask for more. I am feeling very happy, and very grateful to Dr. Esenwein."

Also courses in Photoplay Writing, Versification and Poetics, Journalism. In all, over One Hundred Courses, under professors in Harvard, Brown, Cornell, and other leading colleges.

250-Page Catalog Free. Please Address

The Home Correspondence School
Dept. 297 Springfield, Mass.

THE TRIUMPH OF WOMAN

AT last we have the rights of the thing—the reason for Woman's ultimate ascendancy over Man!—the *raison d'etre* of Mrs. Pankhurst and her army of smashers.

Eve was created first!

There it is in a nutshell—the wherefore and why the female of the species is deadlier than the male. The theory is, of course, advanced by a doctor. In these drugless days the physician, having little to do in the way of healing, has taken to writing for the magazines and papers, and the articles are at least novel and amusing, especially this statement as to an Adamless Eden. One Dr. Hunter is the authority. How he discovered that old Mother Eve had the garden to herself and the serpent, is not explained. Doubtless some microbe which (or whom) the good doctor interviewed in the processes of the laboratory communicated the matter to him. Microbes could explain a great deal that is still dark and mysterious—if they would. But they are silent creatures conserving their activities for work upon us. Our independent investigator student of biology, geology, ethnology and all the other ologies—assures us that Eve's sex at first ruled the universe. Then (mere) man came, and, like the overmastering creature he is, asserted his brute force, and began bossing and beating the women. Unused to treatment of that sort, they promptly fell in love with him and there they remained until Mrs. Pankhurst came to wake them up. Now the war is on, and no doubt it will be a case of the survival of the fittest. We offer the suggestion of Dr. Hunter as a fresh plank for the Suffragette platform—for what it is worth, merely commenting that we are thankful for such small mercies as not having lived when Eden was Adamless, and not being in the least likely to be here when that unhappy estate arrives again.

We are fond of our old Adam.

DOG, PIG AND ASS

JOURNEYING along towards the cross-roads, we came upon two fellows a-brawling, who were reviling one another. The one who had the upper hand, being of a sporting character, flavored his anathema with abusive animal names—which we thought hard on that part of creation from which we receive much love and service, and repay with ingratitude. Our choleric acquaintance appeared to be tolerably well acquainted with the bad characters existing among members of the brute creation, and was able to refer to them—prodigally—for summarily describing the person with whom he was engaged in altercation.

It must be Bovril

You can be sure of being nourished if if you take Bovril. Partly by virtue of its own food value, partly through its unique powers of assisting assimilation of other foods, Bovril has been proved to produce an increase in flesh, bone and muscle equal to 10 to 20 times the amount of Bovril taken. But *it-must-be-Bovril.*

Even were it double the price, Bovril would still be an economical and indispensable article in every home.

Of all Stores, etc., at

1-oz., **25c.**; 2-oz., **40c.**; 4-oz., **70c.**; 8-oz., **$1.30**; 16-oz., **$2.25.** Bovril Cordial, large, **$1 25**; 5-oz., **40c.** 16-oz. Johnston's Fluid Beef (Vimbos) **$1.20**

S.H.B.

THE MOST POPULAR PERFUME IN DAILY USE

INDISPENSABLE ON EVERY DRESSING-TABLE

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES!

Always be sure to look for our Trade Mark on the neck of the bottle.

Thus "dog", "hound," "puppy," and "toad" adorned his conversation, his adversary meanwhile being unable to get a word in. Having exhausted every form of doggy epithet, the wrathy sportsman let himself loose upon "ass." Now whether it be because of similarity of appearance or character, the Pedlar cannot bear to hear his hairy brother abused. When civilization lived in the East, the ass escaped entirely the injurious reputation with which he has

been saddled in Europe and hereabouts. Use the word with what vigour you like to an Asiatic and he will hardly feel aggrieved. It is only when acclimatized in countries where the atmospheric conditions cool his ardour and sour his nature, that the ass developed that stubborn inertness which has made him so useful to the orator and the scold as an example of these and other undesirable attributes. We hate to hear an ass abused, whether because of the cross on his back, or his patient expression, we can hardly explain, so hurrying fast we made our way from the contestants as expeditiously as possible, noting with satisfaction that our choleric friend had ceased belaying the poor patient ass, but was now deep in porcine phraselogy, bestowing with equal generosity "pig," "hog," and "swine" on his long-suffering companion whom by this time he had rendered speechless.

AT THE CROSS-ROADS

THE man at the cross-roads had a great deal to say about the jewels found under an old cellar in the heart of the City of London. That he reads the papers and has the eerie imagination of the Celt is very apparent:—

"Think o' that would ye now," he began, striking a light on the step of the stile and passing the clay to the Pedlar for a bit of a shaugh. "Three hundher years they wor, buried alive in the cellar—jools worth ransoms. Think of a watch in the middle of an emerald an' it goin' all the time, and the bust of Queen Elizabeth—bad cess to th' ould vargin!—lyin' undher th' stones wid the horses' feet thrampin' all over her for ages an' ages! Begor, it bates Bannagher. They wor goin' to bring the chamber av horros from ould Newgate to the same place where th' jools was, I see," he went on, "but it appears that Maria Manning, she that killed the gauger, Pat O'Connor, some time in th' last hundher years, was wan time a lady's maid in the same place, Stafford House, I think it is—so they didn't like to ray-instate her ould mask there again. Quare people, th' English.

"Did ye iver hear what wan o' thim tourists said to th' Dublin man? 'Well,' ses the fella to Pat as he was passing, 'you should get your ears cropped,' ses he, 'they're too large for a man.' 'Bedad,' ses Pat, quick as the divil, 'I was just thinking your own would want to have a gore let into him. Sure they're too small for any dacint ass.'"

We smoked awhile in silence—Then "Is your pack full?" said the man at the cross-roads—"because if it isn't you might tuck this in a corner of it. 'Tis about Carson.

"Wan time he was dhrivin' his

A Father's Soliloquy--
No. 2.

"Daddy's Little Girl"

"She's the picture of her mother the first time we met. The same eyes, the same hair, the same complexion, the same figure, the same in every way.

I'm very glad indeed that I took out that London Life Endowment Policy in her favor and payable on her eighteenth birthday.

I only regret that I didn't take out a larger one—I'd never have missed an extra hundred or two a year.

However, the profits are far in excess of the estimate, and it will make a very handsome birthday gift for Daddy's little girl."

That's one thing about The London Life worth remembering—It performs better than it promises. A reliable, economically-managed company—no wonder people say that its policies are as "Good as Gold."

POLICIES "GOOD AS GOLD" 52

The London Life
Insurance Company
LONDON - CANADA

SAMUEL E. KISER'S

"More Sonnets of an Office Boy"

THIS is something every man who had a real childhood should read. It will bring back your boyhood days with a bump. The world will seem brighter to you. Every man will be a good fellow. You will be a better fellow yourself. You can get it for 75 cents.

If your news dealer is sold out send direct to

Vanderhoof-Gunn Co., Ltd., Publishers
TORONTO - - - ONTARIO

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motor-car through Belfast an' a woman wid a babby ran up an' pushed the child through the window, with—'You'll shake hands wid him, Sir Edward, won't ye? What d'ye think we've called him? Faith—Edward Carson Bonar Law McCarthy. No less.'

"Another time a bundle o' wimmin ran up to Carson wid, 'We'll go to Hell wid ye, Sir Edward.' And what d'ye think th' ould ram o' the North said as polite as can be? ''Tis very nice of ye, ladies, but I don't know why in the divil ye think I'll be going there.'

"I could tell him," said the man at the cross-roads, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe against the stile, and clapped it in his pocket.

Masked Cavalier

Continued from page 116.

"Then my aunt became ill, and I was hurried away to your house. I never saw the naval officer again. A year later I learned that the man with whom I had had the affair was in trouble. The naval officer with whom I had flirted had spoken slightingly of me. My former lover had defended me. One sharp word led to another, and the end of the matter was that the naval officer got knocked down, and my defender had to resign from the service to escape dismissal."

"Do you mean to tell me that you speak of my son?" demanded Mr. Sanderson, very white and stern-looking.

Geraldine nodded. "That was why he went away. He made up his mind never to come back to the father and the girl who had misjudged him until he could come back independent and bearing a clean name."

"My boy! my boy!" interrupted Mr. Sanderson. "Is he here? Have you heard from him?"

There had been a rustling sound outside the door as Geraldine had spoken. Now it flung open, and his boy came in, followed by Rose who was too excited to speak coherently, but fluttered about the group, making incoherent exclamations, and beaming upon everybody. Father and son clasped hands, deeply moved, and for a moment there was silence.

After the first emotions of the reunited family simmered down to the point where ordinary conversation was possible, Mr. Sanderson insisted on hearing the history of Charlie's years of absence. Briefly, the young man had gone to Canada, enlisted in the Mounted Police, where he had served a term as constable and been promoted to corporal. Then he had the opportunity to "get in on the ground floor" as he put it—an expression that had to be translated for Mr. Sanderson—and made a considerable sum in real estate when a certain new town had gone on the market. He had invested the money in farm land, and with the proceeds of his third year's crop had come back to England to find his father.

After considerable search, he had followed them to Italy, and located them in Rome. Uncertain of his reception, he had given Geraldine a note, one night, and they had laid their plans for his return to the family, in the course of their arrangements coming to a perfect understanding as to Geraldine's future. Now, they were reunited, and it seemed as if everybody could not ask questions fast enough. Mr. Sanderson was particularly interested in the farm, and anxious at once to go to Canada with his boy.

"The farm is all paid for, governor," he explained, "everything free and clear. Four hundred acres broken, about fifty head of fine dairy cattle on the place, and as nice a little house built as you'll see anywhere in Saskatchewan. The only trouble about it is that I'm afraid Geraldine won't find any princes in the pantry; but I can't help that."

"That reminds me," said Mr. Sanderson, turning to Geraldine, whose eyes were shining like stars, "I haven't had an explanation of your little excursion last night, but"—Geraldine dimpled mischievously—"on the whole, I don't think I need it."

"No," she said demurely, "I don't think you do; and Charlie since you haven't provided any princes in the pantry, I think I shall have to take along one that I found—under a balcony—in Rome."

Spinal Maginnis

Continued from page 108.

them that the decision, which was to be by popular vote, could easily be swung in Spinal's favor if he could only be induced to spread himself.

The literary aspirations of the Upper Third were a joke to the rest of the school, but far from that to those of the competitors who slept in the backroom.

Only one day remained before the day when the essays were to be read and Spinal's friends were in despair, while Yankee had gone to the length of writing home to ask if he could not have his monthly allowance two weeks in advance.

Chummy, as a last resort, was imploring Spinal on their way from afternoon school to make one more effort.

"I know what's the matter," Spinal

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exclaimed with a sudden inspiration. "What I need is to put some stuff on my eyes like those Durphys Old Bill read about. I'm going right down to Strong's drug store to see if he has anything like that."

Chummy, hoping to get Spinal home and at work for a last desperate effort, thought the best way was to humor him and so he risked being caught out of bounds and accompanied Spinal to the chemist's.

"Have you any ointment for the eyes?" Spinal asked. "The Durphys that Dr. Tassie told us about had some that was pretty good. I want some like that."

The clerk set a small package on the counter and said with a wink at Chummy. "Twenty-five cents, please. That will do the business."

Spinal positively refused to go to work when Chummy finally got him back to the dormitory. All the others were busily putting the finishing touches to their papers, having come to the conclusion that, since Spinal was clearly out of it, they might as well do their best and try to keep the prize in the room.

Spinal, for his part, devoted himself to unwrapping the box of eye salve and reading the directions, after which he industriously smeared his eyes with the salve. This caused him to look rather watery-eyed at supper, which led Dr. Tassie to entertain suspicions of a fight and to enquire what had occurred to make him weep.

Spinal, who had, for reasons of public policy, long sat at Dr. Tassie's right hand, explained that it was just some work which he had been doing in connection with the "littery" competition, at which Dr. Tassie smiled and said he had been told that the backroom presented a somewhat littery appearance of late.

Spinal did not respond to this quip of Old Bill's, as he usually considered it good policy to do, but sat absorbed in thought, staring straight ahead of him at Dr. Tassie's desk for the rest of the meal. And when the study hour came, he was again seized with periodic fits of staring at the desk, only desisting in order to scribble feverishly.

Dr. Tassie indulgently relaxed his usual rule of exacting industrious preparation for the next day's classes, when he enquired what Spinal was busying himself with and was told that it was his assay.

"Yes, yes, very true, searching for a trace of precious metal."

Chummy, who sat beside Yankee, shook his head gravely and said, "You lose, old man. I only hope Spinal isn't going daffy over it."

And indeed it looked like it to see Spinal with his watery eyes sit staring at the desk for minutes at a stretch and then fall to scribbling for dear life.

The fame of the backroom boys of Dr. Tassie's house, and their unprecedented activities had been noised abroad among the other houses. Even so, the school was all unprepared for the bewildering succession of literary surprises displayed on the day when it assembled to award the prize.

Ranald MacDonald, being at the head of the class, was called first to the platform.

He produced a formidable roll of foolscap which caused his competitors

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to gasp, and plunged "*in medias res*," as follows:

"All peoples in all ages have had their distinctive literatures, written or handed down by oral tradition. From the inspired flights of the Hebrew prophets to the superstitious, grovelling tales of African savages, race is shown in the works of imagination. Even among the narrow glens of my ancestral land, each clan differs in character from its next neighbor. We may perhaps see evidence of this in to-day's exhibition.

"There is a sort of traditional aphorism peculiar to the Gaelic in which the characteristics of two clans are set side by side reminding one of the contrasting clauses in the Hebrew proverbs.

"Thus we have 'Mackenzies for shoween off; MacPhairsons for de'il ma' caur,' and also 'MacDonalds for swagger; MacLeans for airs.' What our representative of the clan MacPherson may have in store for us, who can tell? But I have undertaken to give you some insight into the literature of the MacDonald clan.

"There are two ancient Gaelic books in manuscript, which treasured by a branch of the MacDonalds, which have a somewhat romantic history: the Red Book of Clanranald and the Black Book of Clanranald, the composition of the bards of the clan.

"Both have been lost and found again—the one picked up, fortunately by a Gaelic scholar of discernment, in a second-hand book store in Dublin; the other found among the effects of a famous borrower 'Ossian' MacPherson, after his death. And both were finally returned to the Chief of Clanranald, by whose family they are now carefully guarded. Let me give you some translations from these books, illustrative of the proverbial swagger:

"There is no joy without the Clan Donald;
No battle when they are a-wanting;
First of all the clans in all the earth;
Each man of them is a hundred;
The noblest clan which you can find;
A race as brave as they are peaceful;
The clan whose praise does fill the lands;
Famed for their faith and godliness;
The clan so faithful, bold and brave;
The Clan so swift amid the fight;
The Clan so gentle among men;
And yet in battle none so fierce.

"Quite a swagger picture of the MacDonald and his followers who, according to his claim, were practically everybody, as you would see if time permitted me to read the whole poem.

"But I think I have said enough to prove my point that the character of a race is shown in its literature, and," with a glance at Spinal who was seated complacently at the foot of the class with trouble yet a long way off, "I believe it will be *proved* first and last."

Spinal returned the glance suspiciously, after the manner of frontiersmen and Indian fighters in his favorite literature—therein spoken of as "*askance*"—and wondered if Ranald had any inkling of the 'De'il ma' caur' nature of his composition. As a matter of fact that dreamy youth, having perhaps a touch of Keltic second sight, had made a close guess.

But as Dr. Tassie took no notice of this innuendo Spinal settled back for a season of enjoyment of the efforts of his contemporaries.

Gabby on the Cumaean Sibyl and

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lost opportunities was inspiring. Yankee Dickinson on John Hay's Pike County Ballads, with liberal quotations from "The Pledge of Spunky Point" was a revelation; Chummy Jones, Harry Freeman, and the worthies of the Upper Third one and all put forth good, straightforward, if not always brilliant efforts, to uphold the honor of the class.

There now only remained John Smoke, the young Chief, between Spinal and—what ?

But John was capturing his audience with an account of the Iroquois Book of Rites, and Spinal after passing through a blank space of panic-stricken paralysis, forgot his impending disaster as he became one with the spellbound school.

"This," John was saying, "is the address to the shades of departed heroes, recited during the ceremonies of the condoling council and is word for word as it has been addressed to the warriors of my race year after year for hundreds of years, for it has been preserved in records of wampum, carefully guarded by the Chiefs.

"In effect it is a tribute to the superiority of the ancient worthies who founded the League of the Six Nations and a modest confession of the weakness and degeneracy of their descendants.

"What a contrast," he here interpolated, "to the spirit of the Clan MacDonald ! Thus character shows out in literature.

"Now, the League has become old, now there is nothing but wilderness. Ye are in your graves who established it. Ye have taken it with you and have placed it under you, and there is nothing left but a desert. There ye have taken your intellects with you. What ye established ye have taken with you. Ye have placed under your heads what ye established—the Great League.

"This is the literal translation. A sympathetic scholar paraphrased it thus:

"The great law has become old and has lost its force. Its authors have passed away and have carried it with them into their graves. They have placed it as a pillow under their heads. Their degenerate successors have inherited their names but not their mighty intellects, and in the flourishing region which they left, naught but a desert remains."

The young Chief finished an impassioned eulogy in praise of the virtues of the red man and was followed with hearty applause as he took his seat.

Spinal must now face his fate.

Dr. Tassie, who felt that the sporting interest of the event was exhausted, remarked facetiously by way of a good finish that they would do well to listen attentively to MacPherson; "he could write as good an essay as any, if he had the mind to," and then sank into a reverie in which he saw the Upper Third, transformed by his inspiring efforts from refractory scapegraces into

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university prize-winners, carrying all before them at the Toronto examinations and thus rewarding him for labors, physical as well as mental, such as he had exerted upon no other class in all his experience, when he realized—could he trust his ears?—that the lazy young varlet's composition was being greeted with rapturous cheers and laughter!

Spinal had been convulsing his hearers with an earnest account of how he had sought the ointment "used by the Durphys in the desert" and had found that it was labeled "Pettit's eye salve." This had startled him with the thought that it was the very thing for his individual case, as he had been called "pet" in his childhood. "Pet, its eye salve!" and so he had trustingly applied it.

The thought of the burly Spinal Maginnis ever having been called "Pet" was ludicrous enough, but when he described the magical way in which, after the anointing, he had seen with his mind's eye "the forbidden treasures of literature" which lay imprisoned in Dr. Tassie's desk, those who had seen the performance remembered the pathetic picture of Spinal with his watery eyes writing against time and they led an outburst of applause.

"Yes," he cried, rushing headlong to destruction, "the defamation of this context which I hold in my hand, is the only officious virgin. It is the choice of our respcted head master and is in his own handwriting—'Seeking forbidden treasures of literature.'"

Spinal's murderous attack upon the Queen's English when his watchful censor, Chummy, was unable to interfere, appalled even those who knew him best. But he was approaching a subject which the stimulus of the maddening applause of his fellows could not swerve him from treating with profound respect, nor from handling with the most correct language at his command—the story of the Red Man in fiction.

Dr. Tassie sat grimly and ominously unmoved as Spinal continued.

"Therefore you are about to listen to the only prize assay, 'Forbidden treasures of literature!' I refer to those universally read works, the stories of 'Nick of the Woods,' that scientific hero who scattered his Indian foes by means of fireworks and electric batteries; 'The Silent Slayer,' whose air gun was as mysterious as effective; 'The Iron Handed Trapper,' whose artificial arm always struck terror into the hearts of the pesky redskins when used at close quarters; 'Oonomoo the Huron,' nature's nobleman, whose death at the hands of the cowardly Shawnees after twenty of them had bit the dust, shot by his unerring rifle and, his ammunition being exhausted, he

clove the skull of the twenty-first by hurling his tomahawk in one last mighty effort as he sank exhausted by many wounds—"

Spinal paused to brush away a tear which many believed to be genuine, for it was remembered how he had been found sobbing as he first read the pathetic story, and more than once afterwards until the inevitable confiscation had relieved his feelings from further harrowing.

Dr. Tassie, in common with the whole school, had been swept along on the current of eloquence, but now realized, with a mental gasp, that Spinal had been recounting the titles of yellow-covered dime novels which he, himself, had seized at sight until there had been accumulated a collection which it would be hard to match outside the publishing houses whence they sprang.

Only one thing could happen in such a case of outraged dignity and none knew better than Spinal what that was. Dr. Tassie led him significantly from the hall. And, though his right hand was first numb and then tingling with a thousand shooting pains as when one is emerging from threatened freezing, he felt, as he returned from the front hall, a stout-hearted sense of satisfaction with his bargain and a worthy belief that he would do it again at the same price.

Meanwhile, Chummy, with characteristic presence of mind, had persuaded Paddy Moyles, who was left in charge, that it would save Dr. Tassie's valuable time to take the vote in his absence. Slips of paper were all ready on Dr. Tassie's desk and Chummy volunteered to distribute them. This gave him an opportunity to put in some effective work for Spinal and none knew better than Chummy how and when to pull off a coup. He went straight to Mungo Strathbogie, who remained a constant joke and could start a laugh at any time simply by letting his broad Scotch accent be heard. Mungo also, though in the fifth, was chaffed so continually by his classmates that he welcomed the society of the lower school boys as a relief and was unusually familiar for a fifth form boy. Moreover, he was immoderately fond of sausage rolls. What a combination for a politician! Chummy fitted the pieces of his opportunity together as he crossed the room. He whispered:

"Mungo, old chappie, Spinal bets the sausage rolls for our room that he doesn't win the prize. His gov'nor gives him five dollars if he does win. The five all goes for sausage rolls if he gets stuck. You come in on this. Get on your feet and move that Spinal wins."

There was no need to distribute any ballots. Mungo's motion that it was the unanimous sense of this meeting that the first prize should be awarded to the fearless young champion of their imperiled liberties, Spinal Maginnis, and the second prize to the Young Chief, John Smoke, for his masterly exposition of Indian character was seconded by a score at once, quickly put by Paddy Moyles, always good-natured and now stimulated to unwonted promptness by Chummy at his elbow, and the ayes were still ringing in a mighty shout, mingled with laughter and cheers, as the distinguished litterateur, all unconscious of the honors thrust upon him, took his seat.

Spinal's sporting impulse to win his bet was uppermost when the result was announced. Rising and snapping his second finger on the ball of his thumb, which meant, "Please, sir, may I speak?" he said modestly, "It was the eye salve that did it, sir. I never

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thought about what was in your desk until I got it and then I seemed to see everything there just like the Durphys that you read about, and that was external help."

This seemed far-fetched to everybody and Yankee muttered to Chummy, "I guess we've got him all right. He needn't try to wiggle out."

But Dr. Tassie was glad to clutch at a straw to extricate himself from what was indeed a difficult position. It was clearly impossible to award the prize to the boy whom he had just punished for his essay, so he said, "You are quite right. John Smoke, come forward and get the prize." This proved to be a handsome volume of Macaulay's essays and poems, and as Spinal already had a duplicate of this, received on the only previous occasion on which he had won a prize, he felt doubly justified in his renunciation.

The Grub Committee of the back-room under the astute leadership of Chummy Jones made the very most of a situation fertile in possibilities.

Yankee, who was honorable if improvident, was persuaded to borrow against his expected allowance enough to pay his score at Mrs. Knox's and then in payment of his bet to run up a larger one. As Mungo had done his best, he must, of course, he counted in and treated handsomely at that, and it might be mentioned here that it took Yankee two months to pay the debt.

Then, after solemn consultation Spinal was counselled and induced to draw up a letter to his father giving a truthful account of the competition and of his being awarded the prize by vote of the assembled school. This was certified to by Chummy, Gabby and Harry over their signatures with the additional information that Spinal had with characteristic generosity given the prize to the boy who was second.

Spinal and the Grub Committee in due course called at the local office of the Bank of Montreal to cash his draft, which Colonel MacPherson had doubled to ten dollars because of Spinal's generosity.

Spinal insisted upon being paid in gold, and departed from the bank towards Mrs. Knox's. As he handed the gleaming disk over to Chummy Jones, Chairman of the Committee, he said: "That was something like an assay after all.

"Old Bill said out in the hall that it was in-com-bat-i-ble with human intelligence, and I looked that up and it means undisputable—doesn't it?"

Mrs. Knox, warned by the startling performances at Yankee's treat and encouraged by the unwonted crossing of her palm with gold, had made extensive preparations. But, at that, production and consumption were very evenly matched.

"Alas and alack!" Harry Freeman mourned, as he sadly shook his head at a plate of crisp, brown, oleaginous dainties which Mrs. Knox set before him. "I fear we have all found that absolute zero which Tommy Wright told us about in chemistry."

"Not I," Satan briefly spoke up as he reached for the plate. "I've just made a side bet with Daniel O'Connell that I can eat all of them she can bring on."

"You insatiable fiend, seeking what you may devour," Chummy sternly misquoted. "That bet is declared off. It's positively quixotic for reckless daring, and would be sure to result fatally. What says the Committee?"

Gabby and Harry voted aye, and the plate was torn from the protesting grasp of Satan, as the memorable feast was declared ended.

Mungo sat back with a sigh, and the unctuousness, fairly exuding from his smile and even from his voice, gave a quality almost as of a grace or a benediction to his closing words· "Ony time ye hae seemilar proaposeetions tae pit afore the hoose, ye micht just ca' on me."

The Man Who Used Commonsense

Continued from page 105.

western lints of the Canadian Pacific for the last year of his active service with the road. It included the construction of 380 miles of new branch lines, 100 miles of double track, 40 miles of sidings, enlargement by one-third of the Winnipeg shops, laying of 85-pound steel rails on the old M. & N. W. which was being made a part of the main line to Edmonton, establishment of rock-crushing plants in British Columbia and rock-ballasting of the line for hundreds of miles, extensive improvements in Vancouver to accommodate the "Empress" steamers, establishment of the gravity system at Fort William for distribution of cars, replacing of steel bridges now in existence with heavier ones capable of carrying the largest locomotives, and the establishment of railway yards at Medicine Hat, Moose Jaw and Regina. The building of two new steamers for Pacific service was also announced. All of which indicates something of the extent of the system over which Sir William was ruler.

Men who worked beside him twenty years ago tell many stories of the practical common-sense that he brought to bear on the problems of the road from the beginning of his service. The story of the Edmonton oats is one of the most typical.

In his first general superintendent days, the Canadian Pacific was having a world of trouble with its freight cars engaged in carrying oats. There was a large and increasing tonnage of grain to be hauled, and all the rolling stock was needed. Yet the repair shops were in constant receipt of freight cars which came limping in with ruined journals, broken down apparently by overloading. The shops swore at the yard-men, and the division superintendent, with his desk piled up with kicks from irate farmers, swore at the shops. Yet the yard-men accused, arose in righteous indignation and pointed to the load-lines that showed unmistakably above the grain in the cars.

Now a load-line is a mark restricting the capacity of a car, according to the weight of the material carried. Figuring oats at thirty-four pounds to the bushel, which up to that time was the standard weight everywhere, the yard-men had loaded the cars exactly to the load-lines, and by all ordinary laws, the cars were O.K.

In the course of time the trouble came up to General Superintendent of

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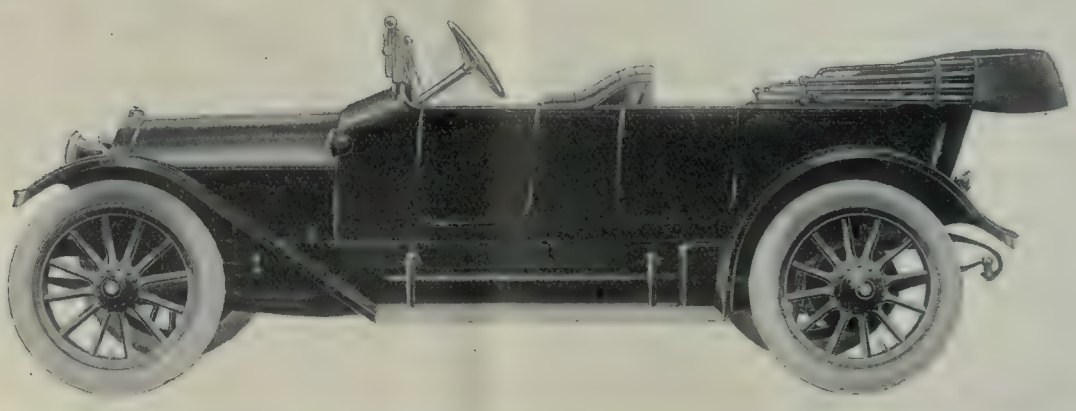

the Western Division William Whyte. He did not swear at anybody. That wasn't his way. He listened to the end, and then said matter-of-factly.

"Suppose you weigh those oats."

The division superintendent opened his mouth to speak, thought better of it, and sought a scale with a bushel of oats. Thirty-four—thirty-six—thirty-eight—Those western-grown oats took from forty to forty-six pounds of iron to balance them, and the mystery was solved. William Whyte had used plain, sane common-sense, which after all is about as uncommon as any other quality of mankind; and in three minutes had settled a difficulty over which the whole prairie section of the line had boggled for weeks.

Personality—the quality that made men love him; common-sense—the uncommon variety; administrative ability—the sort that kept the wheels of half-a-continent of line moving smoothly for twenty-five years; a Scotch conscience and an untiring capacity for staying untired—that was Sir William Whyte. When Winnipeg gave him that historic dinner in 1912 he stood up at the banquet table a tall, straight, white-haired, active figure, and told them that he was finished with hard work, not because he was tired, but because he felt he had earned rest.

"For fifty years I have been at work," he said, "and it is time that I be permitted to retire. At the present time I cannot even go out to the golf links without feeling that I am stealing time from the Canadian Pacific."

When a man feels like that after fifty years of labor, twenty-seven of it for one company, it is easy to see how he rose to be vice-president. But the reason for his directorship was still deeper—and it was not until you saw the look in the eyes of Western Canadians when they spoke of Sir William that you understood what the corporation of the Canadian Pacific Railway understood when they made him a director—for sentimental reasons.

For two hours, all that was mortal of Sir William Whyte lay in state at Knox Church in Winnipeg, the city that he had made his home for twenty-six years. In those two hours, five thousand of his fellow-citizens passed through the sacred edifice and paused by his bier to look with the eyes of brothers on the face of the dead. Rich and poor rubbed elbows, levelled in one great common grief.

One shabby little woman, leading a two-year-old child, approached the chancel with faltering steps. When she reached the coffin, she suddenly gave expression to her grief in violent weeping. "He was the best friend I ever had," she sobbed brokenly, as one of the officers in attendance gently

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They are the only tires which are final-cured on air bags shaped like inner tubes. This is done to save the countless blow-outs due to wrinkled fabric. This extra process adds to our tire cost immensely—an extra cost which no other maker pays.

They are the only tires in which hundreds of large rubber rivets are formed to combat tread separation.

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They are the only tires which carry our double-thick All-Weather Tread.

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We save by mammoth output, by efficiency and by modest profits. It is thus we give you tires like these, at present Goodyear prices.

Men have bought, in the past two years, more than three million of them. Bought them because mileage records had proved them the best tires built.

It is easy to build tires worth less than Goodyears, but men can't build a tire worth more.

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led her away, "and now he's gone. No one but God knows what he has done for us."

It is probable that never in Western Canada's history has the death of one man been so universally mourned. The city of Winnipeg was silent as the funeral train passed through the streets. The busy hum of traffic was stilled. Street cars shut off their power, teams stopped, curtains were drawn, business was suspended. On all buildings flags at half-mast drooped listlessly. The hush of the leading thoroughfares at one of the busiest hours of the day was impressive. There could not have been a greater demonstration of the regret felt by all classes in the community. Both as a personal friend and as a public servant, Sir William was honored and loved—is still honored and loved, and will be as long as history stands.

Greta Greer

Continued from page 104.

somewhere—usually so simple a one that we honest, stupid people who marvel at their cleverness, wonder how they could be blind enough to overlook troublesome consequences, and Maggie was no exception to the rule. Her initial blunder was made when she travelled first class in a stateroom, no matter how small, all to herself. School teachers who go to Germany for an accent, are not usually so reckless with funds. Of course she gave me an excuse when I pumped her, but it needed crutches."

The machine was cleverly arranged against the door, so that either directly or through the mirror, it caught every action of the room's occupant. The first picture of interest showed the girl bending eagerly over the extra edition of the Herald.

"That was the first night on board," explained Cunningham, "so the next morning when she did not go into any particulars or show some sign of knowing anything about the affair, I thought there must be a reason for such secretiveness, and began to take notice. You remember, Dare, how the sheet blew in her face—well, that was an accident—but I took pains to straighten it out so that both she and Mrs. Threckmeyer could see it?"

"Perfectly. And that explains to me now," answered the doctor, "the reason you were so anxious to change the subject when Mrs. Threckmeyer asked whether or not you had anything to do with the case. I saw you were annoyed and did not understand why."

The next picture showed Maggie Kelly sorting her clothes, and pinching her little rosebuds into shape. She

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also made pads for her corsets. These as well as the rosettes, rosebuds and shirrings on her wine colored poplin, were stuffed with gems. She worked nimbly, removing the stones from their settings and putting them in a little leather bag. Another roll showed her ripping the trimming from a hat, and with some delicate instruments (which were kept in a manicure box) extract stones from several bits of jewelry and sew them in the flowers of her hat. The settings were added to those in the bag.

There was, of course, a picture showing her leaving the room with her chamois skin bag, which she had left in Mrs. Threckmeyer's satchel.

"I felt pretty sure she was going to do something of the kind," said Billy, "for many reasons. One particularly, because she 'picked' the gems, and it naturally followed that the settings had to be disposed of. Many of them were very cumbersome when it came to secreting them. They were put in a chamois skin bag and another receptacle which you will see later. Miss Kelly was very careful to find out all she could about Mrs. Threckmeyer and Miss Kelly's powers of extracting information are not limited. She also made good use of Clare—Mrs. Threckmeyer's maid—discovering through her that the niece of whom we spoke—"

"Miss Catapani ?" Dare interrupted.

Billy hesitated a fraction of a second then with a queer little smile repeated the doctor's words.

—"Miss Catapani was a member of Mrs. Beaufort's household. I have ample proof," he continued, "that Kelly's first impulse was to hide the jewels in Miss Greer's room, and in not doing so, she made another blunder. I speak professionally, you understand. After the morning on deck when the poor dear lost her head so completely, our brilliant Maggie who never had dreamed of help from that source planned to make use of her. She did this in many subtle ways, about which no one was the wiser, with the exception of your humble servant. Can you connect these photos," he went on speaking rather more to Dare than the other man, "can you connect them with the girl you were watching out of the corner of your eye that first morning on board ?"

In all of her movements she was quick and nimble, it was her occasional attitude of repose which suggested stealth. The opening of a door was sudden—but the standing on the threshold was cat-like cunning.

Perhaps the picture which interested Dare most was of Billy himself, creeping into Maggie Kelly's room and pouring the settings from her leather bag (which was hidden in the sleeve of her storm coat,) into one apparently identical, which he brought with him.

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NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

After making the change, he waved the empty bag and put it into his pocket, then airily kissed his hand to the machine and disappeared.

Dare puzzled a long time over this and finally turned to Billy with a question on his lips.

"As I told you," Cunningham explained, "she had made up her mind to get rid of the gold, as well as the least expensive of the stones, and after putting all she thought wise, in the chamois bag, she decided to throw the

rest over board. I deduced this by methods which would have done Holmes credit and by such tiny actions that you would be bored if I told you of them. This idea of throwing the gold overboard was, I am fairly sure, not her intention before leaving, for she was not prepared with convenient 'properties.' See," said Billy turning to his trunk, "there were a great many pieces in the collection such as this—" He held up an exquisite dog collar made of filigree bars and studded with small stones. "What could she do with all that when the passengers were examined on the other side? I imagine she fancied herself very clever when she decided to divide the 'swag,' putting just enough in Mrs. Threckmeyer's satchel to cast suspicion on —er—her or someone else. Do you see her line of reasoning? She did not put merely the 'picked' gold in the bag, she put some of each kind so that it might easily look as though the other stones were hidden. Also, she left no loop hole through which an explanation might be made when detectives questioned the victim. Mrs. Threckmeyer could only say she knew nothing of the jewels nor how they got there and tell the other story."

Cunningham busied himself with the films a moment. "I could not understand just why she did not persevere in her effort to put them in Miss Greer's room, but the reason was this—she simply could not get in Miss Greer's room to hide them—there were several people watching it for reasons of their own. The stewardess for one, the two gentlemen at your table, Ellis, and others. I, myself, caught her making two or three attempts and I had Hobson or the other one hang round the door without, of course, giving the the correct reason for their convenient espionage. This prevented Miss Kelly from carrying out her plans."

"And what about the stuff she threw overboard?" asked Myles.

"I'm coming to that. She had this chamois bag with her and only one other thing suitable for her purpose, here, it is—a collar box—fortunately just the ordinary, common, garden variety of collar box with a soft leather top and a stiff bottom. I hadn't one myself, but my friend the Marconi man had. I stained it the same color, *lined it with cork* and made the exchange. She only finished 'picking' yesterday or perhaps late the night before, and last night was the only one left before landing. So you see it looked like a safe gamble that the deed would have to be accomplished then."

He stopped and chuckled. "It was the real excitement of the case—that last watching of her! We walked and talked after dinner, then when she left me I paraded up and down the corridor outside her door talking to Judson who, by the way has grave doubts as to my sanity. When he absolutely refused to be kept up any longer, I sent the stewardess upon one pretext or another to her room until I knew she must be as nervous as a novice at the business. A little after two she left her room—here is the picture—and this one shows her return with a Thank-God-it-is-all-over expression. Had she foreseen the necessity for this wholesale scattering of jewels, I suppose she would have made another mistake and taken an outside stateroom, for she had to carry the box in her kimono sleeve to the deck doorway."

"Were you waiting?" asked the captain.

"Sat on my haunches like faithful Fido," Billy assured him, "and watched. I gave my signal to Hawkes, the officer —who is no end of a good fellow, captain—took my little plunge and had the extreme satisfaction of knowing

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that the engines were stopping just as I reached the leather box which floated most obligingly. To prevent Judson from being suspicious I had to keep my clothes on, and had no opportunity for doing more than throw off my shoes and coat." He laughed, "I think I prefer the ordinary bathing suit."

"How did the woman get them in the first place?" asked Dare, hardly able to believe his ears.

"Applied as maid some time ago—as soon as the theatricals were decided upon. I understand that Miss Greer wrote a note telling Mrs. Beaufort the combination of the safe in her room. It was quite unnecessary, for Miss Kelly had already rifled it.

"She looked a different person in the uniform of an upper housemaid and wearing a red wig, spectacles and about forty pounds of padding. She was then called Hattie."

"Where is she now?"

"In her cabin, Ellis, my boy, with a stylish pair of bracelets on. I must say she took to them quite kindly; it may not be the first time she has worn them!"

He had been dressing for the last fifteen minutes and now seemed intent upon the fastidious choice of a tie.

"I deeply regret—" he spoke to his own image in the mirror—"I deeply regret that it became necessary to spy upon Miss Greer—and by so doing to learn things which—er—she wished to hide. I now feel that as long as she has no idea the machine was in her room it is rather a useless thing to tell her, for, it goes without saying—" here Billy turned and faced them squarely, "that whatever I discover in my work remains a secret except that which bearing upon the especial case, must be brought to light. I hope you men understand."

"Of course we do!" answered Dare, cordially, "of course! I think you are a wonder, Billy, and as for Miss Greer—well, there will be no more need for secrecy in a few months—she will be entirely cured."

Billy did not give any evidence that he saw it was to Myles rather than himself that Dare spoke. It was part of Billy Cunningham's business and one reason for his success that he saw only such things as he could use upon his cases!

The captain looked up quickly. "I am very glad," he said.

"And now," Cunningham gathered up the rolls, "I must ask you to excuse me. I want to confer with my colleague, the Marconi man, before we land. I shall have to spend about two days in the cable office, I suppose" he sighed.

"But Cunningham," cried Dare,

Continued on page 155.

The Weight of a New Broom

Continued from page 95.

work in beautifying vacant lots and in encouraging owners of vacant property to do the same.

Formerly these lots were chaotic wastes covered with tin cans and other evidences of satisfied human wants. Now, in the summer time, these waste places blossom forth with every kind of flowering plant and leafy shrub. Instead of the tin can, the old boot and the brick-bat, have come up the snapdragon, the daisy, the aster, the sweet pea, the marigold, the stock, the sunflower and the burning bush. Instead of accumulations of filth, happy producing-grounds of noxious weeds and noxious insects, vexing the eye and the temper of the tired and footsore citizen, smiling and gaily-colored oases have offered mental rest, inspiration and encouragement.

Perhaps there is no direct connection between Winnipeg's famous Assiniboine Park and the Housing and Town Planning Association, but certainly the spirit of both is the same. There is probably no more beautiful pleasance on the American Continent than Assiniboine Park. To many a visitor it has suggested the royal gardens of European capitals. The city fathers of Winnipeg must have been truly inspired, when, some ten years ago, they secured to the people of Winnipeg for all time these three hundred acres of naturally beautiful land on the bank of the Assiniboine River about five miles west of Winnipeg.

Into the natural beauty of the Park have been worked exquisite beds of flowering and ornamental plants, grasses and shrubs. Beautiful walks and spacious driveways have been laid out, as well as a motor speedway. A dozen or more cricket pitches are dotted every Saturday afternoon with flannel-clad figures, while tennis-courts and baseball grounds are also kept permanently in order. The Park boasts a good collection of wild animals, to say nothing of fountains, lakes, rustic bridges and an Italian garden.

So shall you, then, speak of Winnipeg. Much prejudiced, much done that should not have been done! But the day of ruthless disregard well over; the day of roughshod riding over the vital needs of the citizens well passed! The day of carelessness and indifference gone and the day of sane, healthful growth initiated! The materialistic spirit has not been able to stifle and discourage a small band of splendid idealists, of wholesome cranks, who have proclaimed war on ugliness, both

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On the Wings of the Swallow

Continued from page 99.

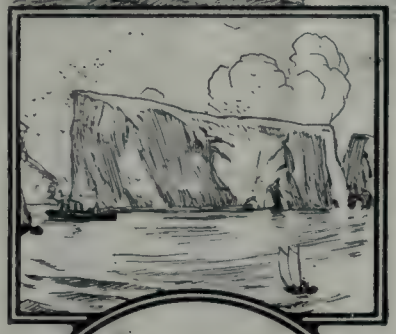
security and the weary, yawning greenkeepers relaxed their vigil unwittingly.

On Saturday and Sunday mornings an entirely different region was attacked. However, news came which solved the mystery of the nature of the enemy with which all true upholders of the faith had to deal. An early riser had seen an aviator skimming the course in a light monoplane and dropping a small pill of dynamite as he passed over each green. The observer was not near enough to make out to a certainty, but judged that the fiend was masked. At all events, he was a man of slim and youthful figure.

"It is time for universal measures," said the president of the Golf Association, calling for subscriptions. The response was as generous as that of the French peasants who went into their stockings and cupboards for treasure to meet the Prussian indemnity. Golfphobes did not hesitate to let their landlords wait for rent and their children for shoes in order to provide a fund for general defense.

Everywhere the cry of the members of the ruined courses was "Rebuild ! Rebuild !" with all the fervor of Regina after the cyclone. This proved, said the Golf Journal, that the stubborn spirit of our forefathers still dwelt in our veins. Twenty aviators, with orders "to capture or destroy," were to be stationed at the prominent unharmed courses.

Danbury Rodd gave two of his machines free for the service—not the fastest type, however—and expressed his regret that a rush of business would not permit him to join in the chase himself. Still, Friday afternoon did not find him at his office, but at the central station with Falcon No. 4, which had only one counterpart in lightness and endurance and only one equal in speed, so far as Rodd knew—and that was the Swallow in which



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Tim had risen on his way to Bermuda. Rodd was unusually moody and distrait for him. He paced back and forth; he pottered over all kinds of details which he generally left to the mechanics. But, then, he had been that way ever since the ravages began.

"It's a bad business, a bad business for aviation !" he kept repeating. "A man like that out of hand—turned devil ! No matter who he is, we must get him, dead or alive—dead or alive !" he concluded, with a wrench as of hidden agony.

"And yet you will not try yourself, when you are the one man who could run him down," said Denman, his oldest assistant.

"I haven't said I wouldn't," answered Rodd, with one of his quizzical glances through the eyebrows, indicating plans which should be secret until he had tried them out.

Mr. Hutchins, the philanthropist, had given the sod out of his noble lawn—it was like taking flesh out of his side—for the repair of the Sherbrooke greens; and Rodd reasoned that if the destroyer ever read the newspapers he had heard of this deed of sacrifice which was heralded far and wide, and would have his answer ready. Meanwhile, the Sherbrooke greens committee acted on a different opinion. Thinking that lightning and a maniac would never strike twice in the same place, they had put no night guard over those nicely tapped, level surfaces which awaited the puts of Saturday morning.

Rodd slept at the aero-station that night and shortly before three he threw open the shed and ran out his Falcon, tuned to perfect readiness, and then went to the sixth green to wait and see if his theory was right. He had with him a pillowcase tied to a bamboo fishing-rod. With the first break of light he scanned the heavens impatiently. Gradually the horizon cleared and afar in the misty blue he saw an approaching plane. As it came nearer he recognized the familiar outlines of his final triumph in building, and he knew definitely that Tim Rainey was not at the bottom of the sea.

The Swallow dipped toward the clubhouse, which was hidden by a row of big willows, separating the fifth hole from the tee of the sixth. One—two—three—four—five ! came a series of low explosions, hyphenated by the wicked hum of the Gnome-Rodd motor, and then, sweeping over the tops of the willows toward the long expanse of fairway, came a spread of still wings with the swiftness of a searchlight's swinging rays. Rodd sprang in front of the green and waved his flag of truce. He heard the motor stop as Tim took the first bunker and hoped that he had gained the parley which he wanted

—a parley in which he could unhorse Tim from his aerial steed and save him from himself and the law.

"He may be simply pausing to gratify his curiosity, or he may even choose to knock my head off," Rodd thought in that pregnant tenth of a second as the Swallow soared under her headway. Then her wheels laid their track over the dew and she came to a standstill within a short pitch of the green.

Tim lifted his mask with a triumphant grin, stretching all the springy muscles of his agile frame in a fashion peculiar to him whenever he came in from a run. He was looking unusually well and quite natural in every respect, except for his eyes. They were not wild now, but twinkled with the madness of his strange conceit.

"My wonder-child !" thought Rodd, in unrestrained admiration. "My pupil whom I fashioned after my own pattern ! They will never know who was guilty of all this folly if you will only let me get near enough."

"Mr. Danbury Rodd, isn't it ?" inquired Tim jauntily. "Seems to me I've seen your pictures in the papers as a well-known aviator. Does your flag mean that the Sherbrooke golf course surrenders ? There, there ! I'm watching you !" He tapped the holster of the revolver at his belt suggestively. "Not a step farther, if you please, or we can't have any talk at all."

"Rodd saw that the Swallow was in good condition. It could not have been better if it had just left the tender care of his shops. Somewhere Tim must have fitted up a concealed repair station of his own, for he could not have stopped at any well-known station for overhauling without having been recognized.

"Tim ! Tim !" Rodd pleaded soothingly. "Can't you see that I am trying to save you ? Think what you were and are and look over there—the landing station ! Don't you remember when you came back from Labrador ?"

"Before we discuss Labrador, just move your foot back where it was !" And the revolver barrel slipping out of the holster had the same steely twinkle as Tim's eyes. "That's better. Thank you. Now tell me, has the Golf Association struck a special medal for me yet ?"

"Not that I've heard of."

"Amateur jealousy," rejoined Tim, pursing out his lips contemptuously. "Well, I hold the record. I'm the only man that ever holed out in eighteen. Not only that, but I outed the holes."

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strengthened for the execution of the mischief he has in mind!" thought Rodd, exasperated by the consciousness that he was being watched as a mouse by a cat.

"Have the Bishops passed a resolution of congratulation yet?" Tim continued.

"Not that I have heard of," Rodd assented.

"What ingratitude!" said Tim. "What inconsistency, after all the complaints of the clergy of the effects of golf on church going! However, it was always so. No reformer ever was appreciated in his own time. He must fight alone at first, and I have the advantage over Peter the Hermit, who had to walk. If no one sees the danger that lurks in this game—its demoralization to the mind, its economic waste—I do, and I will act. Man is a dignified animal. When he loses his dignity he lapses from civilization. Do you see nothing junglish, no reversion to type, about an elderly judge getting down on all fours to watch a little white ball roll into a hole?"

"And you are going to keep this up?" Rodd asked.

"Until I destroy the game. Then I shall begin on another reform. I will do something for art. Think of a pill on the head of some of our scarecrow statues and other eyesores! Think"—he was so cheerful about his mission, so avowedly pleased with himself—"think of a good-sized one on a twinkle-twinkle sign tower! Can't you hear all the broken electric bulbs in a jingling snow-storm as they fall to the pavement! While I don't want to take human life, just a little one that would scatter the plaster in a convention of those grafting politicians would make them think there was a Jehovah on high, after all, and"—he stopped, with a glance which was a mixture of recognition and inquiry past Rodd's shoulder.

"A lady wishes to speak to you," he added in a careless tone.

"Rodd heard a soft step and turned to see Eunice Walker, bareheaded, ghostly, mindless of his own presence. She, too, had instinctively understood the workings of Tim's mind. She, too, had guessed that he would return to the scene of his first activity that morning.

"Surely you remember me, Tim," she said, and her smile of greeting lay under the shadow of the distraction of her appeal.

But to Tim, regarding her blankly, she might have been any girl in the world whom he had never met before.

"You will excuse me," he said politely, "I must be bringing home a lesson to an individual guilty of a most corrupting example. I must finish the

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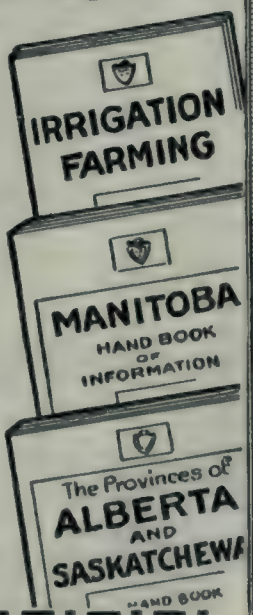

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pulverization of the rest of that crowd's sod."

Had there been anything further to say the whir of his motors would have drowned it. With tilting wing he turned toward the seventh hole. And Eunice caught Rodd by the arm with that kind of a woman's grip which is stronger than man's muscle and will not let go.

"You will pursue ?" she asked.

"Yes."

"And I will go with you," she said with a matter-of-fact coolness which was almost uncanny. "I must."

"It is a single-passenger machine; no knowing where this journey will lead or to what end, and though the affair began in the game of gold, now it's desperate," he objected.

"I can sit between the braces at your feet. I am not afraid." She raised herself to her toe tips with an insistent pressure of his arm. "I must ! I must ! I am to blame for it all and—and—" she let her secret go in brave abandon, "I love him !"

Her eyes were so near to his that he could think of nothing but their agony, which was too intense, too commanding for him to resist its call.

"Then come. We are the two interested ones in his fate. We will see this thing through together," he answered.

Another series of low explosions began their muffled reverberation over the course as they hastened to the aerodrome. When the Falcon rose they saw the Swallow turning in their direction from the eighteenth hole as it passed over the gleaming, dew-laden roof of the clubhouse; and then the abruptness with which Tim changed his direction was the surest sort of signal that he had seen the Falcon and knew that he was to be pursued.

"If he would only try to shake us off by doubling on his course," said Rodd, thoughtfully, "that would serve our purpose best, as we could take advantage of the angles."

Ascending to an altitude of a thousand feet, Tim laid himself a level path and, laughing at currents and eddies, set his course due northeast with all the accuracy of a liner's on a chart; and after him, as one shot follows another in a groove, went the Falcon. Their speed was something infinite, glorious, that of some controlled meteor across the sky. Directly under the plane they saw only a blur of furrowy, variegated green. Into this melted a witchery of twisting roads and streams, the splotches of villages, the dots of houses, the patterns of fields from the onrushing perspective. It was like running the landscape down a chute which narrowed toward the end. It seemed that nothing of human contrivance could be faster and not explosively snap into

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bits from the pressure of its own velocity.

Yet one thing was faster—the Swallow under the hand of the pupil of the Falcon's master. That fascinating target of their velocity which looked still as a fly on the wall of blue, was growing narrower from tip to tip and filmier of outline. Now Eunice made her first remark since they had risen. For all the time she had sat as still as the rods she gripped. She had kept her promise ; she was unafraid.

"With the two machines duplicates, it's my weight that makes the difference, isn't it ? I hadn't thought of that," she said self-accusingly.

"And I didn't. I couldn't, in face of your appeal," Rodd answered good-naturedly. The Falcon was doing her best. No loss of temper, no urging could give her another ounce of power. "Yes, we are losing a mile out of every thirty or forty, I should say. But even if I were of the mind to put you down, which I am not, I could hardly afford the delay."

"And his plan is to go on till he sees that we have melted into the sky and, by the converse, he knows that he is no longer visible—and then he has beaten us ?" she asked quietly.

At two hundred and fifty miles an hour—which was the record of 1917—a human being blown across the expanse of heaven feels himself something infinitesimal pinned to infinity by fate, like a beetle on a cardboard. To express a passion strongly is as futile as to cry to Niagara to stop flowing.

"We can only keep going," said Rodd. "We are bound to do that for Tim's sake."

In the distance they saw the upper reaches of the Hudson River. There was the flash of a camera's lens through the blink of a diaphragm shutter and the river was behind them. Ahead, the vast, hummocky carpet of the Adirondacks seemed running on rollers over ridges and under stretches of water between them. The Swallow was the size of a half sheet of note paper, now so intangible that to look away from it was to make sure of not picking it up if you looked back again.

Suddenly Rodd stopped the motor. Before Eunice could recover from her astonishment they were gliding over the waters of a lake in a deep valley.

"It means you have given up the chase !" she exclaimed; and even as she spoke she knew by his expression that he had a new plan.

"I want him to think I have given up," he answered. "I hope to find him at home."

At length they rose and at a more leisurely pace passed over another valley. Rodd nodded toward a healing scar on the tree-clad slope of a high mountain beyond. It was the

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For the relief of the numerous simple and familiar ailments of Infants and young Children, especially during the period of teething, there is nothing to equal

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Of any Druggists. Be sure it's WOODWARD'S.

path of a funicular railroad which had led to an isolated hotel at the top, where a famous host had planned a Monte Carlo for picking the plumage of his rich guests. But the law had interfered. His hotel had burned down and the place was now neglected and forgotten.

Coming home together once from Montreal in the two-passenger Albatross, Rodd and Tim had flown directly over the spot. Tim had remarked that a man could have an aviation station there without having his elbows jiggled by curiosity seekers whenever he wanted to screw on a nut head.

As the Falcon came up flush with the crest Rodd saw that he had guessed aright. The recent underbrush had been cleared away from the old yard of the ruins, evidently by Tim's own hand. Rising or alighting, he would seem to any guide or hunter who saw him simply to be coming up from the other side of the mountain or passing over it. The old power house was the shop where he had made his little gun-cotton capsules. He had knocked out the side of the bowling alley for a plane shed, and there, in the landing track which he had made, lay the Swallow, with Tim standing at her side. It was plain that he had seen the Falcon and was watching sharply to see what Rodd would do next.

"You will descend—perhaps we can reason with him now," said Eunice.

Rodd had nothing less in view. There was hardly room for two planes in that narrow place, but he would take the chance. As he circled round to be head on to the track, Tim sprang back into his seat in the Swallow, and as the Falcon's wheels touched ground his were leaving it. He looked back with a smile and a toss of his head, which said "stardust to the stars" and all kinds of wild things; which said that he did not mean to be taken alive and would fight with his last drop of gasoline and the last fluttering rag of a torn plane cloth.

Now, to destroy Tim's plant, Rodd reasoned quickly, was not to put him out of business, if he had any capital left. He would simply equip another secret station and, in exasperation over the events of the morning, might proceed to even more dangerous lengths. Pursuit fitted in with Rodd's sense of duty and the impulse of the moment.

The Falcon's wheels had scarcely turned on the ground before she was back in the air. Tim stuck to his old tactics, this time bearing due west. He was gaining at about the same rate as before, but ahead the blue of the sky grew misty, then black. Rodd uttered a cry of triumph, which trailed into a falling inflection of fear.

"Will he go into that thunderhead ? If he does in that light machine, not

only shall we lose sight of him, but his plane will surely suffer some damage—if he comes out alive," Rodd proceeded in explanation. "If he turns to make a detour we will overtake him by cutting the angle."

"And that means ?" Eunice asked.

"That I may get him awash—it's equivalent to taking the wind out of his sails."

"And then ?"

"I could hang over him till he sank to earth, perhaps. But he may rise to interfere and I can't tell, in that case, what would happen to either plane. There ! I knew it ! His aviator's instinct to beat the storm was too strong !"

For Tim was bearing to the left, preparing to skirt that cloud bank, already shot with forked lightning, as the skipper of a ship skirts a shoal. Rodd looked to Eunice with a question which the eyes could ask quicker than the tongue. Her answer was in kind, in a flash of decision worthy of the situation. It were better that the worst should come there, far from any news-gatherer or gossip, than that he go on to death or capture by the law, and a name which had been covered with honors should know disgrace.

Judging his angle in relation to the speed of the two planes, Rodd directed the Falcon along the hypothenuse, aiming to bring her up with a sharp turn as he approached in a position to blanket the Swallow. The thing had been done before by accident in manoeuvers, with a fatal result to the victim, a new aviator, who had lost his head; but no one had ever had the temerity to try the experiment in practice. But Tim divined the trick, and at the critical moment, when they were so near that they saw his face clearly in its pantherish, watchful keenness, he shot the Swallow upward and her upper plane locked with the Falcon's lower.

Eunice closed her eyes to shut out the sight of the dreadful thing she feared. There was a rocking and a wrenching as she waited, through an eternity it seemed to her, for the end. In fact, only a few seconds had passed before she heard Rodd's warning "hold fast !" repeated, and she opened her eyes and saw the wreck of the Swallow lying on the branches of second-growth pine, while the Falcon, tipping this way and that, like some young bird tumbled out of the nest to find its wings for the first time, came to rest in a clearing.

"And Tim ?" she gasped, from a dry throat.

"And Tim ?" Rodd repeated gravely.

Together they ran to the edge of the wood; and neither shouted—they were too full of joy at the sight—but both stood still like a pair of children overwhelmed before Tim sitting upright on a carpet of pine needles, wiping a spot of blood off a scratch on his forehead.

"It's eight down," he was saying, "but if I get a good brassy on this I may do that stick of peppermint candy at his own game yet."

He had gone right back to the point in his career when that wire connection was severed. The bell had stopped its titter, and he did not know that it had ever been ringing, which, the alienists say, is not at all unusual in such cases.

Blinking, he looked around him and greeted Eunice and Rodd dazedly.

"Danny," he said drily, "it looks to me as if there is something that needs explaining."

While he listened to Rodd's account of all that had passed he was engaged in breaking pine needles into tiny, fractional sections. His lips twitched with a smile at times and again stiffened soberly.

"And here you are," Rodd concluded.

"Yes, apparently," said Tim. "Anyway I didn't kill anybody and I'm

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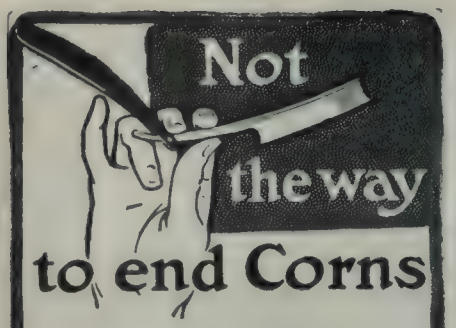

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ready to serve my sentence in jail; only—only—" he glanced up to Eunice, flushing.

She sprang toward him, her hands extended; and he was not so diffident, after that demonstration, as to leave further advances to her. The pair were so completely absorbed in their happiness that they were for flying back together in the Falcon, which needed only a rod wound with wire and a plane relaced by way of repair.

"And leave me to walk!" Rodd interjected. "Not so fast! You overlook certain details—certain conclusions which will be drawn by the irate Golf Association from the coincidence of your return and the cessation of the depredations. Tim, you have yet to go to Bermuda."

"Yes, Danny, thou wise one!" answered Tim affectionately.

A few days later the papers announced that Tim Rainey had not been lost at sea after all. He had been driven by the blow which led him to drop that bottle to a small inaccessible West Indian island, which was visited by a steamer every second month. When the reporters tried to interview him at St. John's on his return he had nothing to say except that the quality of the cocoanuts on that island was excellent. Meanwhile, if you are interested to know, Parker Worthington was moodily traversing the links of Europe, unable to get nearer than ten to his record score.

The Silver King

Continued from page 102.

room. He was wild with rage. "Come out and show yourself, you damned hound! Come out and meet your doom, Geoffrey Ware," he cried, flourishing his revolver.

Skinner crept up behind Denver. With deft movements he pressed a chloroform pad over Denver's face. The latter struggled violently for a few moments. Then he fell to the floor, his revolver flung out of his hand. Cripps and Coombe picked Denver up and laid him by the fireside. The revolver they placed on the table.

The three glanced at Denver. He would evidently give them no further trouble. They resumed work again.

A moment later light flooded the room. Geoffrey Ware stood in the doorway calmly surveying them.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

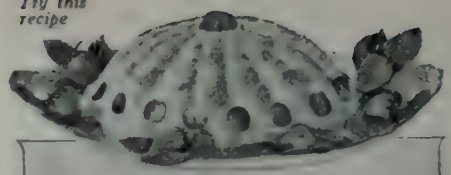
"Your clerk asked us to come in and spend the evening," coolly responded Skinner, as he picked up the burglar tools and put them in a box. Skinner's movements attracted Ware's attention to the jemmies, and other safe-breaking implements. He caught Skinner's arm as he was preparing to leave. Coombe and Cripps looked on fascinated.

"I want this cleared up," said Ware. "Ah! I see you're thieves. Help! Murder! Thieves!"

Skinner picked up the revolver that had fallen from Denver's hand. Blindly without thought or direction he shot at Ware. The latter sank to the floor without a cry.

A long silence followed the tragedy. Finally, "My God! You've killed

Try this recipe



Strawberry Supreme

Soak 1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in ¼ cup cold water 5 minutes and dissolve over hot water. Add dissolved gelatine to 1 pint cream and ½ cup sugar and stir in beaten white of egg. When cold add 1 cup pineapple and strawberries which have been chopped in small pieces; also the 1 cup chopped nuts. Serve ice cold, decorating with whole strawberries that have been rolled in sugar.

You will have success with your

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Yellow Package — Blue Package

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him," said Cripps. "Quick! Let's get out of here!" They started towards the door.

"Not that way," said Skinner. "The window."

Terrified, the trio stepped out on the leads and vanished as silently as they had entered.

Wilfred Denver, unconscious of the drama enacted, lay still silent on the floor. He was aroused by old Leaker, Ware's valet, who had been awakened by the shot. Leaker shook him by the shoulder. The chloroform had not yet worn off. Denver asked Leaker his whereabouts. "You're in Mr. Ware's rooms, sir," he said. Denver told Leaker that he would go home when he felt better. He refused Leaker's proffered aid, and the latter left the room.

Denver sat up and tried to realize his surroundings.

"Get home, you drunken scoundrel," he told himself. "What am I doing here? Get home, you drunken scoundrel!" Denver got up. Blindly he staggered across the room, till he stumbled on the dead form of Ware.

Denver bent down and peered into the face of his rival.

"What's that? It's Geoffrey Ware. What's he doing here? Get up, will you? Ah, what's this? Blood! He's shot! My God! I've murdered him! No, no—let me think. What happened? Ah, yes, I remember now—I came in at that door, he sprang at me, then we struggled. My revolver—one barrel fired—I've murdered him! Geoffrey Ware! Are you dead?"

Eagerly Denver tore at Ware's shirt and felt his heart. "No! No! quite still," he cried in anguish. "He's dead! Dead! Dead! I've killed him! I've killed him! What can I do?" Denver glanced at the upturned face of Ware. "My God! don't stare at me like that!" he screamed.

Frantically he snatched the tablecloth and placed it on the still form. "Close those eyes, Geoffrey. Close those eyes, Geoffrey," he whispered hoarsely. Then, stumbling toward the door, he let himself out. muttering mechanically, "I've done it! I've done it!"

III.

Nellie was waiting for her husband. It was six o'clock, and she had been up all night. The sitting up of nights had made her bonny, rosy cheeks pale.

Denver entered the room. His face was blanched, and great beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead.

"Will," cried Nellie.

"Don't touch me!" said Denver fiercely. "There's blood on my hands."

Nellie, with woman's intuition, guessed what had happened.

"You must get out of here quickly," she said.

Denver started voluble explanations. Nellie cut them short. It was not time for whys and wherefores.

Rushing into the bedroom Denver kissed his children good-bye. Then clasping his wife to his arms he stole quietly out the rear of the house. He was none too quick. Detective Baxter knocked loudly at the door. The chase for the murderer of Geoffrey Ware had begun.

One thought fixed itself in Denver's mind. He must away, thousands of miles away. Almost sub-consciously he made his way to the North-western station. Luck was with him. A train left for Liverpool in three minutes. Mechanically he bought a ticket, and boarded the train as it was leaving the station. A minute later Baxter rushed up to the platform. "Gone!" he cried. "Never mind, I'll wire them to stop him at Rugby."

The London evening papers were full that night of the story of the wreck of the Liverpool express. Interest was

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added to the story by the fact that among the dead was supposed to be Wilfred Denver. The front carriage was burned in which Denver was believed to have been. Apparently he had escaped the penalty of his crime.

On the boat speeding to America was Denver. He had jumped from the train, averting a terrible fate. "I'm dead to the world, then," he said as he read a copy of an evening paper. Providence has seen fit to spare me. With God's help I will work out my salvation."

Three years passed by. At home Nellie was living in poverty. Old Jaikes was working his fingers to the bone to provide his mistress with a home and nourishment for her children. By a peculiar irony of fate Nellie had drifted to a tumble-down cottage owned by "The Spider." Eviction was threatened.

Away in the silver mines of Nevada Denver had made good. He was a millionaire, but the money he sent home never reached Nellie.

Honest work had made a new man of him. Sometimes the thought passed through him that there might be some terrible mistake. Often he would wake in the night from the dream that he was not the murderer. "If only it were not true," he would say to himself.

Suggestion became a reality, a fixed thought with him. The agony became almost too great to bear. A great yearning to see his wife and his children came over him. One day Wilfred Denver, now the "Silver King," sailed for the land of his birth.

Nobody recognized the supposed murderer of Geoffrey Ware. He had changed greatly. His brown hair was completely white, a grave and subdued manner took the place of his former hail-fellow-well-met air.

Pupils in the school near the Denver home were singing the old, old hymn of repentance, pardon, peace, as Denver drew near, after private detectives had been employed weeks in searching for his wife and children.

> Then let me stay in doubt no more,
> Since there is sure release,
> Forever open stands the door,
> Repentance, Pardon, Peace.

"The message. That's for me," he murmured. His children came out of the school. They passed him without recognizing him.

"Never, never," thought Denver to himself. "I will go to them with clean hands." The promised delight was not yet. Calling his little daughter to him, he pressed five hundred pounds into her hand.

"Just tell your mother an old gentleman gave this money to you," he told her. Then, with a loving look at the child, he walked slowly away, the problem of redemption still tearing at his heart strings.

IV.

For weeks Denver, disguised as "Deaf Dicky," known in crook land as a reliable messenger on account of his chronic deafness had dogged the footsteps of Captain Skinner and his associates. Instinct had made him believe the problem of that terrible night in Hatton Garden could only be solved by "The Spider," or possibly Coombe or Cripps.

To the latter 'Enery Corkett was

COFFEE
The Best Reason Why You Should Drink
SEAL BRAND COFFEE
Is, Because You Will Like It
CHASE & SANBORN
MONTREAL
148

becoming a nuisance. His knowledge that Skinner was the real murderer of Ware he found useful to raise money when needed.

Another question confronted the band of crooks—that of obtaining a reliable caretaker for the snug crib, a deserted warehouse on the water-front where they kept their swag. "Deaf Dicky" was the person they finally decided upon.

Then Denver knew his time had come. It was but a matter of days, he realized.

Corkett became more persistent in his demands for money. Down in the water-side crib he was pressing his claims for the hundredth time. Behind a bale of goods long rotted, Denver stood listening.

"I mean to have fifty quid," he cried.

"Get out of here, you venomous little brat!" cried Skinner, losing his self-control.

"Give it to me, damn you!" shouted Corkett, "or I will betray you as the real murderer of Geoffrey Ware four years ago."

No longer able to restrain himself, Denver leapt up with a terrific scream. "Innocent! Innocent!" he shrieked, deliriously.

"Who are you?" asked Skinner.

"Wilfred Denver!"

"Stop him! Stop him!" cried Coombe.

"The whole world shall not stop me now," shouted Denver, triumphantly. Then, rushing out of the warehouse, he hailed a passing hansom, and drove to Scotland Yard. "I surrender myself on the charge of having murdered Geoffrey Ware in Hatton Garden four years ago," he said quietly.

"You needn't worry about that," replied Baxter. "Corkett was here half an hour ago, and turned King's evidence."

In the little country home that he had bought for Nellie, through Jaikes who had been sworn to secrecy, Denver found his wife.

For a moment she did not know him. Then while the light of recognition lit up her face he held out his arms. As if in some delirious dream that could not be true, Nellie staggered toward him.

"Is it—my Will? My Will—this face—this white hair—my Will alive?" she asked fearfully.

"Nell," cried Denver. Then he folded her in his arms in one long embrace.

"Why does Miss Screamditi always close her eyes when she sings?"

"Well, you know she is so tender-hearted that she can not bear to see any one suffer."

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Just before retiring, work up a warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the skin gently until the skin is softened, the pores opened and the face feels fresh and clean. Rinse in cooler water, then apply cold water—the colder the better—for a full minute. Whenever possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice. Always dry the skin thoroughly.

Use this treatment persistently for ten days or two weeks and your skin will show a marked improvement. Use Woodbury's regularly thereafter, and before long your skin will take on that finer texture, that greater freshness and clearness of "a skin you love to touch."

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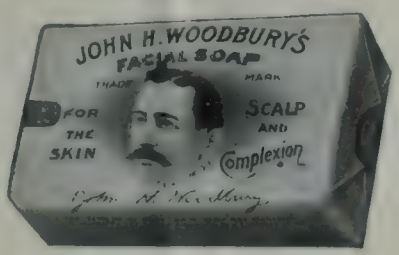

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Greta Greer

Continued from page 138.

rising, "there is still a point which is not straightened out. What had Jean to do with it?"

"Oh, that's another story," laughed the other, still holding the door open. "You see, we had just been lunching together when I was sent for. After I left her, she went back to her rooms in town, where she found her aunt's telegram announcing the good lady's immediate sailing. There was just time to make the boat and rush back to the Beauforts' for a last rehearsal. In the taxi she wrote that enigmatic and apparently incriminating little note, thrust it into Mrs. Threckmeyer's hands and with a hurried kiss dashed off before I arrived. Of course she knew nothing of the robbery then, nor of my sudden trip. In all the worry and excitement she has been a little brick, and I felt pretty sore at the old dame for her suspicions against Jean, that day she rehearsed her past history, in the cabin."

Details of the

Typewriting Contests

held in conjunction with the Annual Business Show at the Arena, Toronto, April 25th and 27th, 1914.

INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP

HALF-HOUR

Name.	Machine.	Total Words.	Errors.	Net Words. Per Minute
Margaret B. Owen	Underwood	3,928	32	126
Rose L. Fritz	Underwood	3,864	39	122
Bessie Friedman	Underwood	3,806	32	122
Emil Trefzger	Underwood	3,704	18	120
Wm. F. Oswald	Underwood	3,725	32	119
Rose Bloom	Underwood	3,742	45	117
G. Trefzger	Underwood	3,648	32	116
Parker C. Woodson	Remington	3,626	60	111
Harold H. Smith	Remington	3,583	105	102
E. G. Wiese	Remington	3,507	130	95

CANADIAN CHAMPIONSHIP

HALF-HOUR

Fred Jarret	Underwood	3,444	61	105
Corinne Bourdon	Underwood	3,288	70	98
P. J. Cowan	Underwood	3,379	147	88
Nellie Haskell	Underwood	2,985	153	74
Mary Tharrett	Underwood	2,266	104	58
Thos. Vezina	Underwood	2,350	128	57
Reta Odlum	Underwood	1,595	73	41

THE real value of a typewriter lies in its speed. Speed is the reason of the machine's existence. There may be other good points about a typewriter, but they are simply thrown in for good measure.

IN spite of all the efforts put forth by makers of other typewriters, there is no machine which can equal the Underwood in speed. It has won every Championship Contest.

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BEETHAM'S

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M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND.

"Well," objected Dare, "if she doesn't mind, you need not. The girl is her niece."

"But she is my wife," grinned Billy over his shoulder. "And if you think it over you will see that our bridal lunch together explains the note."

He was off before the other two men could catch him, and as they stepped into the passage, laughing, Greta Greer came toward them.

"I have been looking for you." She did not address either of them particularly. "Mr. Cunningham has just sent me such a nice note telling me about his work. I am sorry for the poor girl—but, oh, so relieved!" As Dare stopped to read the note she placed in his hands, the captain walked a few steps ahead with the girl and he spoke to her softly. For an answer she put her hand on his shoulder and bowed her head without speaking. He seemed to consider it sufficient. "And remember that I believe in you—always," whispered Myles, "always, Greta—" A moment later, when the doctor joined her, her green eyes were full of happy tears.

THE END.

Scissor Snips

My Mama says 'at she found out
  Soon as I bobbed my yellow curls,
Which one *her* black-eyed Susie was!—
  She don't know flowers fum Little Girls!

An' goin' home she 'splained to me
  Down in th' high-up grass is where
Ole Mister Snake has got a house,—
  He might come out an' say, "Who's There?"

Nex' time I go all by myse'f
  I'll jus' take Rover-dog wif' me,
Ne'n he can 'splain to Snakes an' things
  'Cause *he* is animals, you see!

~

"What do you mean by giving me such a nasty look?"

"Why," returned the secretary, suavely, "I notice that you have a nasty look, but I had nothing to do with giving it to you."

~

A stalwart young German applied for a position on a farm. As he walked into the barn he addressed the farmer: "Hey mister, will you job me?"

"Will I what?"

"Will you job me? Make me work yet."

"Oh, I see; you want a job," said the farmer. "Well, how much do you want a month?"

"I tell you. If you eat me on der farm I come for fife dollars, but for twenty-fife dollars I eat myself at Schmidt's."

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Marbles for Keeps

BEING THE STORY OF HOW "LITTLE SIR" LOST HIS FIRST MARBLES LIKE A GENTLEMAN AND A SPORTSMAN, IN SPITE OF THE FACT THAT A SIX-YEAR-OLD MAN'S CODE OF HONOR IS AN UNFATHOMABLE MYSTERY TO THE BEST OF MOTHERS

By Victoria Munro

Illustrated by Katherine Southwick

JOHN is the third in order of five lusty boys belonging to my elder brother, Jack Bradford. Now, why John should have been marked by fate to be the buffer between the two teams, namely: Jerry and Bud, the two oldest, and Jim and Tom, the two youngest, is a thing that can only be understood by grave old ladies who wag their bonnets and aver that, perhaps, it is all for his good. At any rate, John has no running mate, being quite safely segregated from both teams by age.

John is six years old, firmly planted on his two feet, possessed of a man's voice and built for all time, very closely resembling pictures of Vulcan at his forge. Great tales are current in the family of his feats of strength, dating from the cradle. When he was taking his first steps, he had overturned a table of medium size, which still stands, monumental, in the upstairs hall, and gone calmly about his business of learning to walk by pushing the table before him. At the age of two, he had pushed carts, buggies and surreys out of the barn and placed them at intervals about the lawn and stable-yard.

But these feats of strength were not unanimously regarded with admiration by all the family; in fact, I found on arriving at my brother's home for a visit that the household was divided into two parts; those who were for John, and those who were not. His brothers were in a combine against him, being either actively aggressive or wholly indifferent. They involved him in frequent games of wrestling and "rough-house" wherein poor John, not knowing the strength of his bear-hugs, always sent a few of them off howling to their mother for redress of grievances where, let it be said, their wrongs were promptly and peremptorily righted, for my sister-in-law never handled any of them with gloves. She, also, having no understanding of John's manly nature, was pitted against him. Her attitude was very much like that of a hen who, having hatched a duckling, watches him disport himself about the pond, sometimes with astonishment, but often with disgust.

JOHN IS SIX YEARS OLD, FIRMLY PLANTED ON HIS TWO FEET, POSSESSED OF A MAN'S VOICE, AND BUILT FOR ALL TIME

On the other hand, John was his father's favorite and the "apple of the eye" to all the servants in the house. Susan, the colored nurse, loved him so much that it was all her soft southern duplicity could compass, to appear to care as much for any of the others. It was she who had dubbed him "Little Sir" in the days when his manly voice had first declared itself in baby crows, and since that time, the name, being apt, had been adopted by all the family. On his part, John loved every one on the place; he adored his mother and studied ways of pleasing her; he loved his father, his brothers, the servants and all the delivery men that came to the house; his heart like his large frame, was built on generous lines and greatly overstocked with kindly impulses.

John and I had been good friends, almost from the moment of my arrival, but I soon learned that, in order to hold his regard, I must treat him as an equal, seeing how seriously he felt his relation to the world and his dignity as a man; but it was not until I presented him with a linen marble bag, embellished by hand with a

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flaming red "John," that he became my knight-errant and sworn defender.

I gave him this one morning when his mother had gone to the city, thinking he could then enjoy his marbles without restraint all day, for his mother had a very righteous aversion to marbles in any form, and never encouraged even the eldest in playing with them. She was a Mothers' Club enthusiast and the Mothers' Club had put its seal of disapproval on "marbles for keeps." The fact is, she was so fearful of some temptation to that highly criminal practice, that she could scarcely tolerate marbles in the house at all, so that when John's grandmother at Christmas time had sent him two dozen beautiful ones,—assorted shooters, dull agates, and bowlers with sparkling fairy dreams inside, all studded with mysterious jewels and shot through with bubbling facets of light, his mother had refused to make him a bag for them, on the ground that he was too young to play marbles. Therefore, John was not what you would call a marble expert at the time of this story, for the very good reason that, when all the school boys were playing marbles at recess, his marbles were safe at home.

Accordingly, John was more than properly pleased with the marble bag; he chuckled and fairly wriggled with delight, for whatever success he may have had in concealing his injured feelings, certain it was, he could never hide his joy from the world. He simply overflowed with gratitude and generosity and went about all morning, performing acts of kindness for everyone and hunting odd jobs to relieve people. At one time, I saw him from the window, puffing and blowing in the wake of a large wheel-barrow which he was trundling for the gardener, his cheeks pouching like red apples and his side pocket bulging with marbles.

Several times the older boys tried to get him to "come on and play" a game of marbles, but John, knowing the incompetency of his little fat fingers, refused to do it; perhaps he also had a lurking fear of "marbles for keeps" for he did not swerve from his purpose.

When lunch time came, John was not to be found and, as I went out in the kitchen to inquire, I heard his labored breathing on the basement stairs, interspersed by heavy thuds. I opened the stair-door and there he was, puffing up the steps with a hod of coal, so heavy that he had to set it down in periods, to get his wind. Big Martha, over by the stove, was showing all her white teeth and reaching out a black arm for the coal. And "Little Sir"? Why, he was still transposing that marble bag into terms of endless joy and good will.

"Let me help you, John," I said, reaching down from the top of the steps to give him a lift.

"Naw," he answered, between puffs. "You can't."

"But why, John?" I insisted, still reaching for the handle.

"'Cause you're a lady, aren't you?" he asked laboriously, as he made the final effort and landed the huge thing with a thud on the floor.

I laughed. "Why do you ask that, young sir?"

"Well," he said, throwing back his broad shoulders and digging a hand into his sweaty curls, "you see, I got fooled on that once; I thought my Auntie Tot was one, 'cause you know, she wears long dresses and got married, but once I heard mother say she was only a kid."

"Well, John, I think, perhaps, I am only a kid, too,—a twenty year old kid, so let's lift this scuttle over to the stove together and then eat our lunch. What do you say?"

John ate like a farm-hand while Jerry and Bud, who had played all morning, ate scarcely anything but dessert. John's bulging pocket had a great attraction for them both. They wanted to see his marble bag again and they had forgotten just how some of his marbles looked. Did he or didn't he have a red agate bowler, and they didn't believe he had any shooters at all. John ate his long deliberate

I WATCHED HIM FOR A MOMENT, UNSEEN, HOPING TO GET SOME CLUE TO HIS GRIEF, FOR I KNEW IF THE MATTER COMPROMISED ANYONE, JOHN WOULD TELL NOTHING

dinner with few words of mouth and his marbles still in his pocket.

After lunch, I went upstairs for my nap and, afterwards, seeing that all was quiet, I concluded to write some letters. When I dressed and went to the yard, late in the afternoon, Susan was just returning from her walk with the small team; Bud and Jerry were sheepishly counting something under a tree and John was nowhere to be seen.

"Where is John ?" I asked with a sudden premonition.

"Went off down the road, I guess," was the answer of one of the boys.

I hurried down the path and on to the road, looking in both directions, but there was no boy in sight. I walked on down the road, remembering where we had picked trilliums the day before and thinking, perhaps, John would be there, gathering the flowers for me that I liked, and thereby expressing some more of the fervent thanks to the adorable world that gives friends and marble bags to little boys.

There was no boy. I walked through the thick tangles of trillium where the sunlight filtered through the lace-work of the sparse May leaves, making the same delicate tracery on my dress and the backs of my hands that had so delighted John, the day before. But was there not something besides the sprightly stillness of the May woods ? Following the direction of a sound, I heard distressing labored sobs like those of a strong man in anguish and saw, sitting down among the shoots of a little wooded copse, John the manly, whose morning joy had overflowed his generous heart and gone, spilling itself about the earth at random. His face was buried in his drawn-up knees, but every deep sigh of his fat little body forced them apart, exposing the swollen eyes where tears and dirty hands had done sad work. I watched him for a moment, unseen, hoping to get some clue to his grief, for I knew that if the matter compromised any one John would tell nothing. After a while he sat up listlessly, rubbed his eyes as if to clear his vision, and looked at something light spread over his black stocking. "Was it a wrap or blanket," I asked myself. But no, he was stroking it with infinite tenderness and sorrow. Ah ! Perhaps his little bunny was dead. As I moved a step in my anxiety, I cracked a branch which caused him to look up quickly, but not before I saw the limp and empty marble bag with its four gay letters, flattened pitifully across his legs. He whisked it into his pocket and scrambled to his feet, his eyes riveted on the ground.

"John," I said, in the impressive silence. "Little Sir, it was marbles for keeps, wasn't it ?"

"Well," he was sobbing, his hands in his pockets, and trying by repeated swallowings, to control his six years of unimpeachable manhood. "The kids said I was—"

"Was what, John ?" I asked eagerly.

JOHN CAREFULLY EMPTIED HIS MARBLES ON THE BED OF ONE OF THE SLEEPING ROGUES, AND COUNTED THEM OFF CAREFULLY, WITH INTERMITTENT SOBS, INTO THE YAWNING BAGS UNTIL THEY WERE ALL GONE

"Why, they thought I ought to play marbles i-if I was g-going to h-ave any."

I made no answer and, after a painful silence, he went on, "I didn't want-to be stingy and a c-coward, did I ?"

Ah! There was the cat out of the bag and gone. The brothers knew too well how to turn his nobility of heart to good account.

It was not for me to settle the little affairs of the children and I told John, with secret misgivings, to leave it all to Mother. After that, we trudged along in silence through the spring woods and down the road, I covertly watching his adorable baby nose and upper lip and the pitiful quiver of the lower one. I longed to take him in my arms and let him cry it out like any other six year old, but his manly dignity forbade.

When my sister-in-law appeared, tired from a day of shopping, she was vexed beyond description. She had a strong bustling Puritanical sense of right,—the kind that whips a child because he doesn't say his prayers. They had been gambling,—her children ! She lined them up in a hasty tribunal and would have taken every marble they had for all time if I had not besought her not to do it. As it was, she read them a sharp lecture on the criminal course of the gambler and the drunkard, redivided the marbles as they had been before, and sent them all to bed without their supper. The affair was settled and the boys were leaving the room.

"That's what comes of allowing John to have marbles," remarked my sister-in-law in conclusion, using her woman's prerogative of adding to a climax. "There's the whole trouble."

In some way, it had all worked out so that John felt the burden of the punishment. The two eldest went simpering to undress in the easy security of mutual sympathy; but John left the room alone by another door, his round eyes dilated with seriousness and deep injury written on his square back. One fat hand, again held that funny pouching bag of marbles, but, apparently, they had lost the power to transmit joy to his brain or he had turned philosopher at the age of six, and counted them all as vanity.

I ate scarcely anything that night for the thought of poor "Little Sir," upstairs alone with a heavy heart, and

undressing for bed, with his large crying capacity for food unappeased. After dinner, I went directly to my room which was next to John's; in fact, our beds flanked the same wall, so that each morning when I awoke, I tapped gently for a signal that he could come in for his morning story. Hearing no sound in his room, I stole in softly to his bed-side and found him looking at me with steady round eyes.

"Auntie Bun," he whispered, to me, "Mother didn't hear my prayer tonight. Will you hear it for me ?"

Coming from John, this was very flattering and I sat down on his bedside that I might hear him better. But he extricated himself from the warm covers, (and it was a cold night, with the windows all wide open) knelt at my feet, plump on the cold bare floor that bordered the room, and before I could interpose, began his little "Jesus, tender Shepherd," without a shiver. This done, he gave me a perfunctory kiss on the cheek and crawled back into bed with as solemn a face as I ever saw.

"Don't go to sleep just yet, John, because I want to go downstairs and ask Mother if you mayn't have a wee bit of graham cracker (you know, you brought a box of them to my room the other day) and I'll bring you up a glass of milk. His honest eyes made me ashamed.

"No," he said, in a whisper, "I think I'll go to sleep now."

It was hard to leave him like that. I made another desperate effort to get nearer to him: "Aren't you glad you got your marbles back, John ?" I asked the sad little face, rising like a wet moon from the covers.

He shook his head with finality and turned over on his side. I stooped and kissed him tenderly, and left the room. As I closed the door, I saw the mooted marble bag hanging on the foot of his bed, after the custom set by Bud and Jerry who hung their marbles on their bed-posts every night. John was spending his first night with this undisputed symbol of property and power, but he found no pleasure in it.

I went back to my room with a heavy heart, when I heard Bud and Jerry careering about their room in bare feet and having a high old time. On opening their door to quiet them, I was astonished to see they were just finishing a box of Uneeda biscuits which they had slipped up the back stairs from the butler's pantry. I went back to my room once more. "Ah me !" said I, to myself. "Spinsterhood has its compensations."

An hour later the boys became quiet, but I could hear John turning about in his bed, and then, the faint lifting of

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Practical Idealists

HOW ONE MAN WITH A DREAM AND A CARD INDEXFUL OF FACTS FOUNDED THE CANADIAN WELFARE LEAGUE AND WHAT IT OUGHT TO MEAN TO CANADIAN MEN, WOMEN AND MUNICIPALITIES

By Lillian Beynon Thomas

PRACTICAL idealism is a paradox, in the popular conception. To the man in the street, an idealist is a person with a windsor tie, a soul above money, and the need of a hair-cut. Pigs may possess ruffled shirts, geese quack answers to catechisms, but in his opinion an idealist never can, does, or will have any conception of practical things.

The growth of the profession of social service has knocked that notion into a cocked hat. The new idealist is more likely than not a keen-eyed, clean-shaven little man, intrenched behind an orderly desk, flanked with a severe card-index, and armed with facts and figures of the hardest variety. Dispute his theories, and he produces a bushel of sworn instances of their successful working out. Question his plans, and he deluges you with tabulations of five hundred similar typical cases. Controvert his statements, and he swamps you with statistics compiled from his card-index that begins with Anderson, Aal, and runs to Zywicki, Wladyslaw. He may start his organization with a shoestring, and have the half of a hope for a pillow at night, in the earlier years of its existence; but at no time in all his business life has he been anything but a trained practical man with an exact idea of precisely what he is working to do and how he intends to accomplish it.

Practical idealists, with the accent on the "practical" are what the members of the Canadian Welfare League call themselves, and although the movement that they have organized is based on a vision of a greater and better Canada, it is a thorough-going business concern. It was founded in September of last year, at the annual conference of the Canadian Association of Charities and Correction, held in Winnipeg—founded on the dream of one man.

How the Welfare League is working out the new statesmanship

If ever a poet's words came true, that "one man with a dream at pleasure shall go forth and conquer a town," they did with the founding of the Canadian Welfare League. One man's dream went forth and conquered the practical prairie city of Winnipeg—a dream that fired the imagination and inspired the co-operation of earnest Canadian citizens. Already, leading men and women in every province of Canada are on the League's council. Already they are reaching out to join eager hands with all who will help to fulfil one of the most statesmanlike endeavors that ever sprung from the brain of a patriotic people. Practical idealists, they are grappling with the problems now confronting Canadians, in both east and west, and offering themselves for service in the ranks of the new statesmanship.

It is no small task that the Canadian Welfare League has taken up, and to any man with less zeal that J. S. Woodsworth, the secretary and founder, it might well seem overwhelming. He is a trained social service worker, with years of experience among immigrants. In the process of his work, he has made discoveries and evolved ideas. Certain things, in his opinion, must be done at once, if the Canada of the future is even to approximate the Canada of which we Canadians dream.

Recently a prominent man said, "We are always talking about Canada's melting pot. But what I want to know is, when it is going to melt ?"

And that is the question which Mr. Woodsworth asked himself when he travelled up and down the Dominion in the interests of the immigration work, and found each city, each district, each isolated community, struggling with its own problems, or drifting along and letting the problems solve—or remain unsolved — themselves. Towns, like the immortal Topsy, "just growed." Municipal activities were placed in the charge of untrained men, elected haphazard; sometimes honest and intelligent, sometimes not; sometimes broad-minded and progressive, sometimes uneducated, narrow and bigoted.

How our municipalities make a joke of themselves

The distances between town and town are great. Practically every city and every district has had to begin at the bottom to work out its problems, without benefitting by the experience of other districts or cities that have solved partially or wholly the particular problems under which it labors.

Looking at the situation with a dispassionate eye, it is ridiculous. Imagine a business man starting to organize his private business in such a way—for instance, a prospective lumberman going into the lumber business without any knowledge of the different woods. Imagine him selecting a blacksmith for his foreman, a plumber for his book-keeper, an interior decorator for his engineer and a butcher for his yard-boss. Furthermore, imagine him paying them a nominal salary, and expecting them to earn their own living at their own vocations, incidentally doing his work in occasional off-times and evenings. Yet that is an absolutely fair parallel of the way thousands of municipalities are officered. Suppose, further, that if his business survived a year's operation under such conditions, at the end of the twelve-month he fired the whole kit and caboodle of employees and took on another set, equally ignorant of the basic principles of lumbering. Yet once a year, the officers of municipalities are returned to private life and a new set elected—some of the experienced officers perhaps being re-elected, but a number of new men assuredly coming in, to learn their job by making mistakes at it. It would be laughable, if it were not so pathetic.

Now the science of community building has developed in recent years to an almost mathematical accuracy. The laws governing it are known and have been applied successfully to new communities and old ones that needed remodelling. The mistakes of hundreds of years have been noted and redeemed. There is no reason for any town starting wrong—except ignorance. And that ignorance is what the Canadian Welfare League has been organized to overcome. "The welfare of each is the concern of all," say the practical idealists who compose it. "Canada's development depends on each individual district, village, town and city, and we cannot afford to let any one of them fall behind."

To create a sort of college of community building, is the purpose of the Canadian Welfare League. At their headquarters (Room 10, Industrial Bureau, Winnipeg) they are establishing a centre for all sorts of municipal welfare information,—perhaps, rather than a college, one should call it a correspondence school.

Does a city wish to frame the best laws regarding building restriction? It may apply to the League, and find out exactly what other cities have done, and what has been found most successful.

Does a city wish to take up seriously the problem of better housing?—to excise a slum quarter in its heart, or improve the living conditions of its workingmen? It may secure from the League full information as to what Toronto, New York, Bristol or Paris have already accomplished.

Basing philanthropy on justice instead of charity

Has a city a foreign section where eighteen Bulgarians may sleep in one room with every window tight-closed, and an atmosphere that one could stir with a spoon—or where the infant mortality rate in August is 55%—or where the visiting nurse reports tuberculosis in every fifth family in a certain block? Churches and benevolent societies are pecking at these problems with a certain amount of result, but it is really the city's place to handle them. To quote from Mr. Woodsworth's booklet:

"In almost every city, charitable institutions are multiplying. Unorganized, they are wasteful and usually inefficient. Further, they often do little or nothing to discover the *causes of the evils*, many of which are really preventable. Many cities have been able to organize their philanthropy on a business basis. Some are initiating movements which are substituting justice for charity. This is not mere sentiment. It is common sense. Practical idealism, if you will. We can tell you along what lines other cities are working."

There you are again—practical idealism. Justice, not charity. The square deal owed by a municipality to its citizens. Philanthropy made to pay.

Again, take the matter of municipal sanitation and pure water supply. The city of Chicago spent fifty years and many millions of dollars in making mistakes on this subject. It was not until 1892 that it really started to dig its sanitary canal, and in the previous year it had the highest typhoid death rate of any city in the world—173.8 per 100,000 population.

Saving the lives of over 7,000 citizens in nine years

Plenty of good citizens couldn't see any use in the sanitary canal. They had always dumped their sewage in the lake, and always got their drinking water from the same place. What was good enough for their fathers, was good enough for them, and typhoid was a visitation of God.

However, the drills and pumps and shovels went on working, and the typhoid death-rate went on flourishing. For the nine years before the canal was thrown open, the average was 64.1 per 100,000 population. Acute intestinal diseases also did a thrifty business for the undertakers. Both result from impure water supply.

Nine years after the sanitary canal was opened, the average typhoid death rate for 1900-1908 had dropped to 23.5 per 100,000 of population. In other words, if Chicago people had kept on getting typhoid and dying from it at the rate that existed during the nine pre-channel years, the city would have lost 11,148 victims, or 7,127 more than those it actually lost in the period.

Think what might have been saved to the city if it could have profited by the experience of other cities fifty years—or thirty, or twenty years—earlier. In 1900, its death rate was 60% less than it was in 1870.

There are plenty of municipalities in Canada which to-day know no more how to handle scientifically the problems of sanitation and water supply than Chicago did in 1892. How much would it help them to be able to secure from the Canadian Welfare League full information as to what Chicago, or Toronto, or New York have worked out, at an expense of thousands of dollars and thousands of lives? Humanity's mistakes too often are charged to God.

Perhaps it may seem rather unflattering to say that our population does not know how to live in cities. Nevertheless, it is quite true. Our people to-day are moving from the country to the city. Many are writing and speaking with dread and fear of the results that will come from this migration, but while they are writing and protesting, the population is steadily changing from an agricultural to an urban community. The unfortunate thing is

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Seth Snow's First Sermon

By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman

Illustrated by
F. L. Stoddard

"SETH HE WILL RING THAT OLD CRACKED BELL EVERY SUNDAY, AND GET HIMSELF UP READY TO PREACH . . . IT'S BEEN 'MOST TWENTY YEARS . . . HE'S AN OLD MAN NOW"

IT was blisteringly hot in Snow Hill. The beetling elevation from which the little village had its name sheltered it from any cooling breeze which might blow from the east and the sea, and when the afternoon sun blazed from the west, the heat-waves were echoed back from the broad bosom of Snow Hill. Two men who sat on the bench in front of Dyce's grocery store were discussing it.

"Yes," said one, Sam Dyce, the store-keeper, "that damned hill that they say holds the snow longer than any mountain in these parts in the spring, makes this whole place hotter than tophet, summers."

Sam was in his shirt-sleeves, and his suspenders, which his daughter Daisy had embroidered with rosebuds, were in evidence. He had removed his collar, and his long stringy throat showed. Sam was Yankee from 'way back. He was Yankee from head to toe, and that meant a goodly length of Yankee, for he was over six feet tall. He kept his country store in the fear of the Lord and the determination of profit.

He was constant in attendance at the church in Snow Center, three miles away. He was a deacon, and superintendent of the Sunday school. He was well-to-do. He had remodeled the old Dyce homestead. It had bay windows, a double colonial piazza, and a front yard designed by a landscape gardener. His wife kept two maids, and every spring she and her daughter went on an excursion.

The daughter, Daisy, had been away to school, and her father had bought an electric victoria for her. She was a pretty girl, very sweet-tempered, and not in the least above her father and his store. Some Saturday nights when there was a rush of customers, she came over and helped at the dry goods counter. It was there the other man had first seen her. He had been motoring; his car had broken down and he had stepped into the store in search of a supper of bread and cheese. Sam had sent him to his remodeled mansion where he had feasted, and finally, as the car was still balky, remained over night, quarters being provided for his chauffeur. The car was installed in the barn at the risk of losing insurance.

Sam was hospitable, although a Yankee, and this stranger was not a customer, and of no earthly financial use to him. Sam had not once thought of his pretty daughter, but her mother had, and Daisy had worn her pink and white dress at breakfast next morning.

The stranger came again. He was an odd, incidental sort of man, not very young, seemingly rather aimless, or uncertain concerning his aims. Daisy had fallen in love with him but nobody knew whether he had fallen in love with Daisy or not. Sam, prodded by his wife, had found out what little there was to know about him.

His name was Weston, Lee Weston. He was a bachelor and his reputation was exceedingly good. He was much sought by society people, but hung aloof in the lazy, courteous fashion which he had inherited from a Southern grandmother who had been a Lee. He lived alone with servants and an old housekeeper, and his house was said to be a museum of art.

That Sam Dyce regarded as distinctly not in his favor. Sam scorned art in spite of his rosebud suspenders. He did not in reality care for them, but Daisy had worked them, they were her first embroidery, and Sam did care for his Daisy. He liked the other man well enough. He would have preferred Daisy to marry a man of Snow Hill or Snow Center, but Lee Weston, regarded as a possible son-in-law, did not overawe Sam Dyce. A prince of the blood could not have done that. He scarcely saw Weston's immaculate summer attire and the determined crease of his trousers, and was perfectly unconscious of his own shirt-sleeves.

All that troubled him was the fact that Weston had come and come, and put up his touring car in his barn, and as yet his intentions regarding Daisy were doubtful. Now another man wanted her, and Daisy was urged by her mother that a bird in the hand—Sam's wife was so set of mind that affairs at home were becoming strenuous, and poor Daisy was unhappy.

Now Sam was very uncertain whether Weston would be well received by his wife, since the other man had come to board for the summer next door, at Mrs. Eliza Angel's, and was courting Daisy assiduously and had acquired favor in the eyes of her mother. He was much younger than Weston, and very handsome, and the covert air of high breeding which Sam's wife's acute feminine eye had discerned in Weston was not evident in the newcomer.

"He don't put on airs," she said of

Weston, "but he's got them, and I don't like to feel that my own daughter is marrying a man that knows he's above her pa and ma, even if you want her to."

"Weston don't act a mite stuck up," Sam had retorted.

"He's up so high he don't need to act," said the woman. "The other one is just as good, and well brought up, but he's on the same rung of the ladder as we are."

"Well, they'll have to settle it," said Sam.

In the lower depths of his mind he was revolving the matter as he and Weston sat on the bench. The silent car stood glittering painfully in the road, brilliant with scorching dust. The chauffeur was in the store, sound asleep in a chair. Daisy and her mother had gone to Snow Center visiting, in the little electric victoria, and Sam was entertaining.

"Arabella always leaves the key under the front door mat, and you can go to the house and wash and make yourself to home, if you want to," he had said. "The hired girls ain't there. One has her afternoon off—blamed foolishness, paid seventeen dollars a month—and the other has gone berrying."

But Weston had seated himself on the bench, under the shadow of the store, where it was somewhat cooler than in the road, and Sam had remained beside him. He had not risen when the car had stopped. Sam and his forbears received sitting if they chose, otherwise not; but always it was a matter of their own choice.

Possibly that attitude of Sam's attracted Weston, as well as the innocent charm of his daughter. He looked approvingly at Daisy's father, long and sinewy and yellow and shrewd, and redolent of his staples in trade. He had said to himself long before that the girl and her father were of the true blue blood that recognizes no necessity of asserting it.

The mother was of less degree in Weston's eyes. In fact, she was unconsciously, even to him, the slight barrier which delayed his decision, leisurely in any case. She had been very kind to Weston, and he liked her, but the fact that she placed him on a higher rung of the ladder was so evident that it annoyed him, while he did not fairly know it. Weston's reasons for delay were very subtle, and he was not fond of unraveling the subtle, and the summer had been a very hot one, not conducive to strenuous mental process. He had just remarked inanely but inevitably upon the heat, and Sam had rejoined with his statement concerning the hill. Weston eyed it lazily. It reared itself precipitously before them—rather a magnificent hill, almost a mountain, a great rise of land covered with green almost to the summit, where a bare expanse of rock shone out like a great jewel.

"It's a beautiful hill," commented Weston, "but I should think it might cut off the wind down the valley between the ranges a good deal."

"That's jest the way of it," agreed Sam. "What's more, it reflects the sun right down on the village same as a canvas lean-to reflects the heat of a camp-fire."

"I cannot understand," remarked Weston indolently, "why in the name of common sense, since it was obviously impossible to move the hill, the people, the original settlers, could not have founded the village somewhere else."

"That's as plain as the nose on your face," said Sam. "The Snows owned the land, and when the Snows owned anything they wanted to sell, they sold it. If they hadn't owned anything but that ledge of stone on the top of the hill, they would have sold that. The Snows were the greatest family to make a trade in these parts. Some of it I've seen myself, and some I used to hear about from my father and grandfather. The Snows were as smart as whips comin' right down through the generations, till they wound up in Seth."

Weston nodded. He had not paid much attention. He was thinking regretfully that since Daisy and her mother were away, he supposed before long he might as well go himself. Straws were turning him at this point of his life, and not much wonder, since the point was unprecedented with him. Weston had never thought seriously of any woman until he had seen that young country girl, with her innocence, and ignorance which was not stupidity, simply the lack of knowledge of the unexperienced. Her beauty also attracted him, although not in as large a sense as her character, which seemed to him of such absolute clarity that it revealed her own future self after the passing of years as a being even more desirable than now.

While Daisy was pretty, even beautiful, her beauty was of a small, clear, almost severe type, which could easily be passed unnoticed. Regular, clean-cut features, a straight gaze from dark blue eyes, little color; and thick neutral hair brushed back smoothly from full brows, and a habit of silence, did not tend to make her conspicuous. Daisy was called scarcely pretty at all in her native village of Snow Hill. She was admired, however, because she was Sam Dyce's daughter, had been away to school, had her clothes made by the most expensive dressmaker in Snow Center, and lived in the handsomest and largest house in the village.

"SETH TOLD US WE WERE COMMITTING THE UNPARDONABLE SIN FOR LETTING DAISY GO TO SLEEP IN MEETING

When Guy Bird had come to board at Mrs. Eliza Angel's for the evident purpose of courting Daisy, there had been much covert jealousy and nearly every young man had gone to Snow Center, had his trousers creased and fitted himself out with shirts and neckties like the newcomer's. However, Daisy herself seemed to care little for the young man next door, but her mother did, and that was considered more than an equivalent.

"Arabella Dyce never yet got her mind set on doing anything but she brought it to pass," it was said, "and that girl will marry that man her ma has picked out for her, whether she wants him or not."

Sam Dyce, who knew his daughter, was not so sure. He was sorry that his women folk were away now, for he saw the shadow of a flitting in the young man's eyes. Sam began to wonder if he could not manage to hold him, but he was no diplomat. While he was considering, Weston himself furnished the key to the situation.

"Whose house is that on the Langham road, with a steeple and long windows like a church ?" he inquired. "I notice it every time I come, and have always meant to ask about it, then have forgotten. It looks like a church, but it can't be, for there was a man smoking out in front, and there were white shades at the windows, and there was a woman sewing beside one of them."

"That," replied Sam, "is Seth Snow's house. Ever hear about Seth ?"

"No," stated the other, with only a faint show of interest. It was very warm even in the lee of the store. The odor of the stock in trade was somewhat irritating. There stood his car and a swift rush over the country would be more agreeable, and he might return some day if so disposed. The image of poor Daisy seemed to waver indistinctly, as if through waves of heat. But Sam Dyce continued, and his nasal drawl soon awakened attention.

"Mebbe," said Sam, "if you haven't heard of Seth Snow, you'd like to. Seth, he's the last of the family. He got married when he was young, and his wife died. She was a queer sort anyway, and sometimes I've wondered if her queerness wasn't sort of catching, for Seth, he never seemed any queerer than other folks when he was a young man, except, of course, he was mighty sharp on the dollars and cents and making a good bargain, like all the Snows. Seth, he'd had a college education, but he settled down to farming and made considerable, had enough income to live on anyway. He'd heired that from his father, and he wouldn't spend a mite of it.

"But when his Aunt Lois Snow, that had never got married, died and left him all she had, then he begun to let up on farming, and he got religion, too, in the big revival they had down at Snow Center, and he wasn't very well, and old Dr. Riggs, who always looked on the dark side, and had his patients just ready to die, told him he hadn't got six months to live, and Seth, he looked round and thought it was high time he begun to hustle and get in some good works. So he thought he had a call to preach. Of course, he

"DAISY NEVER WAS A MILK-AND-WATER GIRL, AND NEVER WILL BE"

hadn't been to a regular minister's school but he calculated he might set up as a sort of outside minister, and he made his house over into a meetinghouse.

"He drove a mighty sharp bargain with the carpenters and the men that sold him the timber, but he had them long winders put in, and the ceiling of the first story taken down, and posts driven in to hold up the roof and that steeple built. Then he begun to look round for pews and a pulpit. Although Seth was real earnest about it, nobody ever questioned that, he couldn't quite get over what was bred in his bone. He couldn't make up his mind to go and have brand-new pews and a new pulpit made for that meetinghouse. It seemed to him he might dicker for them some way. But, of course, pews and pulpits ain't to be bought off-hand at a bargain like women's dresses and hats, and Seth was sort of discouraged for a while, I reckon.

"He lived along in the rooms he'd kept for himself and his housekeeper back of the meetinghouse proper, and kept a look-out for nice second-hand pews and pulpits for pretty near a year. Then, all of a sudden, luck came his way. The First Presbyterian Church at South Atway had a lot of money left it, and the women got up a fair to help out, and they had the whole church fixed up fine. They had new carpets, and pews and electric lights, and memorial winders and a new pulpit.

"Well, Seth, he just hitched up and drove over to South Atway, and next thing we knew wagons begun to come loaded up with pews, and the pulpit setting on top. Seth bought the carpets and the bracket lamps, too.

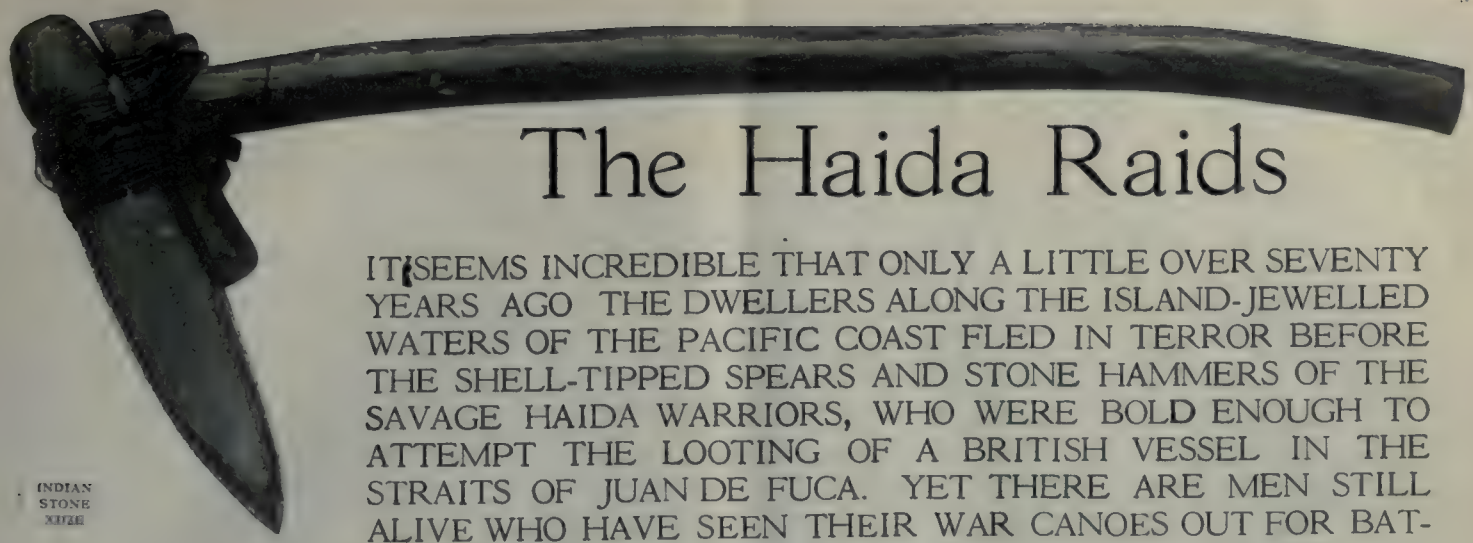
"Well, my wife and the other women got interested, and they said it was a shame that a man should try so hard to have the gospel in Snow Hill, and save folks from going in all weathers way down to Snow Center, and not have anybody help, let alone showing a mite of interest. So they got together and made the men help, and we got the carpet down and the pews set up and the pulpit in place. That was quite a job too, for it was a real old-fashioned pulpit, with stairs up one side. We were mortal afraid it wouldn't be fastened strong and might topple over and poor Seth be killed while he was preaching. But we got it up in good shape finally, and the bracket lamps and everything, and the Sunday was set for the first meeting.

"Seth had a notice printed and pasted up on the meetinghouse door. We made a good deal more fuss about that meeting here than we had ever done about any meeting in Snow Center. Of course, that church of Seth Snow's wouldn't be a real regular church, admitted to conferences and such things, I supposed; but after all, I couldn't see if a good Christian man had a call to preach, and was willing to furnish his own meetinghouse and pews, even if he did get them at a bargain, and it would save folks from going a good way in bad weather, why it wasn't all right, but I calculated I'd wait and hear how Seth preached.

"Well, I did. It was a beautiful Sunday in May. It was the great apple year, and I never saw before nor since so many blooms as there were. The orchards and door-yards were all pink and white, and the air was so sweet it seemed like singing. Everybody in Snow Hill went to meeting to Seth Snow's church, and 'most all the women had new bonnets and a lot had new dresses. My wife had a new one trimmed with jet beads and she had pink roses in her bonnet, and she looked handsome, if I do say it.

"Daisy was nothing but a little tot

Continued on page 218.



INDIAN STONE AXE

The Haida Raids

IT SEEMS INCREDIBLE THAT ONLY A LITTLE OVER SEVENTY YEARS AGO THE DWELLERS ALONG THE ISLAND-JEWELLED WATERS OF THE PACIFIC COAST FLED IN TERROR BEFORE THE SHELL-TIPPED SPEARS AND STONE HAMMERS OF THE SAVAGE HAIDA WARRIORS, WHO WERE BOLD ENOUGH TO ATTEMPT THE LOOTING OF A BRITISH VESSEL IN THE STRAITS OF JUAN DE FUCA. YET THERE ARE MEN STILL ALIVE WHO HAVE SEEN THEIR WAR CANOES OUT FOR BATTLE. THIS IS THE STORY OF THEIR LAST RAID

By Bonnycastle Dale

Illustrated with Photographs

WE were travelling along the shores of the Gulf of Georgia. Great Douglas firs, from two to three hundred feet in height, made the huge silent woods dusky as nightfall. Suddenly, through a rift in the mighty forest, shot a gleam of gold and right before us lay a sheltered harbour shimmering in the light. It lay as silent as the sombre woodland scene about us—silent as in the day when the first storm driven native of the distant shores of Asia sought refuge here and laid the foundation of the far spreading race we speak of as the Coast Indians. Right at our feet, its bleached shells bright in the summer sun, was a kitchen midden of the native tribes,—a beach bank formed of the remains of the tribes' shellfish feasts of a thousand years.

On such a summer day in the year 1840 this beach before us was crowded with the high prowed canoes of the Kwakiutls, descendants of the storm driven Orientals whose arrival is shrouded in the mists of time. Some serious business urges on these squat fishing tribes. Many a clacking old klootchman points vigorously at the distant bay head.

Look closely at this milling throng of warriors. Half a century before this, Perez and Qudra found them peaceable fishing Indians. Captain Cook in 1778 found them quiet and shy—why then are they rushing hither and thither armed for the fray? The Haidas are sweeping south on a foray—cause enough for these peaceable fishing tribes to scurry and run—or to decoy and fight—which? The few white inhabitants of this coast, huddled about the Hudson's Bay Fort of Camusan, likewise dreaded the warlike Haidas for but a month before, while these very Kwakiutls were holding a potlatch, or gift feast, the huge warriors of the northern Haidas had descended like an avalanche and swept all the coast tribes before them, even daring to attempt the piratical act of boarding and looting a British vessel in the Straits of Juan de Fuca.

The writer has often spoken with an old Scotchman who saw the long war canoes, crowded with shouting, gesticulating savages, naked save for the skin belts with slats inserted, tattooed with pictures of salmon, whale and bear, thunder bird and killer. Some had their pierced noses inset with copper or bone or haliotis shell ornaments. Some had whale teeth inset in the ear lobes. Their hair was daubed with bright pigments and some had the fleecy down of the eagle powdered over their bodies.

At close range, as my informant saw them; they were hideous and horrible. Necklaces of shell rattled as they moved. Huge metal armlets clinked as they paddled—some of these were of native silver, curiously graven. In the mighty war canoe, a cedar log sixty feet long, deftly shaped by fire and tool, were the otter and seal cloaks of the warriors. The old men that held the steering paddle wore their cloaks, cloaks that to-day would excite admiration in any fur mart in the world. Over their knees were the wonderful blankets of mountain goat, thread, and bark of the cedar.

In the centre of each canoe were the fruits of the battle. Gory piles of skulls; wooden helmets, carved after the head of a wolf or bear; wooden armour, woven wood and rod combined into one flexible mass; great round shields for body armour; skin coats to wear below it; tubs filled with the grisly arms of the octopus; heaps of sea urchins, cockles and clams; a pile of hideous war masks to wear when they danced about their conquered victims; decaying bodies of wild geese caught

AN INDIAN BOY WEARING THE CARVED WOODEN MASK OR HELMET OF THE HAIDAS

when moulting; dried fish, salmon roe and birds' eggs. These tall warriors are not of Asiatic origin, as are the Kwakiutls gathered on the beach. These mighty men come of the same stock as the big Maoris of New Zealand, and the myriad inhabitants of the islands of the south Pacific. They have the same customs, totems, house buildings, laws, dress, and are armed with steel knives, stone hammers, clubs, bows and war spears.

The marauders had left what we now call Queen Charlotte Island. They had crossed the angry sound of the same name, secure in their great canoes. If by chance one upset, the swimming warriors would swarm back into it and "paddle-splash" the water out in quick time. They sleep in these craft upon the ocean far out of sight of land.

ONE OF THE KWAKIUTLS, A PEACEFUL RACE OF FISHERMEN, DESCENDANTS FROM ADVENTURING ORIENTAL SEA-FARERS BLOWN ACROSS THE PACIFIC IN SOME PREHISTORIC AGE

Southward they had swept, gobbling up, like some fabled monster, house and village, canoe and fisherman, babe and klootchman, but ever through the mighty forest beside them stole the survivors, southbound too, fearful but vengeful. Through the boiling tidal passes, sleeping on barrier reefs to be secure from surprise, the puzzled Haidas swept southward. Year after year they had ravaged this coast until the more peaceful natives dreaded them more than death. In many a place only deserted summer villages, the "illahie" or fishing village of the coast tribes, met their gaze. Where were all these usual victims of their forays? Creeping southward too, but far back in the valleys and on the shore hills of the coast, an avenging host bent on decoying the dreaded Haidas into one carefully selected bay.

Here on the shores of that bay waited the men of the Kwakiutls. All the women and children, all the old men and treasured pets and household possessions, were even now speeding up the river to land their canoes and hasten to shelter in the mighty hills behind. All the men now stood silently awaiting the last runner from the hilltop. Soon an almost naked figure darted out on the trail and leaped down to the shore. There was much excited running hither and thither. Then they all silently entered their canoes and paddled swiftly across the bay towards an inner harbour divided from the big one they were crossing by a sand spit that lay almost bare at low tide. Further in, it narrowed until high red syenite walls made up a narrow pass. All seemed timed to the hour. The tide was falling. The Haidas were even now entering the outer bay. The Kwakiutls were just passing in behind the sand spit, so that their last apparently desperately paddling crews were perfectly displayed on the calm water near the spit.

But Indian guile met Indian guile and the Haidas were only five canoes strong—where were the other five that had crossed the mighty seas of Queen Charlotte Sound? They were silently paddling down the outer coast, intent on surprising some other summer village, despising the one they were passing so much that they had divided their forces.

No sooner did the entering Haidas see the enemies' canoes vanishing around the spit than they sent up a fearful yell of victory, then swiftly and silently they sped across that inlet, the tall prows casting aside the waters of the outgoing tide in splashing curving waves.

"Run out, good tide—run out!"—prayed the Kwakiutls who had landed in a creek cove, around the sand spit. Now they crept slowly through the shore cedars towards their dreaded enemies. What are those dark forms creeping among the cedars on the other side opposite the spit? They are the silent host that crept southward through the mighty fir forests.

On swept the marauders, each pointed paddle splashing up the green water. In their haste for slaughter they were now strung out one behind the other, for was not the crew of any one canoe—twenty picked men of the most powerful tribe on the whole Pacific Coast—equal to a whole village of scurrying fishing Indians? Ahead, the spit narrowed the passage to an hundred yards. The panting warriors could now see into the inner bay.

"Ho!" they yelled, as they saw the discarded fleet of canoes far up on the tide-left shellbank. Ahead shot the swiftest canoe—on—on—on— over the swiftly flowing tide that was rushing out over the centre of the spit—crunch-crunch! the leading canoe struck bottom and out the warriors leaped to try to drag it up into the deep water some hundred feet ahead. With mighty splashing and rattling of discarded paddles the four following canoes plunged on to the flats and stuck.

But what are those strange, swiftly darting black lines that look like speeding insects in flight? Why are the mighty Haidas slipping and tossing in the shallow water? NOW—from out of the dense cedars on either shore dart a host of brown figures, ten for every one of those who struggle about the canoes. Flight after flight of arrows centre in the Haidas. They make a swift rush for their weapons—too late, the spearmen are upon them, a perfect forest of shell-tipped bone-tipped, even some iron-tipped spears rush through the shallows. Now come the little Kwakiutl men with their rude bone and stone-tipped and wooden clubs. In between them rush the young men with short spearlike daggers—and the warriors of the Haidas have gone where they had sent so many of these peaceful fishing Indians—into the great unknown.

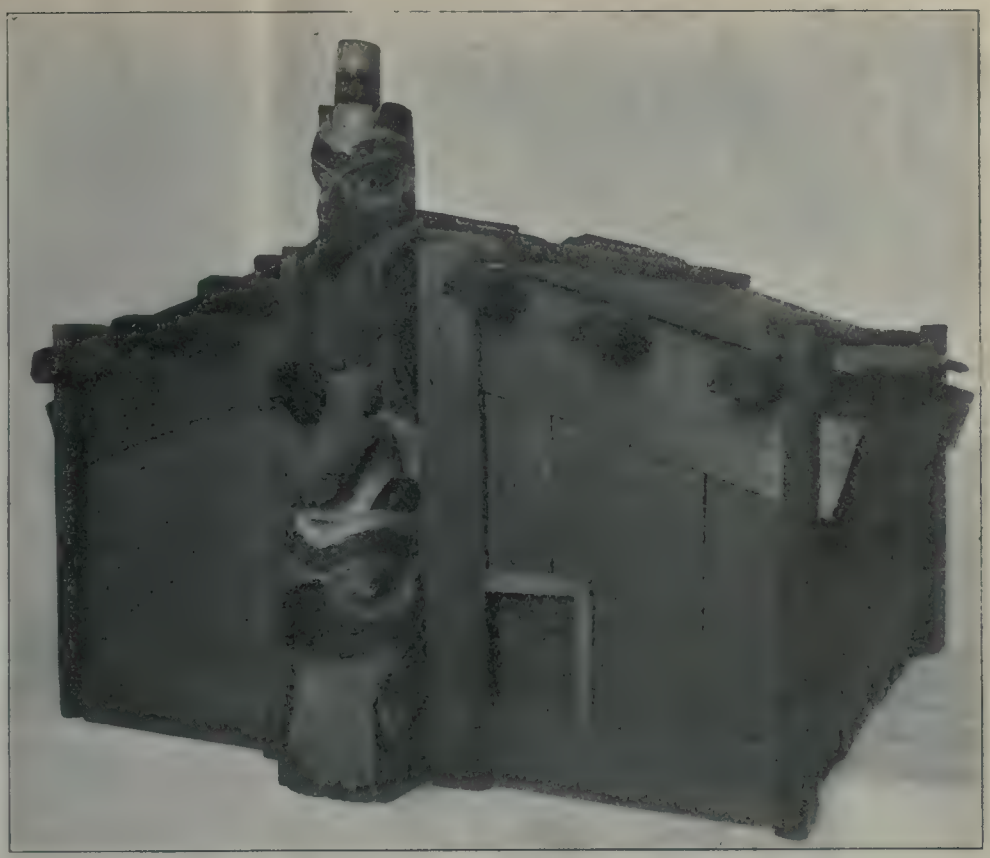
But the fight for their fishing grounds and villages, their women and children, is not ended. The five canoes that swept southward will encamp that night on one of the outer islands of the

Gulf. To-morrow they will hasten back to see what keeps the rear flotilla. Again a full knowledge of tide and pass and current helps the Kwakiutls. They know of another narrow pass, in swift water, up which the enemy must return. For this reason they fought desperately so that not a single living Haida crept out of the shallows to carry word of defeat to the other warriors in the five foremost canoes—now vainly seeking for an inhabited summer village to raid.

So into the enemies' canoes they clamber. Off others dart for their own craft. Soon a mighty fleet of war canoes sweep out of the bay and enter the Gulf of Georgia. Night falls as they urge their shapely craft southward, meeting runner after runner along the outer coast. Some three hours' canoe journey ahead lay the tidal flats of a mountain-born river, huge sea meadows of mud and grass and shells of dead crustacea. Here nothing larger than a raccoon could cross unnoticed. Here the dim forms of the great canoes swung all the night long.

Just before dawn a panting swimmer returned to tell them that the woods on both sides of the pass were clear. No enemy lurked therein. So with soft strokes the dark flotilla passed on and landed outside the pass. Half of the canoes crossed and were beached outside on the opposite or eastern side. Soon both of the dusky armies had crept through the undergrowth and were ensconced in the ferns and shrubbery that covered the sloping banks of the pass on either side. So close was the pass, so narrow the passage, that the rattle of a bow, the clatter of a falling arrow could be plainly heard on either side. No fear of the Haidas yet. No canoe could breast the outgoing tide.

UNDER THE ROOT OF A GIANT FIR WAS FOUND THIS SKULL, RELIC OF SOME LONG-AGO TRAGEDY. IT IS ESTIMATED TO BE 1,000 YEARS OLD



MODEL OF A NATIVE HOUSE, BUILT AFTER THE FASHION OF THE BRITISH COLUMBIA COAST TRIBES, WITH THE TOTEM BESIDE THE TINY DOOR

Soon the tiny whirlpools and ripples of the southbound "long run out" ceased. For a few moments only was the water undisturbed —then the "short run in" began.

The pass lay in complete silence, the moment of rest before old Dame Nature unseals another day. Now a dim light spreads through the narrow cleft in the rocks.

It was but yester afternoon that the five big war canoes darted down here with favoring current. No enemy met the eyes of the warriors then. By all appearances no enemy now. Soon a low murmur is heard above the rippling tide. The northward returning Haidas, confident after years of raids, are singing an old folk song as they steer their big highprowed craft down the centre of the current. Plaintive and sweet sounded the low gutturals of the warriors, "Ho-ly —yah . . . ho-ly—yah . . . hoh-hoh-hoh—"

As said the ancient naturalist, "The swan goeth singing to her death," even so these grim warriors sang unwittingly their death chant, for clear in the now rapidly brightening pass, in the centre of the current, in water so swift that a landing was impossible, a turn meant an upset, they swept along.

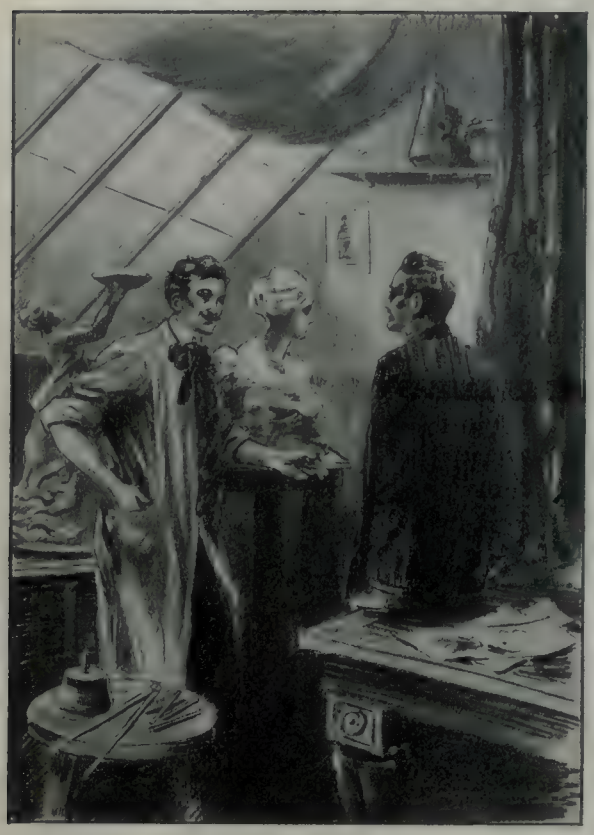
As rises a great herd of caribou to the stampede, as when the myriad dark seafowl on ledge above ledge in the breeding grounds rise up, so rose the Kwakiutl hosts on either side of that fatal pass. Every bush and fern on all that thousand feet of sloping bank gave place to a leaping brown figure —some dark in the shadows, some copper in the sun's rays. With one impulse the host raised their bows and a flight of arrows thick as locusts in plague sped towards the doomed Haidas. The regular banks of cedar paddles gave place to drooping figures. In one canoe, the one that led this fearful "run the gauntlet," the old steersman, with dying grasp, pulled his craft partly towards the bank. Instantly all of the canoes swept on abreast — a living, throbbing target at fifty feet. Amid a hail of arrows the flotilla swept out of the pass. The few survivors, arrow riddled and bleeding, clambered into one canoe and made off erratically over the smooth water. Soon a plunging fleet of canoes darted off the banks and flew along in pursuit—a crash, a swiftly rushing impact, a few stabbing blows with the keen-edged shell-tipped spears and the last of the great Haidas of that long remembered raid had fallen before his despised enemy the squat and stolid Kwakiutl.

In The Eyes of The Law

BEING ALSO THE STORY OF THE LIGHT THAT LIES IN WOMEN'S EYES — AND LIES, AND LIES, AND LIES

By Grace Hudson Rowe

Illustrated by Vatier L. Barnes



DONATI SHRUGGED HIS SHOULDERS. "YOU ARE NOT SUSCEPTIBLE, I SEE." HE SMILED

"IT is perfect," I cried, as I looked at the lovely statue just completed by my friend Rinaldo Donati, one of the great modern sculptors of Rome. "What do you mean to call her ?"

"She has been named already, and in rather a rapturous fashion," he answered. "Last week there came a party of Canadians, and among them—such a vision. What eyes ! What a skin ! She was attended by a big, fussy man, and an elderly woman she called 'aunt.' When I showed her this, she wished to buy it; but I told her it was already sold. 'What exquisite taste. I could adore a man like that,' was the somewhat surprising answer. The grim aunt gave vent to a shocked 'Ethel, how can you !' She frisked around the studio like a fuzzy little kitten and then came back with the question, had I named the statue, and if not I must call it 'La Belle Jardiniere,' Ah ! I shall not forget her face—never !"

"Nonsense," I cried skeptically. "I'll bet she wasn't in the same class with a girl I saw last week. She was just ahead of me in the Sistine chapel, and was overcome by the heat. I was close enough to be of service. What more romantic beginning could you wish than that ? Yet I don't rave."

Donati shrugged his shoulders.

"You are not susceptible, I see."

"Perhaps not," I replied, laughing. "At any rate, I ran away from Canada to escape a woman. There was a troublesome law suit and a pretty widow—they were too much for me—for my relations wanted me to marry the widow."

"Was she wealthy ?" asked Donati.

"Yes, and no," said I, unable to help laughing at his view of the case. "I'll tell you the story. Some years ago, just previous to the death of my father, an eccentric old uncle died, leaving me sole heir to a really large fortune. Knowing this, my father altered his will and bequeathed most of his property to my three sisters, leaving me a legacy of a thousand or two a year. I was perfectly satisfied at the arrangement, for my uncle's estate was worth eighty thousand a year. Some months after my father's death, I received a letter from a legal firm in Montreal, stating that a codicil had recently been found to my uncle's will, in which he changed the entire disposition of his fortune and left it to a niece of his wife's. I consulted my lawyer. He said that the codicil bore evidence of being genuine, but might not be. The chief point in my favor was that I had had possession of the estate, undisturbed, for years. There is an old servant mixed up in it—but the story is long enough without going into that part.

"Finally, I decided to throw the case into court, not being disposed to give up my fortune to an unknown person who, moreover, had a comfortable allowance left her by her own husband, and had no blooming business to be hankering after mine. The case dragged on, with one delay and another, for eighteen months. Then my eldest sister, Mrs. Stevens, became possessed of the idea that she had discovered a way to settle it."

"How so ?" asked Donati.

"Well," I answered, "Cora proposed that I lay siege to the warlike and avaricious widow, with an ultimate view of marrying her !"

"And why not ?" said Donati surprised.

"That's enough," retorted I, irritably. "You Italians pretend to die for love, and yet always marry for money. But I, at least, won't barter my liberty for a fortune. To do you justice, however," said I, cooling down, "Cora took exactly your view of it. She said Mrs. Martindale—that's the widow—was just the woman who needed a protector, and ended up her harangue by telling me she had invited my antagonist to visit her, in the hope that something might come of it. I was in a towering rage, and when I found my young unmarried sister favored the scheme, well—I simply got out. So it happened that the week the widow was expected I was on my way to Europe."

"And how about the law-suit ?"

"Oh ! that's still dragging on. By last accounts, our side was looking up. But, whether I win, or lose, the widow may wear the willow as far as I am concerned."

"Your sisters are of the wisest," was the dry reply of Donati. Then he turned the conversation by asking me to go for a walk on the Campagna.

It was now carnival time. The second day of the races, I had left my carriage to join a friend, and was standing among the dense crowd on the Corso, when a very clear voice behind me said, quietly:

"I beg your pardon, are you not a Canadian ?"

I looked around. There stood a beautifully gowned woman. But I only noticed the laughing eyes at first.

"Guilty," I responded, "What can I do for you, madam ?"

"I have been separated from my party in the crowd, as we were going to our carriage, and I speak such abominable Italian, and—and—I thought you looked like a countryman. Anyone but a Canadian gentleman," with the slightest possible emphasis on the last word, "might mistake the

freedom. Will you do me the very great kindness to help me locate the whereabouts of my people."

Of course I assured her I was at her command, and we looked vainly around for the missing party, whom she endeavored to describe to me, but the crowd only grew denser in front of us, and she began to grow embarrassed in spite of herself.

"My aunt will be terribly alarmed about me," she said at last. "I am tremendously sorry to have bothered you so much; and you have been obliged to leave your friend."

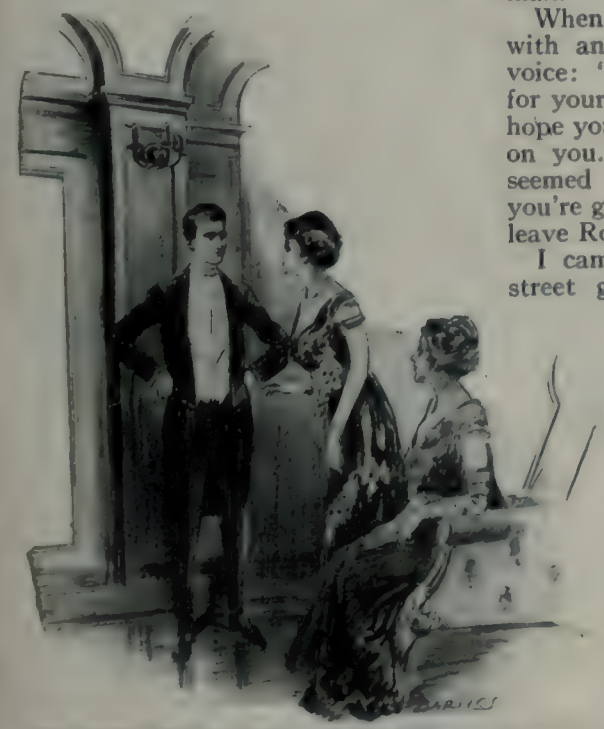
"That's of no conquence." Here a bright idea struck me. "But if you will allow me to offer you my carriage, I would be glad to take you to your apartments."

She hesitated for half a second.

"I think I shall be obliged to impose on your kindness," she replied at last, "for I see no other way of extricating myself from this dilemma."

"I helped her in and she gave me the address of her hotel. Then with my hand on the door I said, "If you will allow me, I think I had better go with you. It would hardly be pleasant for you to drive through the streets alone." As I looked at her, it dawned on me for the first time what this tantalizing impression of something familiar about her eyes was. She was the girl for whom I had procured the bottle of salts in the Sistine chapel. Probably some of my surprise was reflected in my face, for as she thanked me and accepted, she blushed charmingly.

However, after a few moments the temporary embarrassment wore off,



"YOU DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH DAMAGE YOU DID THAT DAY," SAID I. 'POOR DONATI! YOU LEFT HIM WITH THE IMPRESSION THAT CANADA IS THE LAND OF LOVELY FACES"

ON THE FOURTH DAY I INSISTED ON HAVING MY MAIL

and, I found myself chatting gayly. She seemed perfectly familiar with the English society of Rome, and presently I began to wonder if she was not an Englishwoman, in spite of her previous assertion about a Canadian countryman.

When the carriage stopped she said with an adorable little catch in her voice: "I cannot thank you sufficiently for your kindness to a stranger, but I hope you will call, or let my uncle call on you." Then with a daring that seemed to startle herself, "But if you're going to call, come soon, for we leave Rome the end of next week."

I came to, standing stupidly on the street gazing after her. I, Sidney Cragg, staid, sensible bachelor of thirty-one, had lost my head—and heart. As I drove back to the Corso I looked at the card she had given me. It bore the name of the "Reverend Nathaniel Marston" in severely clerical type.

That evening I went to a ball at the Embassy, and on every programme I touched, the letters formed themselves into the Reverend Nat's name; the next morning at the club the menu card shouted Nathaniel Marston at me. I finally stopped short and said "You blooming idiot, go and call, and after you have spent half an hour with the fair one, you'll come back to your senses. The novelty of the situation has 'got you'—that's all. So after dinner I found my way to the hotel, and sent up my card to the Reverend Nathaniel. Following it rather quickly I caught a glimpse of the room and heard a word or two from its inmates before they were aware of my being on the threshold. "Such a piece of deceit, Ethel," said a prim voice, on a high key. "But I *will* have it so, aunt," I heard the girl reply. "Don't you see the unbearableness of my——". Just then she caught sight of me in the doorway, and while I thought she looked embarrassed for a moment, she recovered herself so quickly that it was only a vague impression. She shook hands with a simple unaffected directness, and said, "Mr. Cragg, I want you to know my aunt. Aunty dear, this is the life-saver." Mrs. Marston certainly did not belie her voice. She was the stiffest, starchiest, most poker-like person I ever saw. She'd the expression of a prune, and looked as if she might belong to an entirely different sphere from the radiant creature who seated herself on the couch beside me, and of whom I inquired, "I hope your party had returned, when you arrived, Miss Marston?"

She chatted agreeably about many topics, occasionally interrupted by a nod from the sphinx-like aunt in the easy-chair.

"Are you much interested in modern sculpture, Mr. Cragg ?" said the niece. "I have so enjoyed my visits to the studios here and in Florence. But the other day I had such a disappointment. I saw the most exquisite cameo-like little statue, and offered the artist his own price, but alas ! it had been bought by somebody—didn't he say a 'compatriot,' aunt ?—and I could not have it."

Donati's story flashed across my recollection, and involuntarily I broke into a laugh. Then his "Diva," who declared herself "in love with that man," the owner of the marble, was Miss Marston.

"You don't know how much damage you did that day," said I. "Poor Donati ! You left him with the impression that Canada is the Paradise of—pardon me—lovely faces. The statue you were kind enough to christen is my property."

"Yours ?" Again the blue eyes looked archly wicked. "Then I envy you. Is Signore Donati a friend of yours ?"

"Yes, our acquaintance began eight years ago, during my second visit to Rome."

Just then the servant announced Lord Derwent. I rose as the tall blonde Guardsman entered. He was an old acquaintance of mine, but one that I wasn't keen about.

"Good-evening, my fair antagonist," was his greeting to Miss Marston. "Ah, Cragg !" turning to me, "I wasn't aware that you knew——"

"Me !" interrupted the lady. "What a sad loss that knowledge must be to your lordship ! I have something to say to you about that marble, Lord Cosmo; but it must be under the rose, as I don't mean aunt shall know it. Mr. Cragg, will you excuse me for an instant, I'm going on the balcony."

I bowed assent, but I was not particularly pleased, as I watched the pair outside, and heard presently a gush of merry laughter from Ethel, that seemed to tell of great intimacy with Derwent. But I called myself a jealous fool when they returned, and Ethel's clear eyes met mine. Still the call was not as pleasant after that, and I soon rose to go, promising, as she said, "to come soon again."

The Marstons were only a week longer in Rome, but, during that time my acquaintance with Ethel progressed very rapidly. I contrived to keep myself informed of their movements and made my plans suit theirs, so I followed them back to Paris. One thing alone gave me serious uneasiness, and that was Derwent's persistent attentions. I knew him to have a reputation of some speed, so I didn't care for Miss Marston to see so much of him. The morning before the Marstons were to leave Rome, I went over to see Donati, and found him, as usual, working in his studio.

"Ah ! you have forgotten me," was his salutation; "and I hear of you such tales. Did I not see you at the Coliseum yesterday with La Diva, about whom you pretended such indifference?"

"Upon my honor, Donati," said I, "I did not know her then. What have you heard ? My acquaintance with Miss Marston has been very short."

"Truly; but the tongue flies fast. Don't play surprise, caro, but rather tell me by what process you obtained information that my studio was to be honored by La Diva this morning ?"

"You are my informant. I came to say good-by."

"Off for Paris, eh ? Then you don't know that the big, fussy man brought Milor Derwent here to take opinion upon my Aurora ? And they are coming to give a final order, ecco !" and the enthusiastic Italian gave one of his expressive gestures toward the door.

Mrs. Marston entered first with Derwent, and a moment after the Reverend Nathaniel and Ethel saw me standing in the window. She was a little, a very little, startled by my unexpected proximity, for she blushed as we shook hands. After shaking hands with Mrs. Marston I gave her all my attention. The grim aunt had really begun to thaw a shade toward me, and I endeavored to impress her by some very learned sounding opinions of marbles in general. At length the Reverend Nathaniel appealed to his wife, and we were drawn into the other circle.

"Mr. Cragg," Ethel said to me in rather an undertone, "I wonder if I may presume on our short acquaintance, and ask you to do something for me after I leave Rome ?"

"I shall be glad to be of any use," I said sincerely enough.

"It is only about some scarfs; I will give you the address, and they can be forwarded. I wonder when I shall have an opportunity to thank you ?"

I wondered if she was playing with me; or probably it was just a little appealing way she had with everyone. Anyway I said, "I'll be in Paris the end of the week. If I dared——"

"Dare nothing," she said hurriedly. Then, in a gayer tone, "We go to the Grande Hotel, and I shall hope to see you. By the way, if you are leaving so soon, why can't you join our party as Lord Derwent has done ?"

"Thank you," I returned, coldly. "It will not be possible for me to join you, or Lord Derwent."

She looked at me with a sudden lighting of her eyes, that added a new charm to her beauty; but she was prevented from answering by the appearance of Lord Derwent at my elbow.

"Can I do anything for you in Paris, Cragg ?" said he, with that careless grace and ease that so well covered a hidden insolence. "I'm at your command."

"Thank you; I've no commissions for Paris. I shall be there myself on Friday night."

"Good news," said he, recovering himself. "Then I hope you'll dine with me on Saturday. I expect a party of eight; among them your friend Hobart and Carrolyn of the Guards, whom you knew in London."

After a second's deliberation, I accepted the invitation. A refusal would have been an unnecessary discourtesy.

The very first thing I did on arriving in Paris, was to order flowers for Ethel, and send them with her scarfs to the Grande.

It was a very elegant dinner to which I sat down at seven. Presently I was in better humor with my host, and was beginning to think him not such a bad sort after all. Gray and I were talking over the latest musical show, when I accidentally caught part of a remark of Derwent's to Carrolyn: "Jealous as the devil—see what he'll say to it." He leaned forward and said, "A glass of wine with you, Cragg. Here's to my future fiancé, the lovely and graciously-disposed Ethel."

I raised the glass to my lips without touching it. "Am I to conclude that you expect our congratulations, Derwent ?" I said calmly.

"Conclude what you like," he said with an insolent smile; "the fair one waits my pleasure, and by Jove ! if she wasn't so deuced handsome I'm afraid I'd leave her there for her pains."

For a second I stared, not believing my ears. Then, as the significance of his speech registered itself in my mind, a flood of rage overcame me. I saw red, and my hand went out to the nearest weapon.

The rest is a blank. I only know I grabbed a champagne bottle and used all the force of my muscle on Derwent's face. Derwent must have drawn a revolver, because from that moment I only have a hazy recollection of an unending interval of pain and delirium, in which I was pursuing Lord Derwent and Ethel through dark caves—always just before me, never quite in my reach. When I finally opened my eyes to consciousness Hobart and a woman in a nurse's uniform were in the room.

"We've pulled you through, Sidney, thank God !"

"Where's Derwent ?"

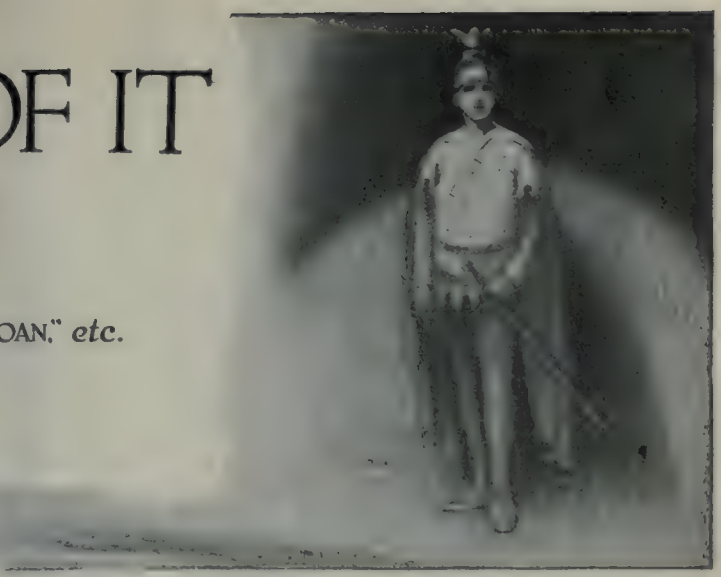
"The bally scoundrel got out, but

Continued on page 209

THE WOMAN OF IT

By Alan Adair

Author of "THE APOSTACY OF JULIAN FULKE." "JOAN." *etc.*



Illustrated By Katherine Southwick

SYNOPSIS.

This novel of English society opens with a prologue showing Robert Sinclair as a boy in Rome. He angers his father, a cashiered captain, by wanting to become a singer, and is brutally beaten. Mother and son leave Rome that night, the boy regretting only his parting with his playmate, Denzil Merton.

The scene changes to London. Lord Merton is giving a box party at the opera for the family of a Canadian railway man, with whose daughter, Valerie Monro, he is deeply in love. When the new tenor who is to make his premier in the role of the Knight Lohengrin comes on, Merton recognizes him as his boyhood friend, Robert Sinclair. Valerie is strangely impressed by the tenor but chides herself for being as silly about him as the other women of the party. Merton tells her he is going to call on Sinclair the next day, which he does, and finds Sinclair eager to renew their boyish acquaintance. Merton tells him that Valerie wants to meet him, but he laughs and intimates the Lohengrin's armour has dazzled her a little. Merton disclaims this, saying, "She is not like that," and when Mrs. Monro sends the singer a card for her next ball, Merton persuades him to accept. Valerie perversely snubs him. Later in the evening a lighted candle falls on her, and Sinclair puts out the fire, burning his hands. Valerie attempts to thank him, and ends by a gust of hysterical tears which washes away the coldness between them. They start afresh on their acquaintanceship, and she invites Sinclair to come and see them. However, their next meeting is at the Duchess of Northshire's musicale, where Sinclair is a lion. She promises him three dances at Lady Merton's ball. Feeling intuitively that Merton will ask her to marry him, she tells herself, "To-night I will be happy. After that, the deluge!" She coquettes with Sinclair, and provokes him until at last he takes her in his arms, and admits that he loves her. Then, coming to himself, he puts her away, saying, "There is Denzil, my friend—and yours." She tells him, "He will ask me to marry him, to-night. What shall I say to him?" Sinclair grips her by the shoulder and says fiercely: "You aren't going to marry him! Do you hear me?" Then, coming to himself, he puts her away. He will not take Denzil's beloved away from him, and he tells Valerie he loves her too much to marry her, that he would not make her happy, that he loves his work more than any woman. Valerie cannot understand this altogether, but he forces her to accept the fact that he will not marry her; and later in the evening she accepts Denzil. When Sinclair reaches home, his father is asleep in his rooms, having come to beg for money on the strength of the fact that he is the next heir to the baronetcy of Abbott's Wood, and Sir Fulke Sinclair is a very old and feeble man. His son settles two hundred pounds a year on him, and tells him that it is only on condition that the captain never show his face near his son again, never write to him or communicate with him. The elder Sinclair consents, borrows all the gold the son has in his pockets at the moment, and goes off with a pitiful attempt at jauntiness, leaving the young man alone. Valerie, as Denzil's fiancee, goes with the Mertons to Barranmuir, for the shooting. After much persuasion, Sinclair comes for a few days, and is shocked to find how thin and white Valerie has grown. Diphtheria breaks out in the village, and Denzil is anxious about her, but she laughs it off. Captain Sinclair turns up, and demands more money from his son, which Robert refuses to give. In a rage, the captain threatens to ask Lord Merton for a loan. Meantime Valerie, noticing that Robert is amused by pretty Dolly Brent, believes that he is falling in love with her, and cannot endure it.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

She hesitated a little at the entrance of the conservatory and her dress rustled gently along the mosaic floor. Almost involuntarily Robert looked up and met Valerie's dark blue eyes. Her face gave him a shock. It was almost like a death-mask except for those burning, haunting eyes of her.

Dolly did not look up. Her world consisted for the present of Robert Sinclair. She felt sure he had sung to her—he had sought her out as soon as he had finished his song—that was enough for her!

But beyond looking at him, Valerie made no sign at all. She walked in her own peculiarly graceful swimming fashion past them and so through the long rooms until she reached the staircase, where she was to bid Denzil good-night.

By this time he had noticed her pallor and was dreadfully concerned at it. "Valerie," he said, "let me send for Moffat—he is a good doctor, although he lives in the country! I am sure you are ill!"

"I'm just tired," she said.

"But that fatigue means something—you are not usually so tired!"

"It means nothing," she answered and bent towards him. "Don't you want to kiss me good-night?" she asked in gentle raillery.

"Don't I want to?" he said.

She bent her head and he kissed her, "My darling, my darling!" he said—it seemed as if he could not say anything more.

He stayed and watched her until she had disappeared from his sight and still he stood there. The horrible fear that she might be ill, that he might lose her was on him. "I am sure it will never be," he said to himself. "No mortal was ever allowed to be so happy!" But how could he bear to live without her? A horrible presentiment of life without Valerie came to him; he could not shake it off and he stood there where he had been parted from her until some one came out of the drawing rooms and found him there. That some one was Robert.

"Denzil, what is the matter, you look as if you had seen a ghost?"

"Do I? Well I have seen a ghost The ghost of what life would be for me without Valerie!"

"You have not quarrelled?"

"Great Heavens, no! But she looked so white, so frail—and she grows thinner and thinner—and she is so gentle always! She used, I think, to have more spirit. If anything happens to her, I could not survive it!"

"She looked pale to-night," remarked Robert casually. "I noticed that. But Denzil, old man, a woman is not going to die, because she looks pale—I think you are extravagant in your fears. It is not like you!"

"No," he said. His friend's words comforted him and appealed to the common sense part of his nature, that knew nothing of the fears of love. "I suppose I am a fool, Bob—but I can dream of no life without her."

"A very good sort of folly," said Robert, and to himself he added, "I say so, because I share it!"

CHAPTER XIII.

VALERIE came down to breakfast the next morning, looking only a shade less pale than she had done the previous night. Indeed, the night had been one of tossing for her. She could not sleep. Always it seemed to her, that she saw Robert's handsome head stooping towards Dolly and the girl's adoring eyes lifted to the singer's face.

"He forgot me," the girl said to herself. "I might just as well never have given him all my love!"

That was the sting of it! For the first time in her life, she was jealous, bitterly jealous! Jealous of pretty, foolish Dolly, who had been so ready to sell herself to the highest bidder! And yet she could not say to herself truthfully that she would not have been jealous, if Robert had devoted himself to any other woman.

"He must go," she said to herself, "he will love and will in time marry but I shan't be there to see! I can't stand it, I can't!"

But she was not quite so sure when she came into the long dining room and saw that Dolly and Sinclair were breakfasting together.

The long table was almost empty, yet those two were seated side by side. He had been talking as she came in. Was it really worse to see him beside Dolly than to dream of him and toss from side to side because of him all the night?

"Anyhow, I can see what is going on," she said.

He sprang up as she came in. Denzil was not yet down. Breakfast went on gaily for a couple of hours at Barranmuir and the guests helped themselves or had trays conveyed to their rooms as they would. Valerie had never come down quite so early before. She had always thought that Sinclair must be one of the early ones.

"What shall I get you?" he asked her.

"Whatever there is," she answered—the very thought of food choked her but the conventions must be observed.

He examined the dishes gravely and finally made a choice, handed it to her and then went back to Dolly's side and sat down, eating his breakfast quite heartily. "He does not care, he does not care," said Valerie to herself.

She drank a mouthful of coffee and made a pretence of eating. Then Denzil came in, astonished at seeing her.

"Are you better?" he asked, anxiously scanning the beautiful face.

"I am quite well," she said, "I was very tired, that is all."

"You still look tired," he said. "You must not come on the moors, to-day, Valerie!"

"Very well, I will stay in," she said docilely. Denzil pressed her hand under cover of the table. "You are going out early, Bob?" he said. "You are a sportsman!"

"I have to be in early," said Sinclair. "I have letters to write. The moors are splendid—the birds just wild enough. But I have some arrangements to make. Are you getting ready for a tramp with me, Miss Brent?"

"I am going on the moors," said Dolly blushing and dimpling. "There will be a large party of us!"

She rose and he went to the window. "I think it is going to be fine," he said, looking at the clouds critically.

"You don't seem pleased?"

He laughed, "I don't mind the rain—and the ladies don't come when it is rainy."

"You ungrateful wretch," said Denzil laughing.

"Oh, I am not that—but I like everything in its place—I like to do my shooting with men—what time does your post go out, Denzil?"

"Quarter to five."

"Then if I am home by half-past three, I shall have an hour and a quarter for my letters. Are you shooting, old man?"

"I am going to take Miss Monro in the motor for a long spin this morning," said Denzil, "that is, if she will let me."

"I should love it," said Valerie gratefully.

She went from the room and left the two young men together. Other guests came down. She did not see Robert again until he passed her in his tweed suit and gaiters, with Dolly by his side. She had on beautiful sables, Merton's gift, and a sable toque with a brownish veil. As he passed her, he gave a quick glance at her, almost as if it were against his will.

It was a beautiful day, and the rush through the air was invigorating. It made Valerie feel sleepy and she was not quite sure that she did not sleep a little as she sat there. Denzil rallied her about it.

"I did not sleep well, last night," she said.

"But you are better now?"

"Yes, much," she said.

She felt better and saner—after all she was not without courage. She had deliberately chosen her line and she must have the courage to walk along it. Denzil was all that was delightful. She was not marrying a clod or a fool but a man who could sympathize with her feelings and who was as high-minded as a man could be—he was not Robert, that was all!

They lunched together at a little inn frequented by men who came to fish and shoot. The room was empty when they came in. Valerie was hungry and delighted Denzil by doing justice to her meal. After all, she could not be really ill! She must have been only very tired!

They prolonged the luncheon. It was pleasant in the little low room—there was something homely about it. Valerie, to one side of whose nature what was homely appealed, enjoyed being here, away from all ceremony. As they sat there, three men appeared and sat down at the other end of the table.

They were not pleasant looking men at all. All were well beyond middle age and one and all bore on their faces the marks of dissipation. They stared at Valerie, which enraged Denzil.

"Will you see if my chauffeur is ready?" he said to the maid.

"The man, sir—he is eating his lunch," said the girl.

"Well, tell him to make haste," said Denzil impatiently.

The men still continued to stare—it made the blood boil in Denzil's veins.

He rose and held out the sable coat for Valerie. He fastened it up for her—it was impossible to see him with Valerie and not know that he was Valerie's lover. Of the three men, two were stoutish and one was tall, upright and thin. His face, which had been handsome, was stained and marked by dissipation—he was the one who stared at Valerie most offensively and it was he whom Denzil longed to knock down.

"That girl is a long time coming," the tall man said to his companion. And when he spoke it seemed to Denzil, that he had heard the voice before. He did not know why, but it brought a disagreeable sensation with it—as if he had met the man and had heard the voice in some disagreeable connection—and it was not recently either. It seemed to him as if this man's objectionable personality had been known to him when he was young, and it seemed to bring the remembrance of some vague fear with it. But he could not fix it at all, and the manner of his looking at Valerie was decidedly ill-bred.

The girl teased him a little when they had got back to the motor. "I believe you would like to keep me shut up in a harem," she said.

"You are quite wrong! I love to see men admire you—but they must admire you respectfully. This man looked as if he had never respected a woman in his life! I should have liked to knock him down!"

"You looked like that," she said

laughing. "I had no idea you were so pugnacious, Denzil!"

Then they got into the motor and were whirled home and reached Barranmuir, just as the sun was beginning to gild the western skies.

"I have to go in," said Denzil with a sigh.

"I will stay out on the terrace," said Valerie, "and watch the sunset awhile.

Denzil left her reluctantly, but he was very conscientious—too much so—he used to say with a sigh, and there was work he had to do.

Valerie had honestly meant to walk up and down the terrace just to get warm after her long motor drive, but after a turn or two, words heard that morning at breakfast came back to her. Robert would be returning about this time—would Dolly Brent be with him? Would she have kept close to him all day? The demon of jealousy began to burn in the girl's breast.

"I shall walk down to the coppice," she said to herself "and wait there. They will not see me, if I stay in the wood."

The coppice of flaming beech trees was just at the bend of the avenue and the other side was hidden from the house. As Valerie walked, she knew quite well that the desire to see Robert again was hot within her. Jealousy was not the only driving force. She felt as if she could not bear to live without knowing where she stood with Robert.

"If he loves Dolly, he could never have loved me," she said to herself. "I almost wish he had never loved me—no, I don't—I would not give up the remembrance of his love for anything in the world!"

He was late, she noted, consulting her wrist-watch. He would not be able to send off his letters to-night—unless indeed he had got home before she had—but that was not likely. Shooting and Dolly Brent would keep him out, Valerie knew that! She had stared at her so impertinently at the inn, that day at luncheon.

But she dismissed the thought and concentrated all her strength upon Robert. Now that he was coming towards her, with that splendid free stride of his, his handsome head held so high, she felt as if she would need all her strength to resist him! Not that he would make an advance to her! But her heart must resist him! She said to herself, that she loved even the rough tweed that he wore and that became him so well.

"DON'T, VALERIE, DON'T," HE SAID, A LITTLE THICKLY. BUT SHE HELD HIM WITH HER EYES, AND THE NEXT INSTANT SHE WAS IN HIS ARMS

And before he saw her, she was aware, that he was humming a song! He could hum then! In the lightness of his heart, he was singing as he was walking! This little fact maddened her. She stepped forward suddenly from the coppice and he gave a quick start

"Valerie!" he said. Her sudden apparition had forced that word from him.

"Yes," she said, "it is I, Robert."

He gave a quick look round—there seemed no one to see their meeting. It was still light and the gold of the sunset was flaring and flaming in the sky. The east was blue and there lay over park and moors that peculiar haze of the coming frost. Valerie, stepping forward from under the golden beech trees, wrapped in her sables, harmonised in color with her surroundings. Except that her eyes were deep and almost dark with feeling and her mouth burnt crimson in the pallor of her face.

"You came to meet me."

"Yes," she said steadily.

half-turned to go back, with one last glance at the moor.

Here he came—and alone! Valerie's heart gave a great leap! He was alone, walking fast as if in a hurry. The girl did not know why at that moment there flashed across her mental vision the tall figure of the man who

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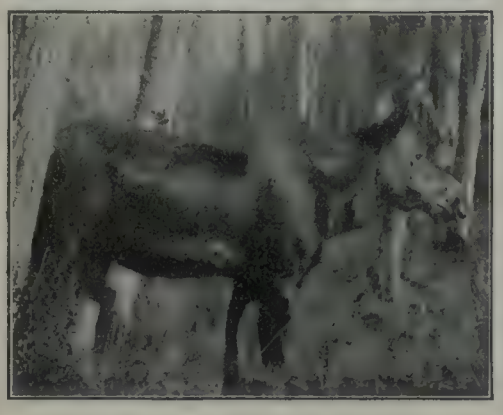
The Moose of "Dear T'ing"

BEING THE SECOND LETTER OF BETTY BLUE TO HER CITY COUSIN CELIA, AND HAVING TO DO WITH MOOSE HUNTING IN THE FAR NORTH, OLD LOUIS THE HALF BREED GUIDE VOYAGEUR, AND OTHER THINGS

By Jean Blewett

Illustrated from Photographs



"DE MOOSE, HE IS NOT W'AT YOU CALL HAN'SOME—PLAINTEE TOO MUCH FACE FOR THE KIN' OF FACE IT IS, YOU ON'ERSTAND"

CELIA Dear,—Do not hold it against me that I have not answered your letter sooner. I forgot. The wilderness weeds a man's thoughts—Louis told me so, and I believe him. Have you ever gone down on your knees to clean out a garden bed? If so, you must have noticed how eager the young plants and shoots are to mix with the grass, creeping Charlie, mulleins, and ragweed,—and get yanked out by the roots. So it is in this wilderness weeding—among the empty thoughts and the foolish ones go a few we ought to hang on to. I had no business forgetting to write you. Forgive me. I've rescued the dear little root of remembrance, wilted, but alive; replanted it, and intend to take good and tender care of it from this time forth. This shall be the longest letter, dear, by way of making amends.

I'll begin with our moose hunt, and, maybe, end with it; for there's much to tell.

We had our initiation two weeks ago. We were all in it, from little Joan, who kept fast hold of the fringe on Louis' shooting jacket—a gorgeous affair donned in honor of the occasion—down, or up, to Peter. I carried the game bag made for me by Louis out of two fox skins he had tanned by a process of his own. Not that I was tenderfoot enough to dream of bringing a moose home in it, but a stray tag of vanity reminded me that fox skin was the fashionable fur this season, so I flung it jauntily about me. Peter and Louis wore their guns "with a difference." Peter had his over his shoulder. He acted as if he were a little scared of the thing, but didn't intend to let on—perhaps this was why he was left to bring up the rear. The old half breed's rifle seemed a part of himself. The stock of it was in his armpit, the muzzle pointed earthward, and the hand hugging it to his side was a master's hand. As we watched him remove the brass cap from the nipple, before starting, he looked up with his characteristic grin.

"Now she is w'at you call tongue-tie," he explained. "I lak a gun, but she mus' spik w'en she is spik to, dat be all. Las' fall I tak' a English hunter to de lak' for duck. Beeg man he is, an' great yarn. He tell of how mooch shoot he can do. All tam tell of bear, an' moose, an' duck he bring down, an' I have to sit, me, an' lis'en till I'm seeck. Den firs' t'ing I know he is let his gun go off bang! bang! an' shoot hole in ma hat. Nex' day ol' Louis is stay in camp, an' come dis mi'ty man on de shoot to see w'y I ain't dere wit' canoe. W'en he fin' out I'm not goin' he get mad, oh, gosh, he get mad! He say I'm no sport. " 'Dat's it,' I tell heem, 'If I was sport I try some more. You an' your gun bot' talk too fas' for me.' You know w'at Indian say 'bout de whiskey: 'De leetle too mooch be jus' 'nough.' Wall, I got 'nough. I don' min' if you blow ma head off, but I don' lak' hole in ma hat, b'gosh! De diff'rence b'tween wise man an' fool ain't mooch so far as de man his'sef is concern', but w'en it come to de folk about heem, wall, dat be 'noder matter," he went on, glancing back at the rear guard.

"Do you think I'm careless with this handsome new repeater of mine?" asked Peter good naturedly.

"Me, I don' t'ink not'in' at all," chuckled Louis, "but don' you shoot hol' in ma hat, min' dat, Boss. Repeater no good for breed," he continued. "How's dat? Oh geev too many chances. Breed lazy," with a shrug. "He tell his'sef there's no hurry, if he don' get his game firs' shot w'y no matter, he hav' seex or ten shot behin' dat. All he hav' do is crook de finger. Mebbe all right for white man, bad for breed. W'en old Louis tak' aim he hav' one good bullet he mould wit' his own han', and he know darn well if he don' sit fas' on de job an' be bot' quick an' steady, he's goin' lose hees chance an' waste hees bullet.

"W'en a fellar mak' hees own bullet he don' t'row it away if he can halp, b'gosh!"

Celia, I have no space or heart to

describe the trail we followed, and we followed it far. When we came within sight of the lake, Louis hid us behind a windfall. The hard part of a hunt is the waiting. By and by when I was half asleep, I heard Louis say in answer to a query of Joan's:

"De moose is not w'at you call han'som'," with fine toleration. "He have plaintee too much face for de kin' of face it is, you on'erstan'. Dey say de moder moose shut de eye w'en she drink out de stream for fear she see herse'f in de water, but I don' b'lieve it. Bet dat moder moose t'ink she's de fines' in de lan', an' dat her calf is such nice leetle t'ing, be golly! she's 'fraid he die before he grow up. We see de bull moose soon, he pass here early dis mornin'; by an' by he return."

Peter and I simultaneously asked how he knew.

"Tracks," laconically. "Mebbe you t'ink Louis tell lie, eh? Dere be no tracks to see in de t'ick leaves—wait!" Flat on his stomach he was tunnelling a passage through the pungent carpet the birch and balm had spread everywhere. We watched him, fascinated. He would not satisfy our curiosity at once. He must do some of his delicious moralizing.

"Yes, he leave track all right. Not'in' go so secret but de wilderness catch its trail—not even de snake. Me, I t'ink if Adam he be all Indian, or half Indian mebbe," with a hint of pride in his raillery, "he hear ol' Nick mak' sof' rus'le in de grass on way to apple tree an' veeset wit' de madam, yes. No use for poor moose try hide w'ich way he go. Look de size of heem! De bigger de animal de heavier hees foot. You know how it is—w'en de bes' man of all tak' wrong turn de dulles' hound in de pack is hunt heem down."

"Let him keep straight." Peter tendered this solution of the matter with the arrogance of the truly good.

"Sure t'ing," cried Louis, with a laugh I didn't just like, but couldn't help joining in. It is a trick of his—he gets one's approval rarely, but one's sympathies every time. "Now I show you where dis moose plant hees toe—come! You see it here, an' here, an' here, w'at you t'ink, eh?"

Sure enough we see here, an' here, an' here, the prints left by the "antlered dweller of the wild" in the soft earth under the leaves, inches of leaves.

"Louis, Louis, what chance has the poor moose when you give chase!" I exclaimed, and he looked tickled with himself.

"Dat so, but Louis don't geeve chase jus' for fun, no, no. W'en de platter she be empty he mus' fill it, eh? W'en de pouch," slapping the beaded purse which hung on his belt, "she be gone dry he mus' fin' som'thing put in it, dat's all. Louis keep de wilderness law—you know dat law? No? Den I teach you—not dat you'll need de law to keep you in bounds, you have not de hunter's heart. You don' know w'at dat mean, eh? I tell you. De man, be he white, red, or no account half breed who is born wit' de hunter's heart, is all for kill. He don' min' 'bout de money he mak' wit' traders, not w'ile he's on de chase. Jus' to run fox to earth, wolf to cover, wil' cat to lair, see de live t'ing tumble down dead. Dis is w'at he lak'. His rifle, arrow, or mebbe knife, no matter w'at, it sing de song dat's heap up run over wit' hip hurrah w'en it mak' de kill. He is not to blame—if le Bon Dieu mak' man he mus' mak' de heart ob heem too, don' you see? Al' same, I lak' not to hab dat kin' ob heart myse'f."

"You old fraud!" jeered Peter, "Simon Fraser tells me you sell more pelts than any other hunter in the north."

Louis acknowledged the fact with a nod, "Dat is because de pouch empty so darn queeck. I am poor man, and poor man in de wilds, or anywhere else—mus' make de kill w'en he can, not w'en he wish, no, no."

"You spoke of the wilderness law, Louis. What is that law?" I enquired.

"To take w'at is need an' no more. So if dere be twenty moose madam mus' let nin'teen go because one moose he is meat enough. S'pose you shoot de whole twenty, dat is waste, an' in de beeg Nort', w'at wan waste anoder is lak' to want. Twenty moose is—" but I bade him hold his tongue.

Joan smoothed the scowl from between his grizzled eyebrows with her bit of a hand, asserting that her Louis was good, very good.

"Sure t'ing, 'spect de wings dey be sprout 'fore long, Dear T'ing, (his pet

UNGAINLY AS HE IS, THE MOOSE IS A GOOD SWIMMER. IN THE WATER, HE MAKES A WAKE LIKE AN ORE-BOAT AND ACHIEVES AN ASTONISHING AMOUNT OF SPEED

name for the child) and ol' Louis fly high."

Joan jumped with excitement. "And will you be an angel, Louis?" she asked.

"Oh, no, jus' tough ol' wild goose, dat's all," he told her.

"It would be nicer to be an angel," urged the child. Wild geese are common in the North, but not a glimpse has she had of an angel.

"Wall, you see ol' Louis ain't work mooch at angel business, an' he's been goose all his life, wild goose at dat. So goose he's boun' to be, eh? Dear T'ing, getting de wing don' change de man, it only geeve heem chance to go up in de air."

"How long do you think the moose will keep us waiting?" broke in Peter.

Louis shook his head, and shrugged his shoulders. "Mebbe wan hour, mebbe two, I dunno. White man," with a leer at Peter who has consulted his watch about every five minutes, "t'ink tam so precious, he all de w'ile keep tag on it. De wilderness people don' boder how long dey wait, dere tam is dere own. Once w'en I shoot de beeg black fox I lay behin' log from de night before las' to day after, an' don' ask myself w'at tam' it is at all."

But after awhile Peter forgot his impatience and I my tiredness for Louis set himself to do the honors of the wilderness. We were just guests, he belonged there.

In my last letter, Celia, speaking of this moose hunt, I quoted, in fun, your remark re your visits to the women in the ward, "I want to see where and how they live, and if they are kind to their babies." Well, the man who said that many a wise word was spoken in jest knew what he was talking about. Picture us in the forest primeval, in the distance a lake hedged with frosted poplars, like a blue eye with golden lashes, I with my moccasined fee tucked under me, Peter in the back ground, Joan covering herself witl leaves like the blessed babe in the wooc she is, and Louis giving us a natura history lesson right here where natur lives the whole year round. Usuall one learns by letting certain truth filter into one's consciousness, bu truths that come first hand do no filter, they flood. A good thing, too for thus are the mistakes, errors anc prejudices washed away, leaving roon for the realities.

"Pooh!" you will be exclaiming now "what can an Indian teach that one can't learn from books without the hardship of a trip like that?"

Celia, in books we get a lot of the author and a little, very little, of the truth. Oh, the "reading up" I dic before starting! Thank heaven it has been flooded out by just such lessons

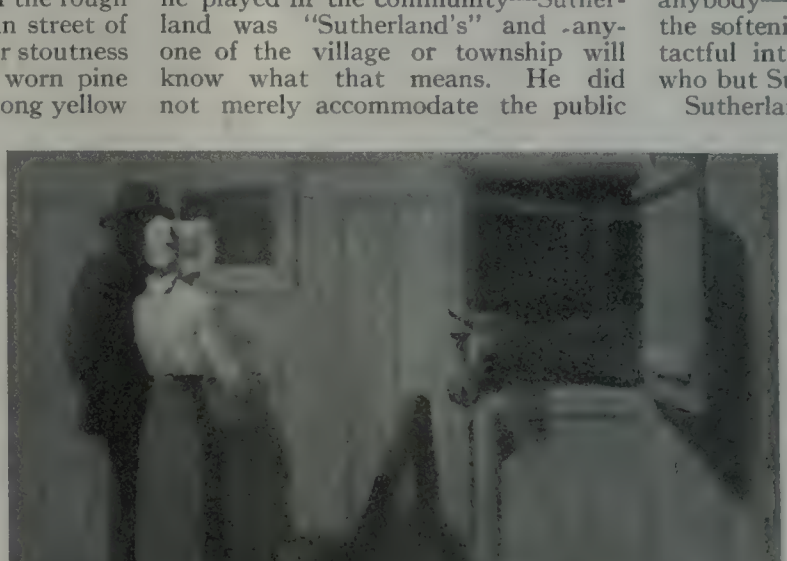
Continued on page 205.

Kirsty MacFarlane's Cow

By Donald G. French

Illustrated by R. E. Stolz

STOUT, chubby little Miss Ramsay was hurrying down the rough board walk of the main street of the village as fast as her stoutness and the unevenness of the worn pine planks would allow. An oblong yellow paper fluttered in her hand. But a moment before it seemed that the July heat had bathed the whole life of the village in the somnolence of an Italian siesta. Now appeared, here and there, faces behind the curtains of house and cottage, and recumbent figures upon verandahs woke to life. By the time the plump little maiden reached her destination almost the whole hamlet had been galvanized into life.



AUNT KIRSTY CAME, LOOKED AT THE SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLAR COW, AND SAID NOTHING

A telegram! A telegram to anybody in the village was something to be talked about and if it were for "Sutherland's," why then it might interest the countryside. For Sutherland, be it known, was—now, it will not do to say "the hotelkeeper," because that will not convey to you an idea of the part he played in the community—Sutherland was "Sutherland's" and anyone of the village or township will know what that means. He did not merely accommodate the public and dispense liquor; he dispensed friendship, radiated goodwill, helped the needy and befriended the friendless. So that a message to Sutherland might be a message for anybody—might be news that needed the softening process that only some tactful intermediary could give—and who but Sutherland?

Sutherland has the telegram "What's this? What's this? Bad news?"—No, for after the first start of surprise, he calls, "Boys, I'll read it to you. You're all in it," and reads it word for word:

"Washington,
July 20th, 1882.
Duncan Sutherland,
Cedardale, Ont.

Am coming home on Wednesday morning train. Glad to hear Sutherland's is still in your care.

Alexander MacFarlane."

Sandy MacFarlane, coming home! What a babel of reminiscence was let loose! First to fix the date of his departure.

"It was thirty-eight years ago."

"No, it was-s thir-rty-sef-fen," objected "Easy" Andrew, so called because he spoke with a slowness and great effort.

"It was the spring after the Munro's house had been burned," asserted Young Alec McNiven, getting down to something tangible. "Young" Alec, by the way, was wearing on to sixty-nine, but "Old" Alec was still fresh and smart at ninety-three, so the designation may remain. "Well, that would make it thirty-six years since the stripling of sixteen had hurriedly departed for "the States." And Munro's house was a good thing to mark by, as it happened, for it was at the "bee" called for the purpose of rebuilding the Munro dwelling that Sandy MacFarlane fell foul of Black Jack Fraser's Johnny, and with a whiffletree left him in a precarious condition—such a condition that a "warrant was out" for Sandy's arrest, although when Johnny Fraser was again well enough to give particulars of the fight, he refused to say anything except that "he didn't blame Sandy." By that time, however, nobody knew where Sandy was. And now he was coming home! Wouldn't his mother be glad!

Oh, yes, they had heard about him before this. The village held a few who enjoyed the unique distinction of "pensioners," having fought with the army of the North during the American Civil War. These men had brought back stories of a Colonel MacFarlane who was making a name for himself in the western division of the army. Later, too, when Canadians were drifting over the border and down to Nebraska and Colorado, word came "back home" of a MacFarlane who was piling up big money in mining. Later still, when the efflux shifted to Dakota and other Northwestern States, and included MacFarlanes of distant connection, it was positively affirmed that Sandy MacFarlane had been recognized in the great wheat grower of southern Dakota, and that he owned a whole town with the country around it. And now, to think that Sandy was coming home—home to little Cedardale! Wouldn't his brothers Donald and Archie be glad!

He was coming from Washington. Of course. Hadn't you heard that he was now the most powerful Senator west of the Mississippi? Oh, yes, and maybe some day he would be president. But Duncan McAlastair, who read "The Globe" faithfully every day but Sunday, and also another paper in the same day, "just to see wha-at lies they would be tellin'," and because of this broadness of mind, was regarded as an unimpeachable authority, had quelled the swelling ambition of all Sandy's admirers by informing them that no Canadian could ever become president of "the States." The president must be native born. Well, they didn't care. Here Sandy was coming home. Wouldn't his Aunt Kirsty be just delighted!

"SANDY," I SAYS, "I DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO TELL YE OR NOT. I DON'T KNOW WHETHER YE'LL BE CARING TO GIVE ME WHAT I WANT"

And Sandy came! Rode down from the station in the old bus just like any of the other boys coming home. What a gathering there was at Sutherland's to meet him! Still ruddy-cheeked and blue-eyed, lithe and erect, but grey to whiteness. And he knew them all! And he had gifts for all—"Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes"—runs the song, but Sandy showered them with diamonds, big diamonds, little diamonds; tie pins, and rings, and watch charms—he seemed to carry a whole diamond reef about with him.

They had a merry time. The same fun-loving Sandy, it seemed to them. Oh, he had a temper too, in the old days—but you see, on an occasion like this, there was nothing, not even the littlest thing to annoy him. But he could be serious and thoughtful too. The few days he could afford to spend were soon gone and on the last he spent an hour or two closeted with Sutherland and Wilson, the banker (an Englishman, by the way, but thoroughly trusted and highly respected in an alien community).

"You know, Sutherland," Sandy said, "I'm rich! I've millions, but I

don't think it would do mother and the boys any good to give them money. I'm afraid it would only cause trouble. Now, I want you and Wilson to pick out the best farm you can find, and get it down by the lake, for the boys must have some fishing. Buy it for my mother, and put the rest of this money I'm leaving with you, in the bank, so that she can draw a little any time she needs it.' And then there's Aunt Kirsty, I'd have given her a farm too, but she wouldn't have it. I want you to search the province and buy her the very best and finest—" but I think I'll let Aunt Kirsty tell about that part of it herself.

She met Sutherland a couple of days later and naturally was full of Sandy's visit.

"I wass sittin' out at the door, workin' at my knittin' and I hears a step, and I looks up, and there wass the pr-rettiest man in the whole world. Oh, the fine big ma-an that he wass. And he says to me, 'Aunt Kirsty, do you remember me ?'

" 'Sandy,' I says, 'I never forgot ye.'

"And he says, 'But you wouldn't remember me as I am ?'

" 'No, Sandy, but I remember ye as you were.' Oh, the beautiful blue eyes of him !

"And he says to me, 'Aunt Kirsty, ye were always kind to me, and now I want to give ye something. I want to give ye what ye would like best in the whole world. Don't be in a hurry makin' yer choice ! Whatever it is, just tell me and I'll get it for ye.'

" 'Sandy,' I says, 'I don't know

Continued on page 207.

The Man of the Long Trail

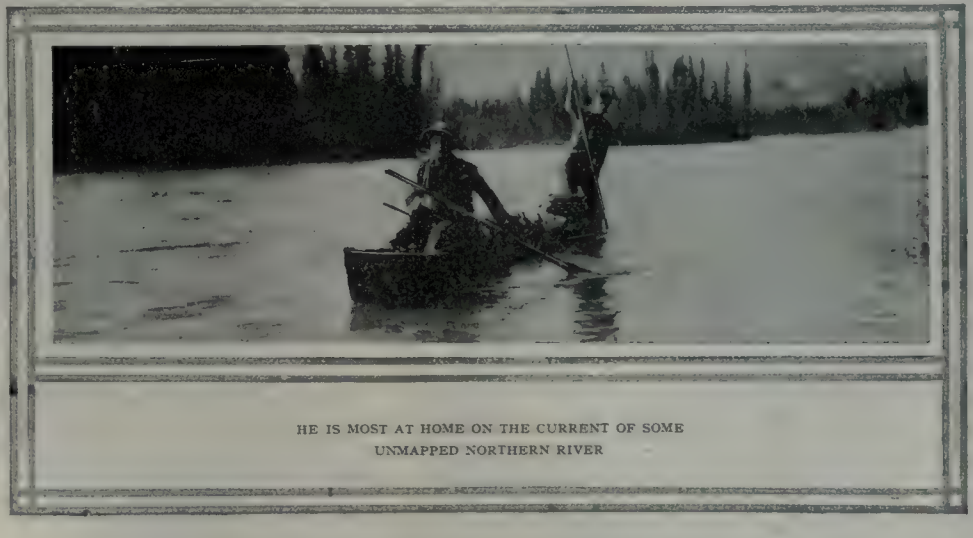
C. F. W. ROCHFORT, WHOSE HOME COUNTRY BEGINS BEYOND THE JUMPING OFF PLACE, WHERE TRAILS RUN OUT AND STOP

By Katherine Trent

Illustrated from Photographs

UNDOUBTEDLY, it is good to be a law-abiding, home-keeping citizen, in at a discreet nine o'clock, putting on winter underwear the last of November, pleasantly acquainted with the street-car conductor who takes one punctually to the office, and with the corner policeman on the lookout for curfew-flouting youngsters. Of such is Canada's sturdy citizenry made, and nobody would have it different.

But there is another sort of man, in bulk equally important to Canada, and individually vastly more important—the foreloper, the landlooker, the pioneer with the wild drop in his blood that sends him out beyond the frontier to make his home where the dark finds him, anywhere across the upper half of the continent, to foregather with Esquimaux, Cree or Siwash, French voyageur, Scotch factor, or dusky half-breed, and to come and go familiarly where the maps offer only blank spaces to the eye of the beholder and survey lines are unheard of conventions.



HE IS MOST AT HOME ON THE CURRENT OF SOME UNMAPPED NORTHERN RIVER

Such a one I found lying helpless on the cot of a Toronto hospital, very ill, the whole six feet of him stretched wearily out under the white cover, the handsome bronzed face of him drawn and whitened. I said some commonplace words of sympathy—that I was sorry to see him there suffering. He smiled, "O, it is good medicine," he said, "medicine" in his phrase meaning discipline.

"What is wrong with the Lion of the Mountains ?" I asked him.

Again he gave that stoical smile, "Civilization," said he briefly. "I'm always laid low with it—four walls in which to breathe and move are too much for me."

In a way, that sums up C. F. W. Rochfort. That he is the handsomest man in the west, is a detail. That he is the descendant of a long line of fighting Irish forebears, is unimportant in Canada, where the question is not what your grandfathers did, but what you yourself can do. He has himself seen military service in South Africa, But that he is a man to whom civilization is not necessary, a man who can go out and explore and trace Canada's unknown resources and start the entering wedge that shall open up new districts to settlement, is a fact of primary importance.

Some few years ago he was invited to lecture before the Royal Geographical Society of London, and although his other interests prevented him from doing so, he was made a member of that august body, —an honor seldom accorded to so young a man. He is really a specialist in an age of specialism, a specialist in the field of exploring unknown or little known territories. To him, and to men like him, the

British Empire owes much of its greatness.

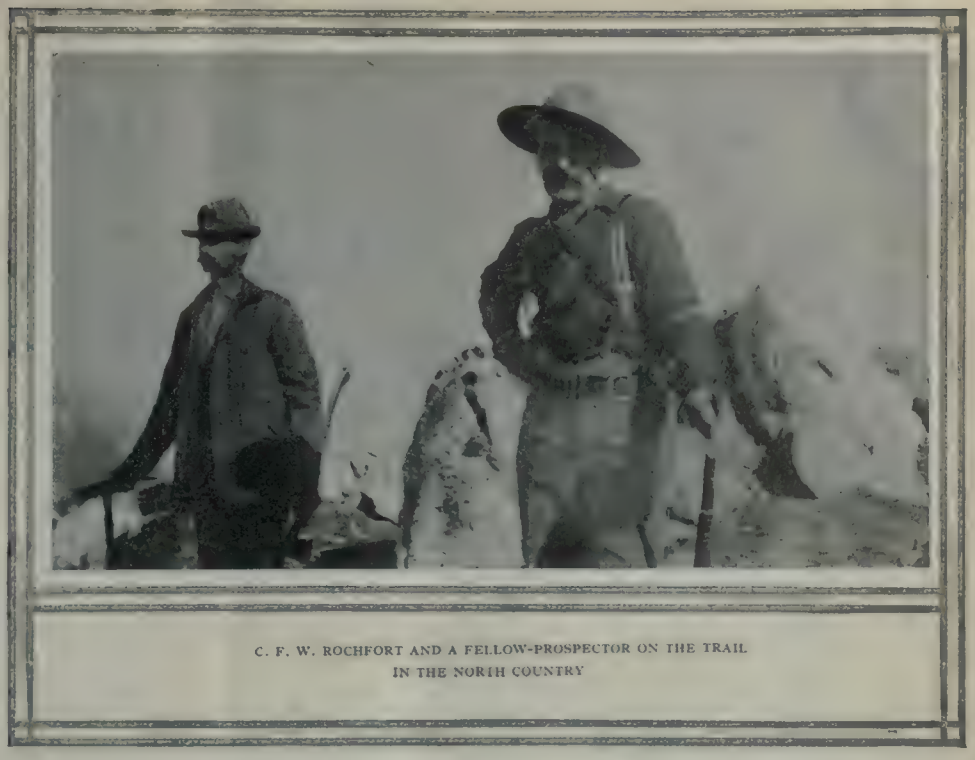
The Peace River country and the heart of British Columbia were familiar as his own dooryard to him, long before reaching fingers of steel stretched north and west from Edmonton.

These explorations have taken him on all sorts of hazardous journeys where the foot of white man never trod before. Far up towards the Parsnip and the Yukon he has gone, in regions where the Indians know no more of the white man than if he were a messenger of the gods. More than once he has narrowly escaped with his life.

Once he and his partner were out doing some assessment work in the mountains. They had had a hard day, and in the late afternoon made camp, ate food, and flung themselves down to rest. Although it was evening, in that high latitude the sun was still bright, picking out objects with a sharp clarity and bathing them in a flood of sloping golden light.

"Guess we'll call it a day," said his partner, seating himself on a fifty-pound box of 80% dynamite, packed many a toilsome mile over mountain trails ,and pulling out his pipe.

"Guess we will," agreed Mr. Rochfort, extending himself at ease near by. The two sank into the leisurely silence of digestion and tobacco. The day began to fade imperceptibly. A bird chirped in the bush, a little stream talked foolishly to itself around a boulder. Deep peace brooded over the solitary camp. Mr. Rochfort was nearly asleep.



C. F. W. ROCHFORT AND A FELLOW-PROSPECTOR ON THE TRAIL IN THE NORTH COUNTRY

"Ping !" A bullet spat into the midst of that quiet scene, tearing a hole in the dust and galvanizing the two partners into swift motion. "Ping !" It was followed by a "chaser." Mr. Rochfort and his partner gave one anxious glance at the scenery, decided that discretion was the better part of valor, and hastily ducked into the bush. Four or five shots more whined viciously through the camp, but seeing that their quarry was out of reach, the Indians on the mountain who had tried a casual shot in passing, went on their way. Figure to yourself the result, had one of those bullets hit the box of dynamite !

Far up in the Peace River country, Mr. Rochfort once traded a cup of flour to an acquaintance, and was paid for it with a green stone.

"Maybe something good, maybe not," said the acquaintance. "I got it off an Injun who thought a lot of it."

It looked promising to Mr. Rochfort, and he took it, although at the spot where the trade took place, a cup of flour was almost worth its weight in gold. His sister was the final recipient of the green stone. In England not long after, she had it polished, and now wears a very fine emerald indeed, which the original Indian owner would find difficulty in recognizing.

And this brings me to the subject of the Peace River country, in which Mr. Rochfort believes whole-heartedly. As most of the world knows now, this country is destined to become a rich agricultural district, but as yet is still very much of a pioneering proposition. In spite of all deterrents, however, settlement is now beginning there, and some of the districts are becoming thickly populated. South of Dunvegan lies the district of Grande Prairie, where over fifteen thousand people are farming. For sixty years there have been Catholic missionaries here, and it has been known as an excellent wheat-growing area. As far back as 1893, its wheat took first prize at the Chicago World's Fair. Fifteen years ago, Mr. Rochfort knew this country and fore-

MR. ROCHFORT'S RANCH-HOUSE—NOTICE THE HEADS AND HORNS DISPLAYED ON THE WALLS

saw its future. Now the first shadowings of his prophecy are coming true. And now he is turning his face towards farther fields.

Two years ago, he set out from Edmonton one sunny May morning with a party bound for regions where timetables were not, and where a man's progress depended on his nerve and muscle, rather than on his check-book. Westward they went to the head of steel on the Grand Trunk Pacific, which was at that time at Tete Jaune Cache. There they took canoes down the Fraser river 350 miles to Fort George, where they outfitted for the rest of their trip, and procured a larger boat in which they went back against the Fraser's current for forty miles to Giscombe Portage, where they made an eight-mile portage over an old wagon road, used by the early prospectors. This took them over the divide, and gave them access to the farthest headwaters of the Peace river. From there, they followed the Crooked River for 150 miles, and crossed lakes to Fort Macleod, the Hudson's Bay Company post. Everything here has to be brought in by pack-train from the Pacific Coast, and costs at the rate of twenty cents a pound freightage. Then they went two hundred and fifty miles by canoe down the Pack and the Parsnip rivers to the mouth of the Findlay, and then paddled seventy miles up the Findlay to Fort Graham, which is even more expensive than Fort Macleod, everything costing twenty-five cents a pound freightage.

In this district, Mr. Rochfort has some valuable mica claims, the deposits being of a high excellence. Mica is not a mere ornament for the fronts of baseburners. It is extensively used in electrical appliances, and is extremely valuable. These claims are only one of Mr. Rochfort's finds.

Leaving Fort Graham, they paddled fifty miles up river to the location of more mineral prospects, and then turned their faces homeward. Eventually they arrived at Athabasca Landing, and boarded a train for Edmonton, after a journey of three thousand miles. Here they arrived in splendid physical condition. In the words of Mr. Rochfort's companion, "We started out to see a district, but we have covered an empire!"

The human side of Mr. Rochfort is the most fascinating one, however; and of that, he refuses to tell. He has held me breathless with stories of adventures and incidents, but the moment I showed signs of putting one in this story, he stopped, looked at me quizzically, and shut up like the proverbial clam.

When I saw him in hospital, he was in great trouble over the child of a neighbor of his on the Pembina river. Between spasms of his own pain, he told me of the youngster, who suffered horribly with some sort of seizures. Mr. Rochfort had interested his friend, Dr. Cobbett, in the case; and although Dr. Cobbett is a busy and a famous man who used to be in partnership with two of the greatest surgeons of London, one of whom operated on King Edward before the coronation, Mr. Rochfort's account of the child had elicited a promise from the doctor to operate on it for sweet charity's sake. And he, lying there in pain, was as pleased as a boy over it.

To most people, however, he is as unapproachable as the top of Mount Blanc. I remember seeing a short, cheery, unabashed young Englishman walk slowly all around him in a hotel, taking in all his magnificent points. Mr. Rochfort might have been alone on a desert island, lost in contemplation of the Infinite for all the notice he took of him. Finally the Englishman sighed, shook his head, and said almost wistfully, "My word! but that's my idea of a man!"

I have seen him saunter slowly—he never hurries—down Jasper Avenue in Edmonton, and you would imagine that every head all the way down the street was operated on a pivot. But through it all he walks serenely undisturbed, leonine, aloof.

The Virginian, once remarked, "Any full-grown man ought to have a powerful lot of temper. And like his other valuable possessions, he ought not to lose any of it." Mr. Rochfort has a temper seldom lost, but Celtic, chain-lightning-quick when it strikes, and terrific during the performance. This, by the way, is shared in common with other members of the family. Not long since, Mr. Rochfort's sister was staying with him on his ranch in Saskatchewan, and under the hospitable roof was also a young musician from the Old Country, who was eternally at the piano.

Now Mr. Rochfort is practised in the arts of cookery, washing, mending and the like, having lived in a bachelor fashion so much; and on the particular morning of which I write he had "set" a beautiful pan of bread-dough to rise, and departed to the barn. The musician, having finished breakfast, sat down to the piano and began his detested scales. Miss Rochfort's patience bent and broke. Quietly disappearing into the kitchen, she snatched up her brother's pan of rising dough, and brought it down upon—and over—the head of the devoted thumper of ivories. At that juncture, Mr. Rochfort appeared on the scene, and the meeting of Greek with Greek was nothing to the meeting of Irish with Irish. The musician disentangled himself from the dough, and fled; Miss Rochfort braved her brother's wrath for a little, but even she had to make an inglorious retreat; and Mr. Rochfort, still rumbling thunderously, set about recreating the family's supply of bread.

Have I made you see him? He does not live here, in the paved and narrow street where most of us dwell; nor even in the fenced and planted farms roofed with open sky. Even though circumstances hedges his body at times within four walls, his spirit is abroad, journeying in far places where shortly his feet shall follow. The most characteristic thing about him, the salient thing by which I shall always remember him, is the word that he said when he lay, racked with pain, on the hospital cot in Toronto, and in answer to my question of what was wrong with him, answered briefly, "Civilization."

Song Against Love

By Sara Hamilton Birchall

Nay, do not love me so, dear!
I am fire,
And floating thistledown,
And a wild bird that only
loves the sea.
I answer to no voice except
my own,
And no warm hearth gleams
firebright for me.
So love me not.

Love me a breath alone, dear,
If you will.
Forget as light, for I
Am but a shadow, drifting
on the grass,
A night-wind passing lightly
as a sigh,
A blossom falling from the
linden-tree.
Why should you grieve for
such a frail as I?
Nay, love me not, beloved, or
I flee!

In the Wake of the Columns

AT CAROLINA, IN THE TRANSVAAL, WAS A STORE KEPT BY A HANDSOME ANIMAL CALLED ARTHUR LIOSKI—A POLISH JEW. AND THERE WAS LILLIAN. ALSO THERE WAS AN OFFICERS' CLUBHOUSE, OF WHICH THE OWNER WAS A GREEK ADVENTURER WHO KNEW HOW TO DIE FOR AN IDEAL. AND THIS IS THE STORY OF A YOUNG OFFICER OF HAMPTON'S SCOUTS WHO TOOK TOO MUCH WINE AND SAW A PAIR OF BOOTS

By Edgar Wallace

Illustrated by Marjory Mason and Paul Anderson

SLEEPING OR WAKING, FIGHTING OR RESTING, I THOUGHT OF LILLIAN AND WONDERED—WONDERED

I HAVE an intense admiration for George Poropulos, and I revere his memory. My friends say that this admiration of mine is evidence of a spirit of perversion which they profess to deplore.

I admire him for his nerve, though, for the matter of that, his nerve was no greater than mine.

Long before the war came, when the negotiations between Great Britain and the Transvaal Government were in the diplomatic stage, I drifted to Carolina from the Rand, leaving behind me in the golden city much of ambition, hope, and all the money I had brought with me from England. I came to South Africa with a young wife and £370—within a few shillings—because the doctors told me the only chance I had was in such a hot dry climate as the highlands of Africa afforded. For my own part, there was a greater attraction in the possibility of turning those few hundreds of mine into many thousands, for Johannesburg was in the delirium of a boom when I arrived.

I left Johannesburg nearly penniless. I could not, at the moment, explain the reason of my failure, for the boom continued, and I had the advantage of the expert advice of Arthur Lioski, who was staying at the same boarding house as myself.

There were malicious people who warned me against Lioski. His own compatriots, sharp men of business, told me to 'ware Lioski, but I ignored the advice because I was very confident in my own judgment, and Lioski was a plausible, handsome man, a little flashy in appearance, but decidedly a beautiful animal.

He was in Johannesburg on a holiday, he said. He had stores in various parts of the country where he sold everything from broomsticks to farm wagons, and he bore the evidence of his prosperity.

He took us to the theatre, or rather he took Lillian, for I was too seedy to go out much. I did not grudge Lillian the pleasure. Life was very dull for a young girl whose husband had a spot on his lung, and Lioski was so kind and gentlemanly, so far as Lil was concerned, that the only feeling I had in the matter was one of gratitude.

He was tall and dark, broad-shouldered, with a set to his figure and a swing of carriage that excited my admiration. He was possessed of enormous physical strength, and I have seen him take two quarreling Kaffirs—men of no ordinary muscularity—and knock their heads together.

He had an easy, ready laugh, a fund of stories, some a little coarse, I thought, and a florid gallantry which must have been very attractive to women, and certainly Lil always brightened up wonderfully after an evening spent with him.

His knowledge of mines and mining propositions was bewildering. I left all my investments in his hands, and it proves something of my trust in him, that when, day by day, he came to me for money, to "carry over" stock—whatever that means—I paid without hesitation, believing that the stock I was interested in would recover sufficiently to clear my losses, and pay me a handsome profit. Not only did I lose every penny I possessed, but I found myself in debt to him to the extent of a hundred pounds.

Poor Lil! I broke the news to her of my ruin, and she took it badly; reproached, stormed, and wept in turn, but quieted down when I told her that, in the kindness of his heart, Lioski had offered me a berth at his Carolina store. I was to get £16 a month, half of which was to be paid in stores at wholesale prices and the other half in cash. I was to live rent free in a little house near the store.

I was delighted with the offer. Four pounds a week seemed a lot of money to a bank clerk who had never earned more than one hundred and fifty a year. It was an immediate rise, though I foresaw that the conditions of life would be much harder than the life to which I had been accustomed in England.

We traveled down the Delagoa line to Middleburg, and found a Cape cart waiting to carry us across the twenty miles of rolling veldt that separated the line from the little town.

The first six months in Carolina were the happiest I have ever spent. The work in the store was not particularly arduous. I found that it had the

reputation of being one of the best equipped stores in the Eastern Transvaal, and certainly we did a huge business for so small a place. It was not on the town we depended but upon the surrounding country.

Lioski did not come back with us, but after we had been installed for a week he turned up and took his residence in the store.

All went well for six months. He taught Lil to ride and drive, and every morning they went cantering over the veldt together. He treated me more like a brother than an employee, and I found myself hotly resenting the uncharitable things that were said about him, for Carolina, like other small African towns, was a hotbed of scandal and gossip.

Lil was happy for that six months, and then I began to detect a change in her attitude toward me. She was snappy, easily offended, insisted upon having her own room—to which I agreed, for, although my chest was better, I still had an annoying cough at night which must have been a trial to anybody who slept within my hearing.

It was about this time that I met Poropulos.

He came into the store one hot day in January, a little man of forty-five or thereabouts. He was unusually pale, and had a straggling, weedy beard. His hair was long, his clothes were old and stained, and so much of his shirt as was revealed at his throat was sadly in need of a washwoman's attention.

Yet he was cheerful and *debonair;*—it seems a ridiculous word to apply to a pale little man of forty-five—and singularly flippant.

His first greeting was familiar.

He stalked into the store, looked around critically, nodded to me and smiled. Then he brought his *sjambok* down on the counter with a smack.

"Where's Shylock?" he asked, easily.

I am afraid that I was irritated.

"Do you mean Mr. Lioski?" I demanded, coldly.

"Shylock, I said," he repeated with relish. "Shylockstein, the Lothario of Carolina."

He smacked the counter again, smiling all the time.

I was saved the trouble of replying, for at that moment Lioski entered. He stopped dead and frowned when he saw the Greek.

"What do you want, you little beast?" he asked, harshly.

For answer, the man leant up against the counter, ran his fingers through his straggling beard, and cocked his head impertinently upward.

"I want justice," he said, unctuously —"the restoration of money stolen. I want to send a wreath to your funeral; I want to write your biography——"

"Clear out," shouted Lioski. His face was purple with anger, and he brought his huge fist down upon the counter with a crash that shook the wooden building.

He might have been uttering the most pleasant of compliments, for all the notice the Greek took.

Crash! went Lioski's fist on the counter.

Smash! came Poropulos's *sjambok*, and there was something mocking and derisive in his action that made Lioski mad.

With one spring he was over the counter, a stride, and he had his hand on the Greek's collar—and then he stepped back quickly with every drop of blood gone from his face, for the Greek's knife had flashed under his eyes.

It was out so quick that I did not see him draw it. I thought Lioski was stabbed, but it was fear that made him white.

The Greek rested the point of the knife on the counter and twiddled it round absentmindedly, laying his palm on the hilt and spinning it with great rapidity.

"Nearly did it that time, my friend," he said, with a note of regret, "nearly did it that time—I shall be hanged for you yet."

Lioski was white and shaking.

"Come in here," he said in a low voice, and the little Greek followed him to the back parlor.

They were together for about an hour; sometimes I could hear Mr. Lioski's voice raised angrily, sometimes Poropulos's little laugh. When they came out again the Greek was smiling still, and smoking one of my employer's cigars.

"My last word to you," said Lioski, huskily, "is this—keep your mouth closed and keep away from me."

"And my last word to you," said Poropulos, jauntily puffing at the cigar, "is this—turn honest, and enjoy a novel sensation."

He stepped forth from the store with the air of a man who had gained a moral victory.

I never discovered what hold the Greek had over my master. I gathered that at some time or another, Poropulos had lost money, and that he regarded Lioski as responsible, never ceasing to worry him for its return.

In some mysterious way Poropulos and I became friends. He was an adventurer of a type. He bought and sold indifferent mining propositions, took up contracts, and I believe, was not above engaging in the Illicit Gold Buying business.

His attitude to Lillian was one of complete adoration. When he was with her his eyes never left her face.

It was about this time that my great sorrow came to me. Lioski went away to Durban—to buy stock, he said—and a few days afterwards Lillian, who had become more and more exigent, demanded that she should be allowed to go down to Cape Town for a change.

I shall remember that scene.

I was at breakfast in the store when she came in.

She was white, I thought, but her pallor suited her, with her beautiful black hair and great dark eyes.

She came to the point without any preliminary.

"I want to go away," she said.

I looked up in surprise.

"Go away, dear? Where?"

She was nervous. I could see that from the restless movement of her hands.

"I want to go to—to Cape Town—I know a girl there—I'm sick of this place—I hate it."

She stamped her foot, and I thought that she was going to break into a fit of weeping. Her lips trembled, and for a time she could not control her voice.

"I am going to be ill if you don't let me go," she said at last. "I can feel—"

"But the money, dear," I said, for it was distressing to me that I could not help her toward the holiday she wanted.

"I can find the money," she said, in an unsteady voice. "I have got a few pounds saved—the allowance you gave me for my clothes—I didn't spend it all—let me go, Charles—please, please."

I drove her to the station, and took her ticket for Pretoria.

I would have taken her to the capital but I had the store to attend to.

"By the way, what will your address be?" I asked just as the train was moving off.

She was leaning over the gate of the car platform, looking at me strangely.

"I will wire it—I have it in my bag."

With an aching heart I watched the tail of the train swing round the curve.

There was something wrong, what it was I could not understand. Perhaps I was a fool. I think I was.

Back to Carolina I went, heavy and sad and miserable.

I think I have said that I had made friends with Poropulos. Perhaps it would be more truthful to say that he made friends with me, for he had to break down my feeling of distrust and disapproval. Then again, I was not certain how Mr. Lioski would regard such a friendship, but, to my surprise, he took very little notice of it, or for the matter of that, of me.

Poropulos came into the store the night my wife left. Business was slack; there was war in the air, rumors of ultimatums had been persistent, and

the Dutch farmers had avoided the store.

We talked for some time about the political question, then the Greek wandered off into reminiscences.

He told me he had been in the Transvaal for eighteen years.

"I killed a man in Athens," he said, simply, " and I had to fly."

"By accident, of course," I said. He smiled.

"Oh, no, I just killed him," he said carelessly. "He vexed me about something —I forget what it was now—and I stuck a knife into him."

I was horrified.

"I have killed several people," he went on, with a serenity which I cannot describe. "I killed a man at Beira over a question of money. He was a half-caste Portuguese, so really he doesn't count. Also I killed another man at Mandeges who owed me three months' salary and swore I had received it. I was very quick tempered then."

He shook his head gently, and seemed to be regretting that increasing age had brought him a more pacific nature.

"Ten years ago," he continued, "I should have killed Lioski—Oh, I forgot, you like him, don't you ?"

"He has been very good to me," I replied, and he looked at me curiously.

"Yes—I suppose he has," he mused. (His English, by the way, was perfect, and there was not the slightest trace of any foreign accent.)

He was silent for a little while.

"Your wife has gone to——?"

"Cape Town," I finished the sentence for him. He nodded.

"I shall certainly be hanged for killing your generous employer," he said apropos of nothing.

We had many other conversations of a similar character. He exercised a sort of fascination for me. Sometimes I could not believe that he was speaking seriously, when he spoke without a tremor and with little sign of embarrassment, of the dreadful deeds he had committed. The only time he ever showed any sign of emotion was when he spoke of my wife, and I was touched by the devotion of this little man for my dear girl.

In the slack part of the evening he would perch himself on the counter and tell story after story, none of which were particularly creditable to himself —but his self-possession vanished when he spoke of her. Possibly his liking for Lillian was the secret of our friendship; possibly it was the absolute commonplace in me that proved so attractive to him. Certainly it grew with extraordinary rapidity.

Though he confided in me to a remarkable degree, though he treated me almost as a confessor, for some reason or other, I could never induce him to speak of Lioski. I gathered that he had one especial grievance against my employer, and that it was of years' standing, but the implacable hatred which animated him was, as he said, "a matter of principle," from which vague statement I gathered that he was constitutionally antagonistic to such men as Lioski.

A week passed, and I began to worry for I had not heard from Lil. I had had a letter from Lioski, telling me that in view of the unsettled condition of the country he was extending his stay in Durban for a fortnight. The letter gave me the fullest instructions as to what I was to do in case war broke out, but, unfortunately, I had no opportunity of putting them into practise.

The very day I received the letter, a Boer commando rode into Carolina, and at the head of it rode the Landrost Peter du Huis, a pleasant man whom I knew slightly. He came straight to the store, dismounted, and entered.

"Good morning, Mr. Grey," he said. "I am afraid that I have come on unpleasant business."

"What is that ?" I asked.

"I have come to commandeer your stock in the name of the Republic," he said, "and to give you the tip to clear out."

It does not sound possible, but it is nevertheless a fact that in two hours I had left Carolina, leaving Lioski's store in the hands of the Boers, and bringing with me receipts signed by the Landrost for the goods he had commandeered. In four hours I was in a cattle truck with a dozen other refugees on my way to Pretoria—for I had elected to go to Durban to inform

HE WAS TALL AND DARK, AND POSSESSED A FUND OF GALLANTRY THAT MADE HIM ATTRACTIVE TO WOMEN. CERTAINLY LIL ALWAYS BRIGHTENED UP WHEN HE CAME IN

Lioski at first hand of what had happened.

Of the journey down to the coast it is not necessary to speak. We were sixty hours *en route*; we were without food, and had little to drink. At Ladysmith I managed to get a loaf of bread and some milk; at Maritzburg I got my first decent meal. But I arrived in Durban, tired, dispirited, and hungry.

Lioski was staying at the Royal, and as soon as I got to the station I hailed a *ricksha* and ordered the boy to take me there.

There had been no chance of telegraphing. The wires were blocked with government messages. We had passed laden troop trains moving up to the frontier, and had cheered the quiet men in khaki who were going, all of them, to years of hardship and privation, many of them to death.

The vestibule of the Royal was crowded, but I made my way to the office.

"Lioski ?" said the clerk. "Mr. and Mrs. Lioski, No. 84—you'll find your way to their sitting room. It's on the second floor."

I went slowly up the stairs, realizing in a flash the calamity. . .

I did not blame Lil; it was a hard life to which I had brought her. I had been selfish, as every sick man is selfish, inconsiderate. . .

They stood speechless, as I opened the door and entered. I closed the door behind me.

Still they stood, Lil as pale as death, with terror and shame in her eyes, Lioski in a black rage.

"Well ?"

It was he who broke the silence.

He was defiant, shameless, and as I went on to talk about what had happened at the store, making no reference to what I had seen, his lips curled in a contemptuous smile.

But Lil, woman-like, rushed in with explanations. . She had meant to go to Cape Town. . .the train service had been bad. . .she had decided to go to Durban . . .Mr. Lioski had been kind enough to book her a room . . .

I let her go on. When she had finished I handed my receipts to Lioski.

"That ends our acquaintance, I think," said I.

"As you like," he replied with a shrug.

I turned to Lillian.

"Come, my dear," I said, but she made no move, and I saw Lioski smile again.

I lost all control over myself and leapt at him, but his big fist caught me before I could reach him, and I went down, half stunned. I was no match for him. I knew that, and if the blow did nothing else it sobered me.

I picked myself up. I was sick with misery and hate.

"Come, Lil," I said again.

She was looking at me, and I thought I saw a look of disgust in her face. I did not realize that I was bleeding, and that I must have been a most unpleasant figure. I only knew that she loathed me at that moment, and I turned on my heel and left them, my own wife and the big man who had broken me. . . .

One forgets things in war time. I joined the Imperial Light Horse and went to the front.

The doctor passed me as sound, so I suppose that all that is claimed for the climate of Africa is true.

We went into Ladysmith, and I survived the siege. I was promoted for bringing an officer out of action under fire. I earnt a reputation for daring, which I did not deserve, because all the time I was courting swift death, and was taking risks to that end.

But courted death is shy. It struck down the man at my left and at my right. It took my comrades who slept on either side of me in my tent, but me it left.

Once, ten men went out by night to make a reconnaissance. We fell into a trap. Nine of the ten were killed, the tenth man came back without a scratch, and I was that man.

Before Buller's force had pushed a way through the stubborn lines to our relief, I had received my commission. More wonderful to me, I found myself a perfectly healthy man, as hard as nails, as callous as the most experienced soldier. Only, somewhere down in my heart, a little worm gnawed all the time; sleeping or waking, fighting or resting, I thought of Lillian, and wondered, wondered, wondered.

Then Ladysmith was relieved. We marched on toward Pretoria. I was transferred to Hampton's Horse with the rank of major, and for eighteen months I moved up and down the Eastern Transvaal chasing a will o' the wisp of a commandant, whose attentions were embarrassing the blockhouse lines.

Then one day I came upon Poropulos.

We were encamped outside Standerton when he rode in on a sorry looking Burnto pony.

He had been in the country during the war, he said, buying and selling horses. He did not mention Lioski's name to me, and so studiously did he avoid referring to the man that I saw at once that he knew.

It was brought home to me by his manner that he had a liking for me that I had never guessed. In what way I had earned his regard I cannot say, but it was evident he entertained a real affection for the ex-store man of Carolina.

We parted after an hour's chat—he was going back to Carolina. He had a scheme for opening an officers' club in that town, where there was always a large garrison, and to which the wandering columns came from time to time to be re-equipped.

As for me, I continued the weary chase of the flying commando. Trek, trek, trek, in fierce heat, in torrential downpour, over smooth veldt and broken hills, skirmishing, sniping, and now and then a short and sharp engagement with half a dozen casualties on either side.

Four months passed, and the column was ordered into Carolina for a refit. I went without qualms, though I knew she was there, and Lioski was there.

We got into Carolina in a thunderstorm, and the men were glad to reach a place that bore some semblance of civilization. My brother officers, after our long and profitless trek were overjoyed at the prospect of eating a decent dinner — for Poropulos's club was already famous amongst the columns.

My horse picked up a stone and went dead lame, so I stayed behind to doctor him, and rode into Carolina two hours after the rest of the column had arrived.

It was raining heavily as I came over a fold of the hill that showed the straggling township.

There was no human being in sight save a woman who stood by the roadside, waiting, and I knew instinctively, long before I reached her, that it was Lillian.

I cantered toward her. Her face was turned in my direction, and she stood motionless as I drew rein and swung myself to the ground.

She was changed, not as I expected, for sorrow and suffering had etherealized her. Her big eyes burnt in a face that was paler than ever, her lips, once so red and full, were almost white.

"I have been waiting for you," she said.

"Have you, dear ? You are wet."

She shook her head impatiently as I slipped off my mackintosh and put it about her.

"He has turned me out," she said, simply.

She did not cry. I think she had not recovered from the shock. Something stirred under the thin cloak she was wearing, and a feeble cry was muffled by the wrapping.

"I have got a little girl," she said, "but she is dying."

Then she began to cry silently, the tears running down her wet face in two streams. . .

I took her into Carolina, and found a Dutch woman who put her and the

Continued on page 211.

A Living Link

By J. H. Reed

Illustrated with Photograph

Lord! who would live turmoiled in the Court
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
—*Shakespeare.*

BEAUTIFUL golden sun-spangled days have followed the wet weeks that kept us indoors, with their rain-swept woods and sodden fields.

The long rainy time has brought many compensations. The pastures are thick with grass of a bright emerald green. The woods are unscorched by a hot summer sun, and the foliage has the bright day dress of early summer days. The brooks are singing a louder song, they are full from overburdened springs; adown the sides the waters rush, deeply tinged with colour from the green mosses clinging to the red and brown rocks below, and the rills "lace the cascades with tags of twisted silver." Never were Quantock crests and sides covered with brighter patches of purple, or the banks of streams with gayer flowers.

Lovely pictures meet the traveller at every turn. A vision of beauty sped past as the train emerged from a cutting. A long, narrow patch some twenty yards wide, backed by a green larch wood, was brilliant with thousands of devil's-bit scabious, all glorious with their dark purple corollas, the edges gay with golden ragwort.

On the crest of a hill overlooking a delightful landscape, where, amid swelling hills and a finely-wooded park, stood the house of Sir Walter Trevelyan hard by the fine church of Nettlecombe, a great patch of the handsome rose-bay willow herb hung out its glorious flowers. The sloping bank of a sunken lane was covered with grey lichen, framed in silver by its upcurled edges, and set amid green moss and the brilliant foliage of the wild geranium, a fair and beautiful picture; and a thatched farmhouse, with a garden still bright with roses, had its walls all scarlet with a creeper, whose long fingers had stretched up and over the brown thatch —those lovely fingers were of brilliant golden and crimson hues in the bright sun.

Our walk was from Crowcombe Station, through a grove of oak trees, thence by a deep lane and past a farm. The farmer was thrashing his newly-gathered barley; the sample was really much better and brighter than could have been expected after the stormy days before the ingathering. On through a wood, and we are on the summit of the Quantocks, with a fine view of Aisholt and Cocker Coombes. Our objective is Aisholt village; so we walk across the huge back between two deep ravines. The narrow path at first

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is through purple heather, and then is lost in a maze of bracken, often six or seven feet high; this wet summer has encouraged the giant growth. Emerging into the coombe the way is by a rift, where the rill wanders amid beech trees, and thence by a fir plantation, whose nodding plumes wave in the northern breeze.

The coombe has a charm all its own. Here is sweet solitude. For miles the traveller has been all alone. In these depths all is still save for the twittering of the birds and the new sweet song of our friend the robin, the whirr of a startled pheasant, and ever the pleasant murmuring of the brook. There is variety, too. A grassy glade with fine ash trees, many of their grey and stately columns richly golden with clinging lichen, now and again a noble oak tree, then the path closes, and we are walking by the water-loving alders, and always with the song of the brook for company. By a water lane, fragrant with water mint, we enter the little village.

The few cottages are thatched, quaint and old, their gardens bright with old-world flowers, and orchards laden with fruit. The brook runs by the lane-side; on its banks the lady-fern, with its delicate fronds, grows luxuriantly. We ask for the home of the lady we are seeking, and we receive this singular answer, "Not this way." We ask again. "Not this way at all." When we explain we have come down the coombe we are successful, and reach the picturesque home of Miss Symons, who is active in philanthropic work, and our guide from this really charming village, Aisholt, to Over Stowey, to introduce the interesting lady we have come to see, Miss Ward—the living link between this generation and Tom Poole, the friend of Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, Sir Humphry Davy, and a host of celebrated men of a bygone generation.

It was only a mile or more to Marsh Mills, where lives Miss Ward, in the home of her father, the Mr. Ward who was a partner with the learned tanner of Nether Stowey. The road was most interesting, with many a picture on the way. On the banks of a little rill running through a meadow was a grand show of mimulus—money musk, as it is popularly called—for twenty or thirty yards, on both banks, were hundreds of the brilliant flowers, their open yellow throats dotted with red and with great splashes of red at the mouths of the tubes. Such a gay show is not often seen.

Miss Ward is still an alert, active lady in spite of her eighty-seven years, keen, quick and observant, with all her faculties in full vigour.

It was pleasant to sit with her and listen to her stories of the days before

Victoria was our Queen. Life at Marsh Mills, the quaint, delightful old home, must have run smoothly, and the invigorating air of the Quantocks—where she loves to roam—has tended to strengthen a bright and interesting life. The house is full of objects which arrest the attention. There is a portrait of Tom Poole, who looks a refined English gentleman, a pencil sketch of Miss Ward's father, a picture of her mother in an Early Victorian bonnet, enclosing a sweet face; one of her grandmother, a miniature painted by Miss Biffen. On the back of this is an advertisement stating that the artist painted the miniatures from five to twenty-five guineas

OUR WALK LED US THROUGH A DEEP LANE AND PAST A FARM

"without hands," and, more interesting than all, the celebrated portrait of himself which, Miss Ward affirms, Coleridge sent her father from Germany.

Mr. Ward had scholarly tastes, and it had been arranged that he should go to Oxford, and there qualify for a doctor, but after meeting Tom Poole he went home and declared, "Let me be anything in the world, only let me be with Tom Poole, the tanner of Nether Stowey," and so a tanner he became, and eventually the partner of the man he so much admired.

It was delightful to sit in the dining-room of the home of the Wards, with its old-time furniture and quaint portraits, the very room where Coleridge and Southey, coming in from their tour in Wales, first received the news of the death of Robespierre. We have often heard the story of Southey, who laid his head down upon his arms and cried, "I had rather heard of the death of my own father," but what Coleridge said is not so well known. Miss Ward's father often told her that Coleridge exclaimed: "Sir, he was a ministering angel, sent to slay thousands that he might save millions."

Mr. Ward considered Coleridge a more wonderful talker than a poet. He would begin on a subject, and, however difficult, never leave it until every corner of it was as clear as noon-day to his hearers. In this connection we recall what Lord Egmont said to De Quincy: "Coleridge talked very much like an angel."

Miss Ward recalled one or two personal recollections of her girlhood days. She remembers Tom Poole as a visitor at Marsh Mills when she was about nine years of age, and her nurse telling her "to walk on her toes, as Mr. Poole

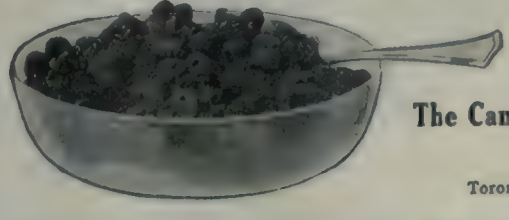
"The Kitchenless Home"

has not arrived — neither has the iceless refrigerator nor the fireless furnace — but the cookless kitchen, with comfort and contentment, is a possibility in every home where the housewife knows the culinary uses and food value of

Shredded Wheat

With these crisp "little loaves" of ready-cooked cereal in the home you are ready for the unexpected guest, for the uncertainties of domestic service, for every emergency of household management. No worry or drudgery—we do the cooking for you in our two-million-dollar, sunlit bakery.

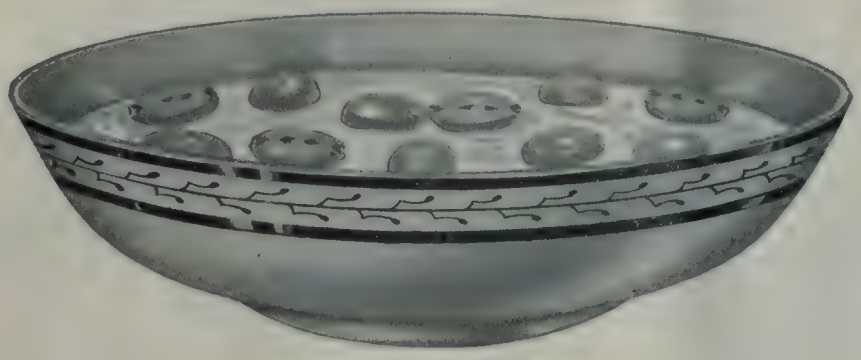
Being ready-cooked and ready-to-serve it is so easy to prepare in a few moments a delicious, nourishing meal with Shredded Wheat Biscuit and fresh raspberries or other fruits. Heat one or more biscuits in the oven to restore crispness; then cover with berries and serve with sugar and cream.



"It's All in the Shreds"

The Canadian Shredded Wheat Co., Ltd.,
Niagara Falls, Ont.

Toronto Office: 49 Wellington Street, East.



They Call It the "Good-Night Dish"

Every night, countless happy children have Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice in milk at bedtime. And even more grown-ups, when the evening is over, gather around this dish.

Try it and find out why. Here are whole grains puffed to eight times normal size. Thin, crisp, toasted bubbles—fragile morsels with an almond taste. Imagine how inviting are these dainty wafers floating in bowls of milk.

Prof. Anderson's Supper

They call this Prof. Anderson's supper, for you owe this Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice to him. By his process alone are whole grains made so easily and completely digestible.

A hundred million steam explosions have occurred in each kernel. Every food granule has been blasted to pieces, so digestion can instantly act. Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice do not tax the stomach.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

Ways to Enjoy Them

Do more than serve Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice for breakfast. Try them in different ways. For each is distinct in its flavor.

Serve them with sugar and cream, mix them with your berries, use them in candy making. Scatter the grains like nut meats over a dish of ice cream. Eat them dry like peanuts, or douse them with melted butter.

These are all-day foods. When the children are hungry—whatever the hour—the best food you can give them is Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

did not like noise." A more delightful story of this polished and learned bachelor was the bringing out of the monkeys to amuse his young visitors. He had hung wires from their cage across the garden, over which they scrambled to pick gooseberries from the mouth of their master, to the great delight of little Miss Ward and her sisters. They had a warm nook over the kitchen stove in the winter. This unbending of the friend of poets and philosophers to amuse village maidens is one of Miss Ward's most delightful memories.

After our talk the precious letters sent by Coleridge to her father were produced. In those days the grey goose quill was used for writing, and the poet had sent a bundle to be mended The letters are the acknowledgments. The first is truly laconic:

Oct. 7 1799.

My dear Ward,
Thank you!

S. T. Coleridge.

This was followed by a quaintly-folded epistle in the shape of a pentagon. Here is the address:

To Mr. Ward.

This pentagonal letter comes pencill'd as well as penned.

The letter:

Most Exquisite Pennefactor,

I will speak dirt and daggers of the wretch who shall deny thee to be the most heaven-inspired munificent Penmaker that these latter times, these superficial, weak and evirtuate ages have produced to redeem themselves from ignominy! And may he, great Calamist, who shall villipend or derogate from thy penmaking merits, do penance, and suffer penitential penalty, penned up in some penurious peninsula of penal fire, of penetrant fire, pensive and penduous, pending a huge slice of Eternity.

Were I to write till Pentecost, filling whole Pentateuchs, my grateful expressions would still remain merely a penumbra of my debt of gratitude.

Thine, S. T. Coleridge.

On the back of the letter was written: "Your messenger neither came or returns penniless."

The fact was that Ward never touched those pens—he was busy, and his clerk mended them—but later in the day he sent off a second batch cut by himself, with this note:

T. Ward, not having had time to mend the pens before, delegated that communication to Rd. Govett (the clerk aforesaid) but fearing their workmanship may not prove of so superior a kind as his own he now begs Mr. Coleridge's acceptance of these few pens which are his own manufacture and which he hopes will suit Mr. C——.

On a sheet of paper Coleridge wrote the following fable:

The Fox, the Goose and the Swan, a new fable.

The Fox observing a white bird on the lake thought it a goose, leapt in and meant to have payed his respect, but met such a rebuff, and had nearly made his fate similar to that of his namesake the celebrated Guy——. However he got off with a most profound respect for the supposed Goose, but soon received a message from the Goose to this purport.

Dear Friend! I have sent this hopping has ow u dun mee the onnur of a vissat sorry u dident hap to have meat with I. That dowdy

lanky necked thing that u saw is a disunt relashon of I's, and I suffers r to swim about the Pond when I is not at hum but I is at hum now and hop for the onnur of ure cumpany.

Your luving Frind

Guse.

The Fox came, and you guess the rest! The Fable I address to the writer of the above notable instance of Incapacity self detected.

Further experiments with the unfortunate quills were also most unsatisfactory, for Coleridge sent on the following day this stinging note to Mr. Ward:

Ward! I recant! I recant! Solemnly recant praise, puff, and panegyric on your damned pens. I have this moment read the note wrapped round your last present, and last night therefore wrote my Elegy on the assured belief that the first batch were yours, and before I had tried the second. The second! I'm sick on't. Such execrable Blurrers of innocent white paper Villains with uneven lags, Hexameter and Pentameter Pens. Pens. Elegy. No, no, no, Elegies written with Elegiac pens. Elegies on my poor thoughts doing penance in white sheets, filthily illegible.

My rage prevents me from writing sense. But O Govatt, dear Govatt! Kick that spectacle-mongering son of a Pen-hatchet out of creation, and remain alone, from the date hereof, invested with the rank and office o. Penmaker to my immortal Bardship, with all the dignities and emoluments thereunto annexed.

Given from Apollo's temple in the odoriferous Lime Grove Street in what Olympiad our Inspiration knows not, but of the usurping Christian Aera 1799. Oct. 8.

S. T. Coleridge.

Govatt is expected to express his gratitude by an immediate present of half a dozen pens, amended—if indeed the reprobates be not incorrigible.

All too soon we left March Mills. We had to hasten, for the shadows were gathering fast on the hills. At the mouth of Seven Wells Coombe the air was charged with sweet scents—

Good Lord, how sweetly smells the honeysuckle
In the hush'd night, as if the world were one
Of utter peace, and love and gentleness.

Still deeper in the coombe there was profound silence, no sound save the bark of the fox and the cry of a wounded animal. Night came on apace, and it was a weird walk by Triscombe Stone in the darkness and adown the hill to the hospitable shelter of the farm below.

AIR GONGS

A NEW instrument of torture for city dwellers is the air gong for trolley cars. By stepping on a valve the motorman can set the gong banging at the rate of eight hundred vigorous blows a minute—wholly beyond his most ambitious former efforts. Compressed air from the same tank used for the airbrakes operates the hammer.

This new invention will be welcomed by the motormen, for truck drivers generally ease the loads for their horses by driving on the cartracks; and the motormen of cars overtaking the teams have had to express their annoyance by stamping on the gong at the expense of much energy.

Member of

Results That Satisfy

Your painter or decorator will be glad to use Liquid Granite if you say the word.

He knows there is no better varnish obtainable for your floors, linoleum and general interior woodwork.

Liquid Granite

gives a tough, elastic surface that resists wear and is lastingly beautiful. Washing with soap and water does not affect it.

Fifty-six years of honest manufacturing are behind Liquid Granite and every other Berry Brothers' product, including these two well known brands:

Luxeberry White Enamel—For white interior finishing; a white enamel that stays white.

Luxeberry Wood Finish—For all the finest rubbed or polished finish on interior woodwork.

Ask your dealer about them or write us direct for any information you may desire on the varnish question.

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World's Largest Varnish Makers

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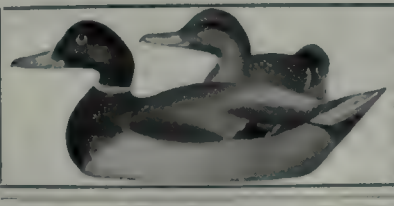

DON'T WAIT 'TIL DUCK-TIME

BUT learn now of the **best** and **most perfect** "birds" you ever shot over — MASON'S DECOYS, *Ducks, Snipe, Geese, Swan and Crow Decoys our Specialty.* Their excellent reputation during years of use have made us the **largest manufacturers** in the world. All sportsmen should have our illustrated catalogue. Sent FREE on request.

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A BIG BOOK ON A BIG SUBJECT—PRICE, $1.25

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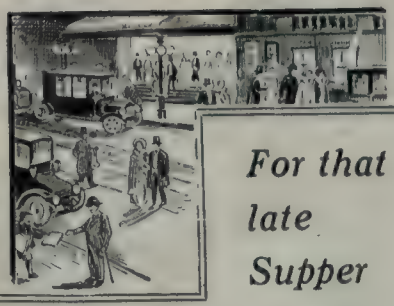


For that late Supper

Just a light, nourishing snack before retiring—try

Ingersoll Cream Cheese

Easily digested—pure and wholesome. The delicious flavor of Ingersoll Cream Cheese is most enjoyable. Send for little Ingersoll Recipe folder telling how to make dainty dishes for everyday.

"Spreads like Butter"

Sold by all Grocers in 15c and 25c packages.

The Ingersoll Packing Co., Ltd.
Ingersoll, - Ont.

WEANING BABY

It is always an anxious time with Mothers when it is advisable to wean the Baby, to know what is best to feed them on.

There is nothing better than

NEAVE'S FOOD FOR INFANTS

It is used in every part of the world, and has been the standard food in England for nearly 90 years.

It is the oldest, the cheapest, and still *the best*.

"231 Dorien Street,
Montreal, 30 June 1913.

Dear Sir:—

I received the sample of Neave's Food and can highly recommend it.

My Mother used it for a family of 13 children—my wife is pleased with it. Our Baby is increasing daily in weight and she says all her friends shall know of the food.

Yours truly,
C. H. LEWIS."

NEAVE'S FOOD is sold in 1 lb. tins by all druggists.

FREE TO MOTHERS. Write for free tin of Neave's Food and copy of a valuable Book—"Hints About Baby"
Canadian Agent Edwin Utley,
W ont Street East, Toronto. 48
—s. J. R. Neave & Co., England.

This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

REVENANTS

Now and again
From over the Sea,
An odd book—a weird book
Finds its way to me.

EDGAR ALLEN POE has been reincarnated, and is again at his work in this old world making uncanny tales, in the person of Algernon Blackwood, who has been termed the laureate of the occult. He has crept from the shadow of the wings into the spotlight like one of his own ghosts, and the world is pausing in its song and dance to listen to him tell a Ten-minute Story.

Is your literary mind jaded? Then you will find in the work of this author an atmosphere of suspense and terror that will thrill you. Blackwood has written eight or nine strange books, and his "John Silence" has just been brought to this country. It is a weird book, the story of a Physician Extraordinary whose "cases" are the souls, not the bodies, of sinners. He is a master of the horrible, and his latest work—those little Ten-minute Stories—are brimful of the sort of thing that makes your hairs stir upon your head, and keeps you watching out of the corner of your eye the tantrums of the window curtain as it moves and swirls in the midnight wind.

Mr. Blackwood once lived in Canada. He worked on a farm here, edited a Methodist Magazine and superintended a dairy. He appears to be a Bart Kennedy type—a natural tramp, yet a poet, who loves the wind on the hills and hears voices whispering in the long grasses, and sees shuddering spirits amid the green branches of the trees. He claims no spot of earth as a home. All the world is his homing place; all he owns is three trunks and probably a typewriter. To-day he is in London—a week after in St. Petersburg—and a month later you may find him walking about the streets in Vancouver. He is like the mist the wind drives before it; like the sea fog that surrounds the gray, struggling ships; like spindrift or the long wraith-like clouds we see sometimes drifting rapidly across a clear sky. And yet—in appearance he is strikingly like Sir Edward Carson, the Irish firebrand, the man with the face of the fanatic, grim, large-eared, magnificent. Mr. Blackwood has, however, the saving feature of a sensitive and even humorous mouth which no ghost or fanatic we ever heard of had the good luck to possess.

MASTER OF ROSICRUCIANISM

THE author of "John Silence" believes in the ghosts of prenatal obsession. Here indeed is something for the Eugenics to prattle about. Of what use their mere material safeguarding of the race, if behind the Great Grey Veil there stalks a horrible procession of hideous things, malignant forces of nature, demoniac spirits which are ever seeking entrance through the portals of the unborn child's tiny body, to launch themselves again and again into the world where they torture and ruin and wreck poor human atoms. Even animal psychology—the souls of the cat and dog—are made themes of the ghost-poetry of this strange writer. Poe with his Black Cat and House of Usher stories seems tame beside him, this extraordinary maker of tales, who writes from the Caucasus such a story as the "Centaur," from the Jura Mountains, whence he sends us "Pan's Gardens," to the Dorset woods to find "Uncle Paul," and to the Alps to meet "A Prisoner in Fairyland."

It is, however, such tales as "The Deferred Appointment," "You May Telephone from Here," and "Violence,"

which reveal Mr. Blackwood's supreme gift of enthrall and expectation. You know that the deferred appointment must be one kept by a dead man after you read the first line or so. Are you going to drop the book? Not you. You are caught from the moment Jenkyn the photographer fixed the last hook of his shop shutter, to that when he saw the face in the camera; just as you know something is coming—something that will make you turn the page swiftly and with a nervous thrill when the ghostly telephone rings in the middle of the night, although the receiver is taken from the hook.

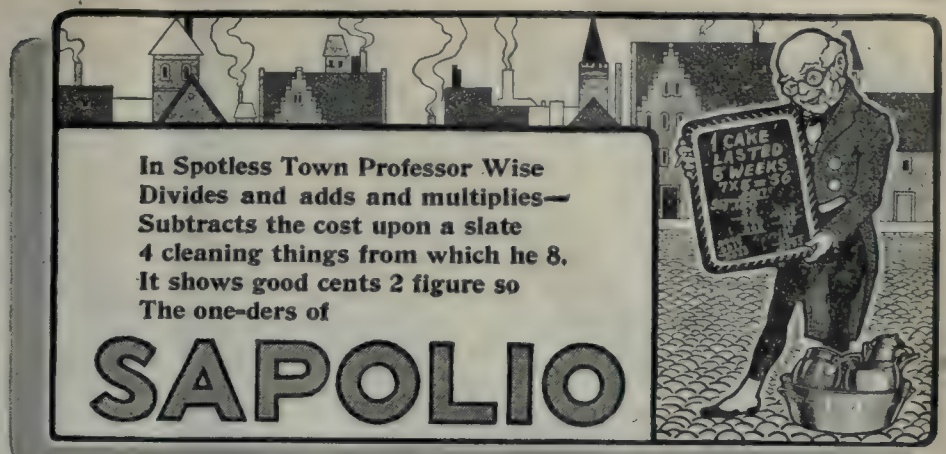
To Algernon Blackwood, the man himself, the world is thick with spirits. The spirit of evil walks among us, the posthumous subsistence of desire follows us on into the Other Land and returns through us, or rather through our dead and gone ancestors, to torment again with its raging passion another human. He deals with the terrible, the occult, the psychic. Some of the greatest minds of the world are obsessed by the same ideas. The age of mocking has gone by. He has but a thin soul who can stand and laugh in a world which to-day teems with surprises, with scientific achievement, a world which already has its hand on the curtain which divides it from that other—the world mystic, psychic and discarnate. I look at the grim, Carson-like face, the great domed head, the large eyes that seem to peer into spaces beyond these horizons, the saving sensitive mouth, and know that a great writer has come among us—an amazing dreamer, a poet, and an author of a literature of fantasy and horror before which the writings of Poe and Hoffman are but as a boy's scribbling upon a blackboard.

WHAT IS YOUR FAD?

IF you had a great deal of money would you spend any of it upon a fad, and if so, what fad? Not but what the poorest of us may keep a fad by us as a sort of household pet. We know a washerwoman whose fad is the useful one of collecting soap coupons. Whether she ever realizes on them, we cannot say, but it is our belief that kleptomania would overtake her if she saw soap coupons straying about in any home she "laundered" for. The old man, Bartly Quinn, who for tenpence a day and his dinner used to sow early vegetables in the family garden long ago in Connaught, was a collector of snails. Many's the dozen fat, wet, shiny ones the child-Pedlar gathered for him in the old days that were so young and happy!

"And what d'ye want with them, Bartly?"

"Shure, agra, I do be sellin' thim o the ould wimmin agin the wind."


In Spotless Town Professor Wise
Divides and adds and multiplies—
Subtracts the cost upon a slate
4 cleaning things from which he 8.
It shows good cents 2 figure so
The one-ders of
SAPOLIO
1 CAKE LASTED 6 WEEKS THIS 36

Will Sapolio
(1) CLEAN? ✓
(2) SCOUR? ✓
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Answer—(1) YES. ✓

Show your maid how easily she can clean with Sapolio. Rub just the amount of Sapolio you need on a damp cloth.

Show her how quickly the Sapolio suds remove grease spots from the floor, table or shelves.

Answer—(2) YES. ✓

Sapolio quickly scours all stains and rust from steel kitchen knives—all grease from enamewar e.

Answer—(3) YES. ✓

Sapolio brilliantly polishes all metal surfaces—your faucets, aluminum, tins and other metal kitchen ware, bathroom fixtures, etc.

Best of all, you know Sapolio cannot harm the smooth surfaces, or roughen your hands.

FREE SURPRISE FOR CHILDREN!

DEAR CHILDREN:
WE HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU. A TOY SPOTLESS TOWN—JUST LIKE THE REAL ONE, ONLY SMALLER. IT IS 8¼ INCHES LONG. THE NINE (9) CUNNING PEOPLE OF SPOTLESS TOWN, IN COLORS, ARE READY, TO CUT OUT AND STAND UP. SENT FREE ON REQUEST.

Enoch Morgan's Sons Co., *Sole Manufacturers*
New York City

Silver wrapper—blue band

You really feel clean after a wash with

WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap

It leaves an almost imperceptible but delightfully refreshing odour.

Protects from Infection. 12c. per Tablet.

$3.50 VACUUM WASHER $1.50

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IF SENT IMMEDIATELY

Only One to Each Customer

The Rapid Vacuum Washer takes the drudgery out of wash day as well as the dirt out of clothes. It is a snap to do a week's washing with the Rapid, and if you do not get one now at this low price you will be sorry when the **HOT WEATHER** comes.

Weekly Wash Done in 3 Minutes

The "Rapid" will wash the heaviest blankets or the finest laces without chance of injury. It will wash a tub full of anything washable in **3 minutes**, and blue the whole family wash in 30 seconds.

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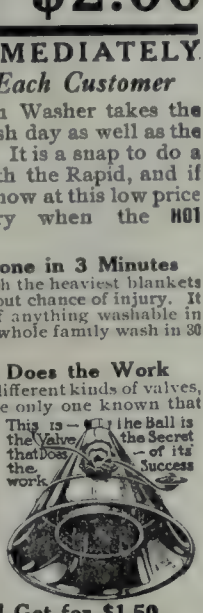
There are hundreds of different kinds of valves, but the **Ball Valve** is the only one known that will absolutely create a perfect vacuum. Take the Ball Valve out of the "Rapid" and the washer would be useless. And yet the Rapid Vacuum Washer is the only washer that has a valve of any kind. Figure it out for yourself.



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You will Get a Washer that—

Is the best and strongest made.
Has been awarded prizes over $50 machines in competition.
Is the lightest machine made.
Is the easiest machine to work.
Will save you many dollars a year by not wearing out your clothes.
Is capable of washing anything from lace to carpets.
Can be operated by a child of ten.
Will last a lifetime.
Will save you many hours of needless toil.
Can be used equally well in boiler, pail or washtub.
Can be dried with a cloth in ten seconds. (Nothing to take apart, nothing to lose.)
Will do all we claim for it or we will return every cent of your money.

NO MORE BOILING. NO MORE RUBBING. YOU CAN THROW YOUR WASHBOARD AWAY.

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Everyone has heard of Tanty the famous chef, who has cooked for nearly all the crowned heads of Europe. We have just bought a whole edition of his illustrated Cook Book, regular price $1.00, and to encourage you to send for the Rapid Vacuum Washer **NOW**, we make the following offer:—

Coupon Good for $2.00 Cash

Send this coupon and $1.50 cash, for the $3.50 Rapid Vacuum Washer. Delivered by parcel post to your address all charges paid. FREE! If you send your order within ten days from the date you received your paper, we will send along with the Rapid Vacuum Washer, absolutely **free of charge**, a full size, well-bound and illustrated copy of TANTY'S COOK BOOK — regular price $1.00. REMEMBER, if you send this coupon and $1.50 **to-day** you will get both the Washer and Cook Book.

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We have an exceptionally attractive proposition to offer enterprising men selling Cadillac Vacuum Cleaners. Address

CLEMENTS MFG. CO.

78 Duchess St. TORONTO

"The wind! musha, what sort of a wind, Bartly?"

"The colic, asthore. A snail's shell in the pocket is a sure cure for the colic." And faith, one day we found one in our own grandmother's petticoat pocket.

WOULD IT BE SPIDERS

IF ever the Pedlar gets a trifle of cash together in his Pack—which he will not, the same ever being filled with trash—he would build himself an Entomo-Lodge and study insects. Especially, spiders. As a casual student of spiders, we beg to offer the figure of the male spider as a crest for the militant suffragettes. An admirable figurehead for that superb cause he would make. We are the lucky possessor of a complete set of Fabre—that delightful entomologist—so full of charm and humour and the simplicity of the very great—the man who has been immortalized by the insect. They are going to build a statue to the old man in France now, though they let him almost starve for a long time, and decorated him with the legion d'honneur when his legs were trembling under him by reason of hunger.

And of all insects the spider has made Fabre. His book on him has just popped across the water to our Insectorium, and lo! our fad has taken possession of us this fine hot July morning after spending the best part of an hour watching the male spider tangoing before his grim lady-love in order to inspire her with admiration for his sprightly powers. The poor fellow does the most outlandish caperings, stretching his legs on one side of his body while doubling them on the other. Meanwhile the lady spider remains rooted to the spot. But she is not admiring him. She is sizing him up—his juiciness, his plumpness, his rotundity and general appearance as an appetizing article for afternoon high tea.

The poor fool capers and whirls and so tires himself out, which is exactly what his beloved wants him to do. By the time he reaches her, and engages her in the nuptial whirl, he is too fatigued to "warstle wi' her" and make his escape. So she eats her bridegroom up and looks out over her web for another unwary gallant. Once in a very long while the groom escapes. He has to be very hardy, strong and active to manage it. When such occurs, the lady retreats in sullen mood to the centre of her web and seizes without mercy all the other young chaps who pass that way and begin the courting dance before her. No more marriages for her. She is a militant out to vote male spiders into her carcass, and fatten on the same. Man indeed! She has no use for such poor creatures except to hang them in the

ENGAGEMENT RINGS

Diamonds of high quality and brilliance, in finely proportioned 14k gold platinum tipped settings. They are the best value obtainable.

WEDDING RINGS

Our rings are perfect in form and color. They are made of 18k gold without joints and hardened by a special process, ensuring the hardest wearing quality.

Size card sent to any address.

Correspondence solicited.

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Better than a "Hired Girl"

Look for the Trade Mark

KNECHTEL KITCHEN KABINET REGISTERED

No servant could be half so helpful as a **KNECHTEL KITCHEN KABINET** or save the housewife as much work and worry. This kitchen improver contains everything needed in one place and cuts a woman's work to one half. Fitted with bins, jars and canisters, it provides a place for everything and keeps everything in that place. You sit down to it and don't have to get up again for a single thing—everything is right there in front of you, in its own special compartment.

A Knechtel Kitchen Kabinet

makes a big improvement in the aspect of your kitchen and saves you work, worry and money.

Write for Booklet "M" and choose the style you prefer

Sold by Best Furniture Stores in Every Town and City.

The Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet Co., Ltd.

HANOVER - ONTARIO

larder until it is time to eat them. He who cannot get away after a courtship is lost. The female of the spider species is in every case deadlier than the male.

WHY NOT A ROYAL GOVERNOR?

LATELY some politicians—extraordinary people! voiced as a grievance the announcement of another royal prince as Governor-General-to-be of this proud Dominion of ours, after the departure of H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught. One or two even spoke of the thing as a menace to the democracy of Canada. No governor since Dufferin has endeared himself more to the Canadians than the simple kindly gentleman, Queen Victoria's only surviving son. The Duke of Connaught was adored in Ireland even in the most agitated times of that "disthressful counthry." He never made his appearance in Dublin without meeting a roar of cheers and Saint Patrick's Day in the Morning from regimental band and street boy's mouth organ. I remember whacking a little gossoon with the handle of my umbrella for adding to the general uproar one day in Stephen's Green when the Fusiliers were marching and the "Irish" Duke with them. The housemaids ran out in their caps and aprons to look at him, and say what a fine upstanding man he was. Believe me, it will take some quick marching on the part of his successor to keep up with His Highness of Connaught.

As to Democracy! Like Bart Kennedy, we once believed intensely in it—and do in a measure still—but this government for the people by the people—as practised in the great Republic to the south of us—is distinctly humourous. Individual liberty and Democracy do not make a good team. Democracy will tell you that such things as hunger and poverty exist not where it rules. In democratic lands the capitalist is a philanthropic gentleman who would lose his sleep if he thought there was such a thing as sweating the worker. What some of our good politicians in Canada apparently fear is Snobocracy, in other words that Royal Governorships will breed cads. As though we have not always had the snob and the cad—poor paltry beings—with us! As if they were not in every community! As if they did not fatten and flourish in democratic countries most of all!

"LAR POOR LAR"

POLAIRE, the *jolie-laide* of the stage, says that all women should be married but no men. Precisely our own idea, but then how are the marriages to be made for all the women? We must leave it to the woman with the smallest waist in the world to

MANITOBA

The Home of Mixed Farming—
The Market-Centre Province
of Western Canada

AS a common-sense business proposition, no man who is intending to take up a farm in Western Canada can afford to overlook Manitoba in picking his location.

Think for a minute. It is the Oldest Settled province, which is another way of saying that it has steadied down to a solid financial basis as the MARKET CENTRE for the entire West. Winnipeg is the Metropolis, and no matter how many spokes are placed in the Wheel of Progress—no matter how the rim is widened the Hub will still be the Hub. Winnipeg has got too much of a head-start ever to be outsted from her present position.

The man whose farm is located in Manitoba, on Winnipeg's doorstep, has the shortest haul to market, the lowest railway rates, the best railway service. It has been estimated that the difference in dollars and cents in actual saving to the Manitoba farmer in this connection ranges from $1.80 to $3.20 per acre per year.

Do you know that wheat is ripe in Manitoba about 18 days earlier than anywhere else; that oats are ripe from 10 to 20 days earlier; that barley is ripe from 11 to 22 days earlier? Do you see that this means the Manitoba crops are away to market before grain congestion clogs the transportation channels and while the market price is at the top?

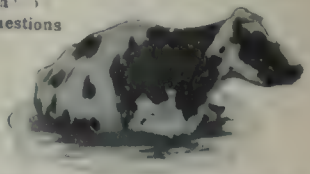
Manitoba farming is farming under ideal natural conditions. No irrigation whatever. Yet the greatest rainfall comes after seeding, when it is most needed; it does not interfere with field preparations, the ripening process, or the harvesting.

The market opportunity for dairy and all manner of food products in Manitoba is made of money. The income that can be realized from ten or twenty cows in Manitoba is several times as large as the earning capacity of the average clerk or office employee. Manufactured creamery butter increased 1,000,000 lbs. in 1913 while the increase in milk consumed was nearly 3,000,000 lbs.; but there is no hope of the supply catching up to the demand in any branch of farming.

Rural telephones, good schools the finest Agricultural College on the continent the most progressive policy of agricultural instruction—these are a very few of the factors that point to MANITOBA as the proper location for your farm. Your opportunity lies in the fact that there is still plenty of room for thousands more, whether you are looking for improved lands at advantageous prices or for the free gift of a homestead.

WRITE AT ONCE for literature and specific infor[illegible]

Ask any questions you like.



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"I am writing to you in praise of your Gripe Water as a tonic. My little "girl who is now 12 months old has thrived on it wonderfully. We have given it to her "almost since she was born. WOODWARD'S GRIPE WATER has proved the best "of all remedies we have tried. We would not be without it. Trusting that our experience "will decide others to test this most valuable medicine, I am, yours faithfully,
"H. EVERED, Gardener to Lord Strathcona, High Commissioner of Canada."

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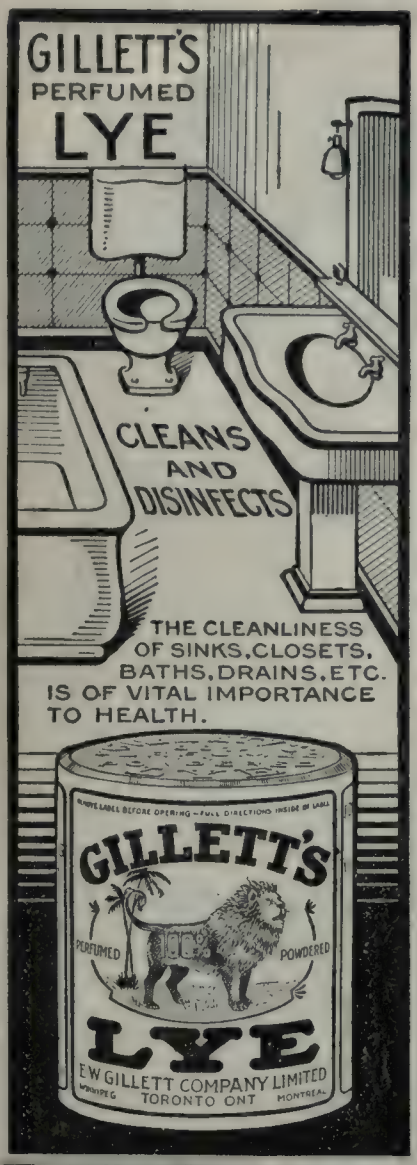
Quickly relieves the pain and distress caused by the numerous familiar ailments of childhood.

INVALUABLE DURING TEETHING.

For three generations it has nourished and strengthened infant vitality. It contains no preparation of Morphia, Opium, or other harmful drug, and has behind it a long record of Medical Approval.

Of any Druggists. Be sure it's WOODWARD'S.



PROBABLY

—you don't want a "lampshade" dress—but you do want your clothes to be stylish and charming—then consider how much you can add to them by the use of pleating—a pleated tunic, for instance. There are innumerable ways to use pleating, and it's the most inexpensive way to distinction in your dress.

We are equipped to handle any kind of pleating whatever, as well as scalloping, hemstitching, making covered buttons, etc.

Every order will be right on time, too.

Write for our booklet of prices.

TORONTO PLEATING COMPANY
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arrange. Polaire, who has a large head and face, by the way: and a foot that the Fat Woman in the side show need not despise, would marry if she could find the perfect husband. Since that work of art does not exist, she would be content with a composite man. He should love like a Frenchman, (Nom Dieu!) attend to business like an American, and dress like an Englishman. The Frenchman should be for the boudoir, the American for the office and the Englishman for the promenade.

A woman should marry when she can, a man when he—can't avoid it. The woman should wed when she has the world before her, the man when he has left the flesh and the devil behind him. Who would want such a dried out, spiritless, undigestive sort of husband? Why, even a lady spider would refuse to lunch off a lover so meagre and emasculated.

Nor do we think Mlle. Polaire would be satisfied with any such apology for a man. Only the other day she smacked the face of an old "satyre" who had been making love to her in too pacific a manner. Like all artistes, she does not believe in being "the half" of anyone, even a "worser" half. To be frank—all these women who call themselves "artistes" seem to be keener on marrying than any others. Most of them have jumped in and out of wedlock three times, but every one of them from Bernhardt down—believes that because she is an "artiste" she can do pretty well as she pleases, married or single.

"We live for our art alone," you will hear them gush if it is your privilege, as it is the Pedlar's, to drop into the Green Room and sympathize with the poor things. "An artiste must be complete in herself!" Oh, you Billie Burke Ziegfeld! oughtn't you to be ashamed of yourself, after all the sweet nothings you poured in our ears once, longer ago than either of us care to remember, about marriage and the "artiste."

BRITAIN'S GREATEST STATESMAN

ASIDE from party opinion of any kind, we must admit that Mr. Asquith is as brilliant a statesman as ever Britain—whose parliamentary crown has been set with jewels of men—possessed. Whether he pilots the ship of Home Rule on her stormy passage into port, we cannot know at this writing, but we may predict that he will. For a long time the Prime Minister of England was thought to be too cautious and timid to adventure ever upon any striking policy.

Men thought of him as rather a staid, studious, unsympathetic sort of man, who would very well captain the Ship of State while she rode seas that were calm, but who was no man to rule when the tempest arose, and the great winds tore across seas political, and ahead boomed the great black rock of Home Rule. The world has learned differently. It has discovered that here is a man of cool judgment, indomitable will, and an activity of intellect which is quick to grasp any political complication that might at any moment arise. Witness the wise agility with which he stepped into the empty, but yet warm, shoes of the Secretary for War when all that Army flutter arose, and high officials were reported as resigning every hour.

Mr. Asquith's greatest gift, according to the immortal "Tay Pay," is his capacity for attracting the loyalty and friendship of those with whom he works. He is no iron Wellington—no heartless Napoleon, no chief of austere and distant personality, but a friendly man with a sense of humour. It was once our privilege to meet Mr. Asquith, and his resemblance to one whom we loved was so marked that there was nothing else to do but to like him at once. This may account for our eulogium here. But only for a small part of it. In a crowd, you would notice Mr. Asquith, if he was only sitting quiet in a corner. He has that mighty god-gift of a fine personality and distinction. The manliness of him appeals greatly to a woman—a real woman, not a militant lady. He is chivalrous in a great degree, but he has no use for the forward, bold feminism of the day. His literary taste is severe and philosophic. So is his mind. But he has a big heart—well fenced about.

A FIRST-CLASS FIGHTING MAN

YOU cannot but admire Sir Edward Carson—the iron-jawed opponent of Mr. Asquith—He has the face of the fanatic—of a Savonarola or a Torquemada. He is a typical North of Ireland man who was—by some misstep of Fate—born in Dublin. For he is Ulsterman plus Orangeman with a little to spare. You cannot associate him with sentiment, and yet what is it but sentiment that has actuated him throughout the restlessness of the Home Rule debates? When you sit down to think of it, it is sentiment that swings the pendulum of the world's clock. Carson always seemed to us an intellectual sort of a Jack London, by which we mean a red-meat, wine-without-water man. We should hate to ask favors of this hatchet-faced being with the heavy-lidded eyes, the aggressive jaw, and the terrible drooping lips. Nor would we fancy ourselves sitting in a sunny corner of the garden reading poetry to him. He reminds us of no one more than the conquered chief of the Apaches—old Geronimo—whose

wet, flabby handshake belied the bitter stare of hatred in his eyes the night we met him.

I should think Sir Edward Carson would stare like that in the faded blue eyes of the gentlest of Popes, the peasant-king of the Vatican. A cynical fellow, too, Sir Edward, yet not without his rough, funny side. He has that touch of kindliness—even sweetness—all who are born in the Fairyland of Erin have. Some call it the blarney—others, natural courtesy. If a woman fell in love with Sir Edward, she would go far for him. He has the cave man's attraction for us. Were we a Sabine maiden we would run but feebly before the Roman, Carson. There is a coarse fibre in his nature which, too, is not without its attraction. We do not mean coarse in the vulgar or unmcral sense at all—but a sort of rough strength of mind and soul—a recklessness which one can hardly fail to admire. Above all he is "a first class fighting man."

I think Ulster adopted her own when she took this Dublin boy to her bosom. The Ulster cuckoo had dropped an egg in the nest of the Leinster thrush. And the thrush raised the birdling. Then Ulster promptly came along and claimed her own. This accounts for the saying of the man at the Cross-Roads the other day—

"I'm a Home Ruler, born an' bred," says he, "but bedad that man Carson dhraws me afther him half the time. Bad luck from me, but I'd kill little Redmond if he laid a hand on him!"

RAINY DAY SAINTS

JULY is Saint Swithin's month. The myth falls like the far off echo of the old world; yet though its repetition is little more than mechanical—like Saint Valentine's Day—it is still referred to when the day comes round. You will find it recorded on most calendars thus:—July 15th (St. Swithin's Day)—which will remind you to take your umbrella along when you go out to market for the household.

The fable has a simple and devout air which entitles it to respect, all because a bishop is bound up with it. Being a very humble man, the good Bishop Swithin of Winchester desired that he might be buried in the common burial ground of his Minster, in order that the rain might fall upon his grave and the wayfarer walk over it. He was so buried: but in order to canonize him they had to dig him up in order to place him in a shrine inside the church—which was exactly what the good Bishop did not want. On a certain fifteenth of July in the tenth century, the monks gathered for this purpose. But it began to rain, and it rained the next day, and the next, and the day after, and for forty days—

You'll Need One On Your Vacation

To keep you comfortable in the cool morning air or in the chill of the evening, with no detriment to your personal appearance.

"CEETEE"

Shaker-Knit

SWEATER COATS

made of soft Australian Merino wool combine a warmth and dressiness which cannot be equalled.
Sleeves and pockets are knit to the body of the coat and will not pull away as is the case with cheap sweater coats. A high collar is added for extra comfort, which may be worn either up or down.
A "Ceetee" Sweater Coat can be put in a corner of your suit case and will be your most welcome travelling companion.
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GALT, ONTARIO

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IT is made in thirty models, at prices from $130 to $1500—and providing for every requirement of recording, accounting and statistical work.

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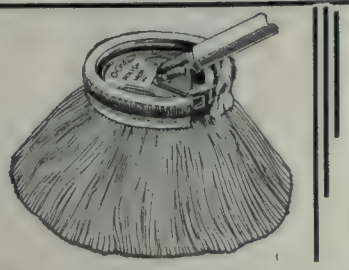

There are over a million in use, so ask your neighbor about it. It picks up every grain of dust and *holds* it. No need to climb, or reach, or get down on your knees. Reaches top of furniture, windows and woodwork as well as under the bed and furniture of all kinds. The longer you are without the

O-Cedar Polish Mop

the longer you will have hard unnecessary work.

Ask your dealer, or sent Express Paid anywhere in Canada for $1.50 if you mention "Canada Monthly."

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369 Sorauren Ave. Toronto

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all come from one botle of

MAPLEINE

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Syrup, rich and creamy, is made by adding Mapleine to cane sugar and hot water—no boiling. Simple and economical.

2 oz. Bottle, 50c

Get It from your grocer or write

Crescent Mfg. Co.
Dept. G. Seattle, Wn.
Send 2c stamp for Recipe Book.

so they left the Bishop in his plot of earth and abandoned the idea of transplanting him, taking the constant rain as a sign of his displeasure.

But if it rains on the fifteenth of July or any other you may happen to be here for, gather in a clean earthenware vessel what drops you may. It is the specific for sore eyes—according to the Saint's Calendar—and its curative power is infallible. Other countries followed England's lead, as, indeed, they have a fashion of doing to-day. In Holland, a lady fills the office on July 6th. In Germany the Seven Sleepers Day occurs on the 27th—and if it rains it will continue to rain for forty long days. St. Martin is the Scot's St. Swithin, but his legend is lost in a Scotch mist—and we have no rainy day saint in Ireland because every day is a wet day there. Canada is too young and far too practical to mother a legend of any sort, except of the Indian brand, so we are safe from rainy devastation until the coming of the second Flood which is slated to begin in the Garden of Eden and wipe away the world, its laughter, its sins, and its sad tears.

HOT AIR PROVERBS

WE have just finished a proverb competition in our town, and it was noticeable that in the catalogue given out to help dull students of the game, the Jamaica proverbs found no place. They are gloomy sayings, the output of a slavish population. It is difficult to find one of them dealing with love or friendship. Yet there are many cute and quaint sayings which the puzzle people would do well to pick up and make pictures of. For instance:—"The rat eats the cane, and the innocent lizard dies for it." "The cockroach never gets justice when the chicken is judge." "Cockroach eber so drunk he no walk past fowlyard." "He who advises you to buy a big bellied horse will not help you to feed him." "A man is not known till he marries." The latter has an odd derivation. It seems that in the old buccaneer days, it was the habit to drop the surname while plying a nefarious trade. But when a pirate married he took good care to insert his more or less aristocratic real name in the register—thereby turning over a new leaf—the leaf of the marriage register. There is another reason—the true one—one which every woman knows: viz., that a man's real littleness or greatness comes out after the honeymoon has waned. Then it is that she knows him.

ANOTHER TIME

LONG into the night we sat discussing Swedenborg and a magazine story. In the story two men had been hurt in a motor smash—the one fatally.

THE MOST POPULAR PERFUME IN DAILY USE

INDISPENSABLE ON EVERY DRESSING-TABLE

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES!

Always be sure to look for our Trade Mark on the neck of the bottle.

IRON FENCE

Wouldn't an iron fence of attractive design and staunch quality be an ornamental and beneficial addition to your lawn?

We can sell you iron fence of quality and good looks for as little as 50 cents per foot. It's worth your while to write about it.

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London, Canada

RIDER AGENTS WANTED

everywhere to ride and exhibit a sample 1914 Hyslop Bicycle with coaster brake and all latest improvements.

We ship on approval to any address in Canada, without any deposit, and allow **10 DAYS' TRIAL.** It will not cost you a cent if you are not satisfied after using bicycle 10 days.

DO NOT BUY *a bicycle, pair of tires, lamp, or sundries at any price* until you receive our latest 1914 illustrated catalogue and have learned our special prices and attractive proposition.

ONE CENT is all it will cost you to write us a postal, and catalogue and full information will be sent to you **Free Postpaid** by return mail. **Do not wait.** Write it **now.**

HYSLOP BROTHERS, Limited
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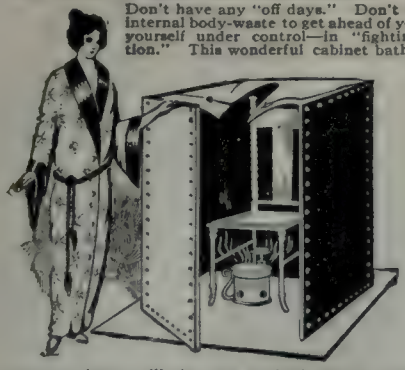
2 Cents
GIVES YOU LUXURIOUS TURKISH BATH AT HOME

EVERY bit as refreshing and a great deal more convenient and satisfying than the kind you pay $2 or $3 for in Turkish Bath Establishments.



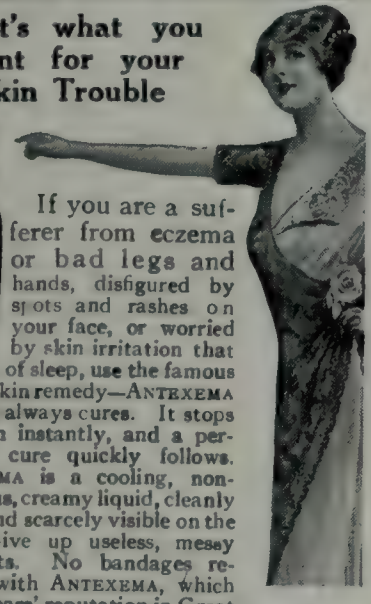
Don't have any "off days." Don't allow any internal body-waste to get ahead of you. Keep yourself under control—in "fighting condition." This wonderful cabinet bath right in your own home will give you an invigorating sweat every few days and take all the dirt, poison and accumulation of waste right out of your pores and make you and keep you internally and externally clean and vigorous month after month, year after year. Get rid of your La Grippe, Fever, Hard Colds and Rheumatism in this way. It's the ideal way, that builds you up all over.

You Can Add Years to Your Life

just by this little systematic, careful attention to the needs of your body. You can make yourself superb in health, strength and the good looks that go with them.

ROBINSON CABINET MFG. CO., LTD.
222 ROBINSON BLDG., WALKERVILLE, ONT.

That's what you want for your Skin Trouble



If you are a sufferer from eczema or bad legs and hands, disfigured by spots and rashes on your face, or worried by skin irritation that robs you of sleep, use the famous British skin remedy—ANTEXEMA—which always cures. It stops irritation instantly, and a permanent cure quickly follows. ANTEXEMA is a cooling, non-poisonous, creamy liquid, cleanly to use and scarcely visible on the skin. Give up useless, messy ointments. No bandages required with ANTEXEMA, which has 30 years' reputation in Great Britain, and always succeeds. Get it today. Of all druggists in Canada. Prices in Britain 1/1½ and 2/9 per bottle.

Wholesale from Antexema Co., Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. (Eng.)

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CURES EVERY SKIN ILLNESS

Short-Story Writing

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A Course of forty lessons in the history, form, structure, and writing of the Short-Story taught by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, Editor of Lippincott's Magazine.

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The Home Correspondence School
Dept. 297 Springfield, Mass.

He, the dead man, sat up after awhile and noticed the little group about the car looking for something with lanterns. He heard his own name, and lying down quietly waited for them to come for him. But the searchers passed him by after placing a coat over his face. "He is past his trouble," they said, "Let us find the living man." "But I am not dead !" cried the dead man—"Why I am here, alive, can't you see me ?" Only the sighing wind answered.

We lighted our bedroom candle. "Another time, old man," we said. "Look, it is near the dawn-hour—" And then, walking tiredly up the steps towards our haven near the top of the old pear tree, came Aldrich:—

Somewhere—in desolate wind-swept
In Twilight-land—in No man's land—
Two hurrying Shapes met face to face,
And bade each other stand.

. . . . . .

"And who are you ?" cried one a-gape,
Shuddering in the gleaming light,
"I know not," said the second Shape,
"I only died last night !"

At this moment a gust of wind blew the candle out.

FROCKS

On a bright spring morning Adam and Eve were taking a stroll through the shady bowers of the Garden of Eden.

"My dear," said Adam, continuing the discussion of the fashions likely to be in vogue for the following fall season, "what system of dressmaking do you favor ?"

"Well," replied Eve, thoughtfully, "they all have their merits, but the loose leaf system is good enough for me."

The Moose of "Dear T'ing"

Continued from page 184.

as Louis gave us while we waited for our moose. I know things—bear with my pride, dear, I *know* things that I couldn't have learned as perfectly anywhere else in the world. Yes, they're about foxes and bears, about birds that fly and fish that swim, but they are beautiful things, subtle, wonderful things.

All at once Louis announced that he would "mak' de call." He made it, and incidentally, made us jump. "Wait, he t'row it back at me pretty soon. Ba gosh, dere's t'under for you ! He is mad clear t'rough. Lis'en ! Lis'en ! Dere he go again—dat's fine ol' bull."

Why worry About Your Hair

Cuticura Soap Shampoos

And occasional use of Cuticura Ointment will clear the scalp of dandruff, allay itching and irritation, and promote hair-growing conditions.

Samples Free by Mail

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. book. Address "Cuticura," Dept. 133, Boston.

Children Teething

Mothers should give only the well-known

DOCTOR STEDMAN'S TEETHING POWDERS
TRADE (GUM LANCET) MARK

The many millions that are annually used constitute the best testimonial in their favor, they are guaranteed by the proprietor to be absolutely free from opium.
See the Trade Mark, a Gum Lancet, on every packet and powder. Refuse all not so distinguished.

Small Packets, 9 Powders
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OF ALL CHEMISTS AND DRUG STORES.
MANUFACTORY: 199 NEW NORTH ROAD, LONDON, ENGLAND.

DURABLE--Fire grates are three-sided; last three times as long. Shaped in the

McClary's

Sunshine

Furnace to grind up clinkers when "rocked". See the McClary dealer or write for booklet. 32

A Father's Soliloquy--
No. 3.

The Family's Future

"They are enjoying themselves now, and I shall see to it that they shall always enjoy themselves.

If anything should happen—

Nothing material can happen: My policies in The London Life Insurance Company afford ample protection.

It is a safe and economically-managed Company—one of the most reliable financial institutions in the world."

Invest in a London Life Policy—you'll never regret it. Send for our literature and learn for yourself just why London Life Policies are worth investigating.

This places you under no obligation—our agent will call on appointment.

POLICIES "GOOD AS GOLD"

The London Life Insurance Company

LONDON - CANADA

53

"Don't you know de grey owl singin', from de beeg moose w'en he's ringin' out his challenge?" quoted Peter who wasn't half excited enough to suit me.

"Keep still, he soon be along." We all settled back among the leaves and brush. Soon, I grew so tired I couldn't help fidgetting; but the two youngsters, Louis and Joan, acted as if they never meant to move again, Peter, stretching out a cramped leg, broke a twig. Louis muttered a *sacre* under his breath. The silence soaked into us, inoculated us until we wouldn't have spoken had we dared. Then another call, a crash of dead timber, and straight toward us came the big moose. Peter, who was to have had first chance at him, sat staring stupidly. Seeing that he did not mean to shoot, Louis raised his rifle. I shut my eyes and waited the report. It did not come. Instead there was a delighted scream from Joan. "Oh, see the ma moose, and the little moose! Don't hurt them, Louis. Please don't kill any but the big one, and oh, don't kill him either. Please Louis, dear Louis!"

Simultaneously with these shrill clamorings came a snort of mingled fear and defiance, a crash of boughs, a sound of light footed headlong flight—then the kind of stillness you can't stand.

"See w'at you do now, Dear T'ing." Louis' voice is heavy with reproach. "Me, I tak' you no more wit' me to mak' de hunt."

"For two cents I'd spank you," roared her father." You little spoil sport!"

"Sho! It mak' no matter," cried Louis lightly. "De moose he get away, but nobody is hurt. W'at if my bullet fin' Dear T'ing w'en she run to me so queeck I can't turn. Gosh! My heart it jomp high and heavy lak' bear in a trap."

"You'd have brought him down all right," grumbled Peter.

"Sure t'ing," he bragged, "but nobody hurt, an' I don't geev a dam', Boss—so dere! Come," gathering Joan in his free arm and starting back to camp. "Tell me w'at you t'ink of Mrs. Moose and de calf. Ain't he de sorryful hom'ly t'ing dat calf, eh? W'at! You lak him, dat calf? Wall! He's nice leetle feller if you say so, b'gosh!"

This ended our first day's hunt, and though we brought home no spoil we wouldn't have missed it for the world. Peter shot a deer a few days later, and gave a recital of the feat every time we ate venison.

The sun has gone out of sight, the glow of it out of the air. The warmth and shine of the campfire are grateful cozening things. I wish you were here. Louis is frying prairie chickens

with the bacon, and the aroma is delicious. We'll eat stale bread with the chicken, and revel—revel is the word—in a dessert of cranberries that leaves your mouth puckered in a knot, and tea strong enough to bear the proverbial wedge. And we'll sleep like children who have been at a picnic, and played themselves tired. Good-night, sweet Coz.

BETTY BLUE.

P. S.—Peter has never forgiven himself for being too scared (he calls it surprised) to shoot his first moose. He is over by the fire cleaning his gun, and by the grim set of his jaw I opine he is going out after that noble animal without fear or favor. Mr. Moose better look out—a man is terribly in earnest when seeking to re-capture his self-esteem. BETTY.

Kirsty MacFarlane's Cow

Continued from page 186.

whether to tell ye or not. I don't know whether ye'll be caring to give me——'

" 'Give ye,' he says, 'I'll give it ye, even if I have to send to the States for it.'

" 'Well, Sandy,' I says, 'I would like' —and I wass afraid to ask him, altho' I did hear that he gave his brother Donald a big diamond pin that cost sefen hundred dollars, just to stick in hiss tie, and diamond ring that wass four hundred dollars, to hiss brother Archie, just to wear on hiss little finger. But of course, they're hiss brothers. So I says, 'Sandy, I'm afraid ye might not be wanting—

" 'Oh, Aunt Kirsty,' says he, 'Don't you hear me sayin' I'll get it for ye no matter what it costs or how far I have to send for it ?'

' "So I says, 'Sandy, I've always wanted—would ye mind buyin' me, for myself, —would ye mind getting me just—just a bit of a cow ?' "

And Sandy had given commands that "the finest in the land" should be obtained for Aunt Kirsty. Within two weeks there came by special car addressed to "Miss Christena MacFarlane, care of Adam Wilson," a cow, "just a bit of a cow" for it was a Jersey, and a highly pedigreed one at that. It had cost enough money to buy a stable full of cows such as then were bred around Cedardale, had cost, in fact more that Donald's diamond pin or anybody else's jewelled gifts,—no less than seven hundred and fifty dollars. Adam Wilson put the treasure in the stable and sent word to Aunt Kirsty. Aunt Kirsty came, looked at the cow, but said nothing. Two weeks more passed slowly by and

Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

They buy it for what it does. That's why the Ford is servant of more than 530,000. It holds the world's record for all 'round dependability. And it's the lightest—the strongest—the most economical car on the market. And don't forget the service.

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Parowax

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Put up in handy one pound cartons. Four cakes to a carton. Your grocer keeps Parowax.

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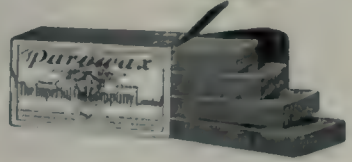

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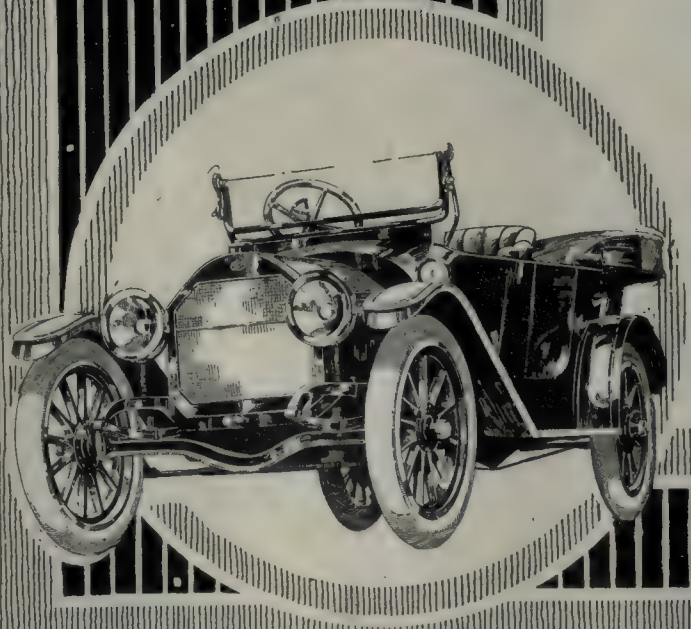

And these are but a few of the many $1,500 features found in the famous Overland.

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Wilson waited for Aunt Kirsty's instructions as to the disposal of Sandy's gift.

"Iss Mr. *Mac*Wilson in ?" was the enquiry which floated in slow and ponderous tones to the bank manager's ears one morning as he sat in his office, wondering whether he hadn't better send to Aunt Kirsty and ask whether she didn't want the cow driven over to a pasture-field somewhere near her cottage.

"Mr. MacWilson," queried Kirsty, after being comfortably seated near the manager's desk, "Mr. MacWilson, do I haf to keep Sandy's cow ?"

"Why, Miss MacFarlane," began the banker, "you can easily pasture the cow in Brown's field next to the cottage, so that you can have her handy for milking, and before winter time, I'm sure, Donald and Archie will build a nice little place——" and then seeing that he was on the wrong track, he stopped to ask in a puzzled tone, "Why, Miss MacFarlane—Aunt—Aunt Kirsty, what's the matter ! Don't you want to keep her ? Didn't you want a cow ?"

"Oh, yess !" heartily responded Aunt Kirsty. "But Mr. MacWilson, —it isn't just the kind of a cow I wass wantin'."

Adam Wilson's shrewdness rescued him from his previous bewilderment and he smilingly suggested that the matter could be adjusted to Miss MacFarlane's satisfaction. With the assistance of Sutherland, he was able to dispose of the Jersey to advantage, buy for thirty dollars one of Brown's big red "moolleys," and thus give Aunt Kirsty not only the "bit of a cow" she was wanting, but also place to her credit a very nice little bank account.

The Eyes of the Law

Continued from page 178.

he'll carry your mark to his grave. You made an awful mess of his face, boy."

"For Heaven's sake, Hobart, tell me something about it," I said somewhat peevishly.

"There isn't anything to tell, except that part of the story leaked out. Calm yourself, the girl's name wasn't mentioned, but the papers got a smattering of Derwent giving a dinner and saying something uncomplimentary about a woman. Enter hero Cragg, biff ! bang ! ! smash ! ! ! You know what Paris papers are. You're more of an attraction than Mlle. Gabrielle herself."

"And Ethel—Miss Marston ?"

Hobart shook his head. "I haven't had the pleasure of seeing your Helen; but a courier, whom I have been creditably informed is hers, knocks every day at your door to enquire about monsieur.'

High-Priced Tires

Since Our Reductions, 18 Makes Cost You More Than Goodyears

The facts are these:

No-Rim-Cut tires, because of costly features, used to cost one-fifth more than other standard tires.

Yet they excelled so far that they soon outsold any other tire in the world, as they do today.

With mammoth output came lower factory cost. Our overhead cost in Canada was also materially reduced. New machinery, new efficiency, brought costs down and down.

This, with reduction in rubber cost, meant a drop in Canada-made All-Weather treads. Prices reached a point which other makers of good tires do not care to reach.

Now 18 American and Canadian anti-skid makes sell higher than Goodyear prices—some almost one-half higher. And every tire user wants to know what justifies these prices.

Our answer is this:

Those higher prices can't be justified in any way whatever.

We have had scores of experts working to find ways to better No-Rim-Cut tires. And they all agree that these tires mark the present-day limit in low cost per mile.

Then No-Rim-Cut tires have four costly features found in no other tire. One makes rim-cutting impossible. One saves countless blow-outs, and it adds to our manufacturing cost immensely.

One lessens by 60 per cent. the danger of loose treads. And one is our double-thick All-Weather tread.

Mark this. Not another tire at any price has one of these costly features.

Lower prices are easily explained. Higher prices lack a single shred of basis, save smaller out-put or a larger profit.

Those are the facts. You don't care to pay for chimerical advantage, and extra price buys nothing else.

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All that day, and the next, and the next, I sat in my chair drawing good omens from Ethel's enquiries, and chafing bitterly at my slow progress. On the fourth day I insisted on having my mail. Hobart hesitated about giving me the rather formidably big package, but I fussed over it at such a rate, in self defence he gave it to me; and so went off for a walk.

Life looked a good deal darker to me when I finished those letters and I glanced at myself in the mirror and was horrified to see how ghastly I had grown during my confinement. I was making a desperate effort to get my things together preparatory to sailing on the first boat out, when Hobart returned. There was a couple of hours of hurried telephone calls to express men, looking up sailings and so on, Hobart in the meantime cursing me with every spare breath and telling me what a silly fool I was to let a small matter like a legal document that told me I was no longer the possessor of eighty thousand a year to stand between me and the girl I loved. His arguments were so forceful that I finally consented to call and thank her for her inquiries during my illness. I turned cold at the thought of the interview, for now that things were settled and there was no longer any hope of retaining my income, it was of course out of the question to tell her I cared. The beastly part of it was I cared so much that I couldn't trust myself to say goodby to her alone. I prayed for the sphinx to be present.

The minute I entered I knew I was done for. Ethel's face was radiant, and her greeting of: "Oh, Sidney, why did you do it for me?" took my second wind.

Something similar to what happened at Derwent's dinner must have occurred, for my next intelligent moment was hearing Ethel gasp, "You old dear, and I loved you so all the time." It dawned on me that I, Sidney Cragg, minus eighty thousand a year had been holding Ethel very tight and,—well she didn't seem to mind.

"You don't know what you are doing, Ethel," I said at last, "for I haven't anything but myself to offer you. I told you I was sailing at once. My reason is, I got word from my lawyers that the Martindale woman has beaten me, consequently she will enjoy the fortune that was mine, and that I had hoped to make yours."

Ethel drew herself out of my arms and with a tragic little half-frightened air, said, "Sidney, I am that Martindale woman. Won't you please not let that troublesome old money stand between us, and forget that I deceived you. But when you rescued me that day in Rome, and I found you didn't dream who I was, well I—I—I just let you call me Miss Marston, but I supposed Mr. Hobart told you who I was, because when you were so ill, and I couldn't stand it I dragged poor Auntie over to your rooms, and told him all about it." She rushed this all out in one breath like a penitent child.

"No, dear, Hobart didn't tell me. Thank Heaven he was wise enough to leave it to you. But I shall punish you by getting rid of the terrible Mrs. Martindale as soon as I can persuade the dear old sphinx-like aunt that she needs another nephew."

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Rear 274 Dundas Street
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2

In the Wake of the Columns

Continued from page 192.

baby to bed, and gave her some coffee.

I went up to the officers' club just after sunset, and met Poropulos coming down.

He almost passed me, for he was in a terrible rage, and was muttering to himself in some tongue I could not understand.

I would have let him go, but he saw me and stopped.

"Oh, here you are!" he almost spat the words in his anger. "That dog Lioski . . ."

He was about to say something but checked himself. I think it was about Lillian that he intended to speak at first, but he changed the subject to some other grievance he had. "I was brought before the magistrate this morning and fined £100 for selling field-force tobacco . . . My club will be ruined—Lioski informed the police—by——!"

He was incoherent in his passion. I gather that he had been engaged in some shady business, and that Lioski had detected him. He almost danced before me in the rain.

"Shylock dies to-night," he said, and waved his enemy out of the world with one sweep of his hand. "He dies to-night—I am weary of him—for eighteen—nineteen years I have known him, and he's dirt right through——"

He went on without another word, and I stood on the slope of the hill watching him as he disappeared in the direction of the town.

I dined at the club, and went straight back to the house where I had left my wife. She was sleeping—but the baby was dead. Poor little mortal! I owed it no grudge, but I was glad when they told me.

All the next day I sat by her bed listening to Lillian's mutterings, for she was very ill. I suffered all the tortures of a damned soul, sitting there, for she spoke of Lioski—"Arthur" she called him—prayed to him for mercy—begged for another chance—told him she loved him . . .

I was late for dinner at the club. There was a noisy crowd there. Young Harvey of my own regiment had had too much to drink, and I avoided his table.

My hand shook as I poured out a glass of wine, and somebody remarked on it.

"Fever, major?"

I shook my head.

I did not see Poropulos until the dinner was half way through. Curiously enough, I looked at the clock as he came in, and the hands pointed to half past eight.

The Greek was steward of the club, and was serving the wine. He was calm, impassive, remarkably serene, I thought. He exchanged jokes with the officers who were grumbling that they had had to wait for the fulfillment of their orders.

"It was ten to eight when I ordered this," grumbled one man.

Then, suddenly, Harvey, who had been regarding Poropulos with drunken gravity, pointed downward.

"He's changed his boots," he said, and chuckled.

Poropulos smiled amiably, and went on serving.

"He's changed his boots!" repeated Harvey, concentrating his mind upon trivialities as only a drunken man can.

The men laughed.

"Oh, dry up, Harvey!" said somebody.

"He's changed——"

He got no further. Through the door came a military policeman, splashed from head to foot with mud

"District Commandant here, sir?"

"Have you a little 'Fairy' in your home?"
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You do a little spare time work for Matthewson, and he will show you in return how to pitch his Fade-Away curve FREE

Now, boys, is the chance to show what you're made of. Here's Matthewson, the great Christy Matthewson, who is the idol and the hero of baseball fans, who has won five championships for the New York Giants by his superb pitching—willing to show you all the inside secrets of his famous "fade-away" curve and coach you into becoming the boy-wonder pitcher of your town, if you have the grit and gameness to work a little during your spare time.

But you've got to show Matthewson that your blood is red. "Matty" is one of the finest fellows alive and he'll show you how to just make all the other boys in your town look like monkey's when you're pitching; but you've got to work to make good. You never can be a good base-ball pitcher if you're not game, and if you're not game enough to sell a few papers and collect for them during spare time each week to get Matthewson's lessons in Pitching, why Matthewson doesn't want you.

But if you're a "live one," "Matty" will take you into his confidence, explain his secrets of striking out batters to you, and show you everything plain as A-B-C so the other boys simply can't have a chance against you, and in addition you have plenty of pocket money all the time.

Here Is Matthewson's SPECIAL FREE OFFER

To learn to be a real pitcher takes nerve and work. Boys with "yellow streaks" in them aren't worth Matthewson's time. If you want to be one of his boys, working and training under him, you have got to show him your gameness right from the start.

When you sign and mail the coupon, you will receive Matthewson's first lesson—FREE. You will also be sent a package of Saturday Blades and Chicago Ledgers. You are to deliver the Blades and Ledgers to the regular customers and collect the money for them. It is on the way you make good with the papers sent you that depends your future with the baseball lessons. Make good, boy, and you'll never regret it. Show Matthewson that you're a true blue boy who is deserving of his teaching. You can be the champion boy pitcher of your town. Just practice what Matthewson tells you.

Learn just how to grip the ball, how to place your feet, how to swing your arm, how to put the "fade-away" twist on it. You must work every day at it until you can fool every boy in your town. Matthewson will show you how to do it, but you must have the ambition and industry to practice it. Now, do you want to be one of Matthewson's boys? Only one boy in a town can be it. Are you ambitious to know the professional's method of pitching? Do you really want to master Matthewson's wonderful "fade-away" curve? Then make up your mind to get rid of every speck of laziness and start to work for the great Matthewson and learn from him.

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SEND ME MATTHEWSON'S LESSON FREE.

Count me in as one of Matthewson's boys who wants to know how to throw his famous curves. Send along the Blades and Ledgers and I will sell them and collect the money.

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he demanded. "There's been a man murdered."

"Soldier ?" asked a dozen voices.

"No, sir—storekeeper, name of Lioski—shot dead half an hour ago."

I do not propose to tell in detail all that happened following that.

Two smart C. I. D. men came down from Johannesburg, made a few inquiries, and arrested Poropulos.

He was expecting the arrest, and half an hour before the officers came he asked me to go to him.

I spent a quarter of an hour with him, and what we said is no man's business but ours. He told me something that startled me—he loved Lillian, too. I had never guessed it, but I did not doubt him. But it was finally for Lillian's sake that he made me swear an oath so dreadful that I cannot bring myself to write it down—an oath so unwholesome, and so against the grain of a man that life after it could only be a matter of sickness and shame.

Then the police came and took him away.

Lioski had been shot dead in the store by some person who had walked in when the store was empty, at a time when there was nobody in the street. This person had shot the Jew dead and walked out again. The police theory was that Poropulos had gone straight from the club, in the very middle of dinner, had committed the murder, and returned to continue his serving, and the crowning evidence was the discovery that he had changed his boots between 7.30 and 8.30. The mud-stained boots were found in a cellar, and the chain of evidence was completed by the statement of a trooper who had seen the Greek walking from the direction of the store, 8.10, with a revolver in his hand.

Poropulos was cheerful to the last.

Cheerful through the trial, and through the dark days of waiting in the fort at Johannesburg. I was with him on the morning of the execution.

"I confess nothing," he said to the Greek priest. He was smoking a last cigarette. "I hated Lioski, and I am glad he is dead, that is all. It is true that I went down to kill him, but I was too late."

When they had pinioned him he turned to me.

"I have left my money to you," he said. "There is about four thousand pounds. You will look after her."

"That is the only reason I am alive," I said.

"Did you murder Arthur Lioski ?" said the priest again.

"No," said Poropulos, and smiled as he went to his death.

And what he said was true, as I know. I shot Lioski.

Practical Idealists

Continued from page 169.

that it does not yet know how to live in a city, and in many of our metropolises, the mistakes of the older cities are being repeated. This, as has been shown already, is unnecessary, and it will be the work of the League to collect all the information possible on this subject, and to disseminate it through the newspapers, in bulletins, and by sending out speakers and experts to give definite advice and practical help.

Another branch of work that the League will take up in the shortest possible order is the training of speakers and social workers. Across the border, in the United States, there are many schools of social service. In our own country, there is none. The universities have made no attempt to fill this need. At the present writing there is not a chair of sociology in any Canadian university, while every university of any standing in the United States has one. So far, the Canadian demand for trained social workers has been filled entirely from outside, and chiefly from the United States. In Winnipeg, the playground experts, the associated charities workers and most of the settlement workers were trained in the United States.

Not long since, the city of Toronto was looking for a woman to take a responsible position as investigator under a civic department. They could not get one. Nowhere in Canada was a qualified worker found. Nor could they get one in the United States. The capable workers were needed at home. So fast has the profession of social service grown, and so fast, too, has the demand for social service workers increased, that it is now ranked with the three great professions of medicine, theology and law.

Where the intelligent and high-minded young man of 1850 studied for the pulpit, the bar, or the medical profession, he now is likely to go into social service, where he can use all he knows of any of the three traditional professional branches to excellent advantage. And beside him works the intelligent and high-minded young woman who in 1850 had to limit her activities to mending her theologue brother's socks and knitting him worsted comforters. The woman settlement worker, the woman lawyer, the woman judge, the woman constable, the woman gymnasium director, the woman visiting nurse, the woman playground director—all of these have come to stay. In Nova Scotia, several cities have been looking for community secretaries, but have failed to find suitable people with the necessary training. Social engineers are in demand everywhere, but so far we

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have had no way to give our young people the necessary training.

It is not the intention of the Canadian Welfare League to organize branches all over Canada. It is the belief of Mr. Woodsworth and those associated with him that there exists already plenty of "machinery." What it needs is the data on which to work. It will be the business of the League to supply the data. The social conscience is awakening in every district. People are beginning to realize that, with changed conditions, methods of work must change, but they do not know what to do. They find themselves surrounded by great barriers built up by past ages, and they realize that such barriers must go, before the melting process can begin.

The chief of these barriers are those of race, religion and language. They are barriers of no mean kind. For example, in all the years of Canada's existence as an undivided nation, the barrier between the English and French has not been broken down.

An English-speaking Canadian said to a French Canadian not long since, "I can take you to whole villages in Manitoba where the children cannot speak English."

The French Canadian retorted, just as fairly, "I can take you to whole villages in Quebec where the children cannot speak French."

Stiff and indomitable, the barrier still stands.

On top of that, there are being sent into the country hundreds and thousands of immigrants, separated both from the English and from the French by the same barriers of race, language, religion, divided into little groups from each other by the same barriers, and too often by the added barriers of old hatreds that should be forgotten in a new land.

Although we urge these immigrants to come, our duty does not end there. We cannot leave newly-arrived Ruthenian villagers in their isolated settlements for three years without a newspaper or a school and then expect them to decide important questions of domestic or foreign policy. We cannot let them organize school districts when they are ignorant of our language and our laws. Yet we do; and then wonder why the experiment fails.

This immense burden imposed on Canada has been a little too much for her. She is big enough, and rich enough, and fine enough to produce and foster one of the world's finest races. But, like all mothers who have so many children they don't know what to do, she is at present kept busy looking after their material needs and hasn't time to get particularly acquainted with her various progeny, or to learn their special needs and difficulties.

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It will be the business of the League to find out the needs and difficulties of the various peoples who make up Canada to-day, and to awaken in all Canadians that social conscience which will make them helpers in the solution of our common social problems.

For example: Mr. Woodsworth was asked to address a young people's society in connection with a church in a small Saskatchewan town. His subject was "The Foreign Problem." In that town there was quite a large foreign section, and the young people wished to help the melting process. However, the closest they had got to it was to set apart one night a year for the study of it, and to ask a man from Winnipeg to tell them about the foreigners.

Mr. Woodsworth advised them to call a meeting and invite the foreigners to come and discuss the matter with them.

They did so, and to their astonishment they found that the more intelligent of the foreigners were just as anxious as they were themselves to work for a united Canada, aiming at the ideal that had lured them from the homeland—an ideal of freedom and good fellowship for which their fathers had given their lives in vain—an ideal they had dreamed might await them in Canada.

The first thing the foreigners in that particular town wanted was a night school, that they might learn to read and write English, and consequently take an intelligent part in the life of their adopted country. Night schools were opened at once. The first break had been made in the line of cleavage, and the melting process had begun.

This is only one of hundreds of cases of social work that is being done under intelligent direction and inspiration. It is only the beginning of a wider outlook on life which will eventually break down the petty barriers of creed, caste, race, speech and politics—those barriers that have so successfully prevented the free development of the race, and realization of the brotherhood of man.

To unite Canadians of whatever race, creed or party, to organize them into helpers and promoters of the general welfare, to stimulate work along community lines—these are the objects of the Canadian Welfare League. It stands for no special cause or reform. It does not seek establishment of local branches. Through its central office at Winnipeg it merely stands ready to assist any individual or group of individuals seeking to promote the general welfare. Ideally, perhaps, this function could best be performed by a government department, but under present conditions it can be done most effectively by an unofficial agency.

Its location at Winnipeg has been

chosen at the most central point for a Dominion organization. In order to facilitate the transaction of business, the president, secretary and treasurer are all residents of that city, and it was decided that these officers, with the members of the council living in Winnipeg, should constitute the executive. The officers are: Dr. J. Halpenny, Winnipeg; A. Chevalier, Montreal; A. T. Cushing, Edmonton; J. H. Brock, Winnipeg, and J. S. Woodsworth, the secretary. Mr. Woodsworth is devoting his whole time to the work of the League, and is its only paid officer. With the aid of a stenographer working on part-time, he has already succeeded in compiling a large amount of information on municipal problems and their solutions; and his correspondence is beginning to bulk large. Requests for information on various social topics are constantly being received from social workers all over Canada, and from people engaged in every kind of endeavor. Members of parliament, aldermen, town-planning commissions, playground workers, trustees of technical schools, people interested in consolidated schools, town-planning and improved-housing committees,—all of them come to the League for information, inspiration and help. Already the League's value to Canada is proving itself. Mr. Woodsworth has acted as personal adviser to various young western cities, anxious to "start right," and has done missionary work in the east among city fathers and among university students, many of whom are using as a text his book, "Strangers Within Our Gates."

What the Canadian Welfare League will be in the future, is dependent on the support of Canadian citizens. It starts in life without any endowment or large financial backing, and as the secretary says, "without any strings!" It relies on the voluntary support of public spirited citizens whose social conscience is awake to the need of a united Canada, and the necessity of developing each unit to its fullest advantage.

The problems of child welfare, care of immigrants, public health, housing, playgrounds, city planning, philanthropic institutions, industrial organizations, social settlements, rural questions, and the like, are now recognized as not being individual personal problems, but the problems of communities. To-morrow, they will be recognized as the problems of all Canada.

Idealism—yes. Of that much-abused and hitherto impractical word, they make a banner, flinging it proudly abroad. Practical idealists, with the accent on the *practical*, remember,—they have set out to prove that they can make idealism pay. The result is going to be worth watching.

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Seth Snow's First Sermon

Continued from page 172.

then; but she had a white dress all trimmed with scallops, and a blue sash and a hat with a wreath and a blue ribbon bow, and she danced along ahead of us like a white butterfly. She's got such a pretty quiet way with her now that you wouldn't believe she was such a little fly-away when she was a baby. But she's got the fly-away in her now, under all her ladylike ways. Daisy never was a milk-and-water girl, and she never will be."

"I can't imagine her as ever being nervous or unduly excited over anything," remarked Lee Weston, with alertness.

"I can," said Dyce. "Still waters run deep."

Weston looked thoughtful. A most unmatch-making father had effected more than a match-making mother. Weston had visions of the girl in question being troubled in her sweet soul, and his own echoed back that imaginary trouble.

Dyce continued. "The road was full of folks going to meeting that day," said he. "Oh, I forgot to say that the Presbyterians in South Atway had thrown in their church bell, because it had a little crack, and they were going to buy a chime anyway. So Seth's bell was ringing for fair.

" 'Just think,' says Arabella, as we walked behind that dancing little girl, 'what would all the Snows that have gone before say if they could hear that bell ringing and could know their house was a meetinghouse.'

" 'I know just what they would have said,' I told her. 'First they would have asked if Seth had got the pews and things at a bargain, then they would have said—for the Snows were all mighty good people—that they were proud and sort of overcome to think that their house that they'd been born and married and lived and died in had been turned into a meeting-house.'

"That was true enough, but I must say when I listened to Seth preaching I was sort of staggered as to what all the bygone Snows would have said. They had been a pretty peaceable set, not willing to let their toes be trod on, especially when money matters were concerned, but always as saving of other folks' feelings as if they had been their own, and to this day I can't quite account for Seth's sermon, for he had always seemed to be a Snow down to the backbone.

"Sometimes I have thought maybe he had a sense of real Christian duty toward his neighbors, and thought he ought to say what he did. It was all

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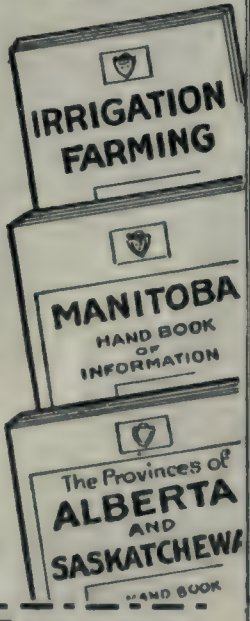

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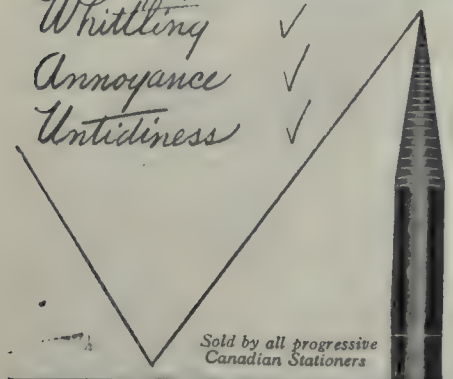

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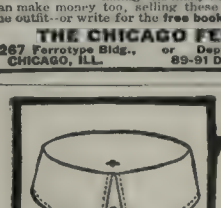

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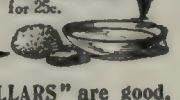

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true enough, though it did put an end to his preaching, and he has never seemed quite the same since. Some folks think he was so disappointed that it loosened a screw in his head. Anyhow, nobody ever heard such a sermon as Seth Snow preached that Sunday.

"There we sat, women folks dressed up and men folks shaved and looking as fine as we could, all pleased with the new meetinghouse and smiling, and Seth, after the singing (he had bought a parlor organ with the other things and Abby Barstow played it and the congregation sang), prayed. We all bent our heads when he begun, but before he had prayed five minutes most of us were staring at him, for he was praying for us. And he prayed as if we needed it awful bad and he thought so, and was sure that the Almighty did. Of course he sort of threw himself in, and said 'us' now and then, but sometimes he didn't and prayed right at us.

"We had always known, of course, that we had our faults, and might have wanted to think it over a while before we were willing to go into the arena as the early Christian martyrs did and be eaten alive by lions and tigers, with such a mean man as Nero looking on, but we hadn't fairly sensed it that we needed such powerful praying for us at the Throne of Grace. By the time Seth got to 'Amen'—it was a pretty long prayer—we begun to think we wouldn't have stood much chance of escaping hell-fire at all if it hadn't been for such strong praying, and, as it was, he didn't leave us any too sure.

"But the prayer was nothing to the sermon. The text was about the mote in thy brother's eye, and the beam in thy own eye, you know the one I mean. Well, Seth contrived to twist that text around in a fashion I'd never have dreamed of and I don't believe many ministers would. I must say, though I had the same mind as everybody else about his sermon—that it wouldn't do to let him keep on preaching any more like it—I did think he was pretty cute.

"He reasoned it out that after you'd got the beam out of your own eye, then it was time to get at the mote in your neighbor's, and I reckon Seth, he calculated that he'd been working pretty hard at his own particular beam and got his eyes reasonably clear and the time had come to look after the other chap's mote. And he did. He made a mighty good-sized mote out of it; sort of got it mixed up with the beam, I reckon.

"He just lit into everybody in Snow Hill. And he made it real plain. He called names right out, and the worst of it was he did hit the nails on the heads every single time. When he got ready to clean out my mote I was mad enough, but he had me all right.

"He said: 'There's Brother Sam Dyce sitting there in his Sunday clothes, looking clean and shaved and in his right mind and as if he had a clean conscience. But his conscience is not clean to the sight of his fellow men although it may be to his own, because of the mote which obscures his vision. He cannot see, probably, that it is not right to sell bunches of aspar-

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agus with large tender stalks on the outside, while the inside ones are tough and pindling. He cannot see that it is not right, when he is selling a dozen eggs, to pick out as many as he dares of the little ones.'

"He went on that way, and he was right. I was mad, but I had to admit he'd got me. Then he begun on Arabella.

" 'There's his wife,' says he, meaning Arabella. 'She's a good woman. I don't doubt that, but she would be a better one if instead of giving her old bonnet to Sister Elmira Slate who hadn't any fit to come to the House of the Lord in, she had worn the old one herself, and given Sister Elmira the new one. Sister Slate is younger than Sister Dyce, and better looking, and a poor widow, and that fine new bonnet might catch somebody's eyes and she might have a chance to get married again, and she would make a good wife. If I were a marrying man myself, and had not consecrated the rest of my life to the service of the Lord in this His Tabernacle, I would not ask for a worthier helpmeet than Sister Slate, and while the fine new bonnet would make no difference to me, we are not all alike, and sometimes it is the fine new bonnet that serves as a spark to kindle the fire of holy matrimonial affection. Sister Dyce is a good woman, but if she had given that new bonnet to Sister Slate, and that new dress all shiny with beads to Sister Atkins, whose dress don't look hardly suitable for this occasion, and worn one of the many others which must be hanging in her closet at home, she would come nearer the shining mark of the Saints of the Lord.'

"Arabella got red in the face, and she prodded me in the side with her elbow so hard she hurt. 'Sam,' says Arabella, 'I'm going home.'

" 'You set still,' says I. I don't often go against my wife's wishes, but when I do, I mean it, and Arabella, she sat still though she looked as if she would burst.

"Seth, he didn't have anything to say against poor little Daisy, or wouldn't have had, except she went to sleep. She never heard what he said, and as a matter of fact Arabella and I came in for the worst of that. Seth told us that we were running the risk of the unpardonable sin by letting that poor little baby go to sleep in meeting, and Arabella got madder, but Daisy, she just slept, with her cheeks like roses, and her little yellow curls all over her eyes, and her little legs curled up on the pew cushion. Arabella, she put out her hand to wake up the little thing, but I shook my head at her real fierce.

"Well, Seth preached at us all he could think of, and I guess he didn't leave much out. I had always known I had charged a pretty big interest on a mortgage I held on Moses White's house, and it wasn't any news to me to hear it from the pulpit. I had to grin and bear it, if I did see Moses sitting up and looking real proud and injured over across the aisle. But the next minute he got his turn, for Seth, he just lit into him about wasting his money on tobacco and rum, and loafing when he ought to be working, and said that though Brother Dyce was charging exorbitant interest on his mortgage, the money wasn't being spent in such bad ways, for Brother Dyce was working hard at his appointed task, and didn't drink, nor smoke, nor chew. Then he wound up by giving both of us a hit, by saying that neither man's fault excused the other's, that my sharpness in money matters didn't excuse Moses, and Moses's bad habits didn't excuse me.

"Then if he didn't have a fling at Elmira Slate, and say that if she had not been quite so extravagant in years gone by, and had learned as every

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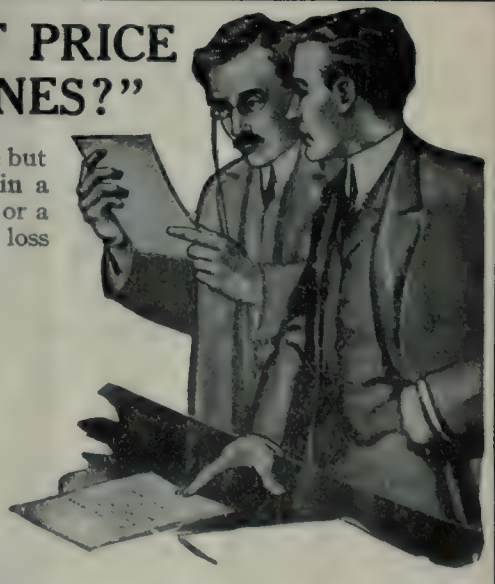

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Open Tanglefoot slowly. In cool weather warm slightly. For best results place Tanglefoot on clear pane window at night. Lower all shades, leaving one at the Tanglefoot window raised about a foot. The early morning light attracts the flies to the Tanglefoot, where they are caught.

Gasoline will quickly remove Tanglefoot from clothes or furniture.

woman should, to make over and cut out clothes for herself she wouldn't need anything given her, and then he said that Sister Atkins had always worn her best clothes too common in all kinds of weather, or she would have looked more suitably attired on that holy day.

"Well, we sat there and listened. Some made a move to go out after they had been trounced, but when they got it through their heads that if they waited they'd see the boot fitted on the other leg, they kept their sitting. When the sermon was done there was more singing, and Seth, he made another prayer. That time it was short. He told the Lord Almighty how he had told us what our shortcomings were, and he hoped He would forgive us if we turned round and did better. I don't mean to be making light of sacred things, but that was really the heft of that prayer. Then Seth, he just said 'Amen,' and sat down on his pulpit sofa, and we went out.

"Seth didn't venture to pronounce a benediction. For all he was so satisfied with himself, I guess he thought that would be going too far. He just said 'Amen,' and sat down, and we went out. There wasn't any hard feelings between us, as we went home along that road. There couldn't be. We'd all been hit too much alike. Some of us was even sort of tickled and laughing, and others were mad, but all with Seth. That was the last sermon he ever preached in Snow Hill.

"The next Sunday he rang his old cracked bell for all he was worth, but everybody in Snow Hill who could go to meeting at all, went to Snow Center. They had had all they wanted of Seth's preaching, and they would have footed it miles in any kind of weather, winter cold or summer heat, rather than sit and listen to another sermon like that. Arabella said she felt as if she had lived through a little of the Day of Judgment, and she didn't want any more sooner than she could help it.

"Well, there was poor Seth Snow with his house turned into a church, and all the pews and the pulpit, to say nothing of the carpet, and the bell, and the parlor organ and the steeple on his hands. It went pretty hard with him.

"Then he tried to get rid of his church fixings. He was real lucky about his pews and carpet and parlor organ. He sold the organ at a good figure to a man in Snow Center who wanted it for his new second wife who was young enough to be his daughter. Then the church in Elmville caught fire, and all the inside that wasn't burned was spoiled by smoke and water, and he sold his pews and carpet and made a good profit, but the pulpit and steeple stuck on his hands. Finally

he seemed to feel so wrought up over it I took the pulpit into my store to try to sell it, though I must say folks don't come asking to look at pulpits as a rule, and it was a good deal in my way. But I declare that pulpit was sold within a year, and it was all owing to Seth's sharpness. He hadn't been born a Snow for nothing.

"One day he got into a dispute with a stranger in these parts, and Seth, he said he didn't ever bet, it being against his principles, but if he did bet, he'd be willing to lay a good deal that there wasn't a thing in that store of mine in use in the country that couldn't be bought. And that stranger comes walking into my store, and asks for a pulpit, and there it was. It seems he'd told Seth that he'd buy the thing that was in his mind, if I had it, and it turned out to be a pulpit. I always thought Seth had contrived to turn his thoughts that way somehow.

"Seth was pretty cute, even after he'd been so disappointed about his preaching, that folks surmised he wasn't quite right in his head. I've never seen anything wrong myself except for one thing. Seth, he will ring that old cracked bell every single Sunday, and get himself up all ready to preach, though it seems as if he must know nobody will come, and it has been years, for Daisy is 'most twenty, and he's kept it up ever since that Sunday, and he's an old man now."

"He didn't have a chance to sell the steeple ?" asked Weston.

"Why, yes, he did, and that was another queer thing. He had a good chance to sell that steeple when the one on the Baptist Church in Snow Center was struck by lightning, but he wouldn't sell. He told me about it. 'Sam,' says he, 'I had a chance to sell my church steeple, but that's one thing I won't part with if it did cost me a pretty penny, and folks think it's thrown away. It ain't thrown away,' says Seth. 'That's one thing that ain't. If I can't preach, that steeple can point up and show what I meant to do. I meant to point up,' says Seth, 'and I still think I had a call to point up, Sam.'

"There was something sort of sad about it. He wouldn't sell the steeple, and as for the bell, nobody wanted that."

"He is an old man ?"

"Yes, Seth's pretty old. He is a good deal older than I am. He looks full as old as he is, too. His hair has been as white as snow a good many years, and he walks bent over. He tries to farm a little but he don't make out much. But that don't make any odds, for he's got plenty out at interest to live on. But I've always been sorry for Seth. He's a disappointed man. Once he says to me, 'Do you know I only preached that one sermon, Sam ?'

"'Maybe that did more good than a dozen,' I told him. 'Sometimes I've wondered if it didn't. I know I used to do a little different, and I know Arabella gave Elmira Slate a brand-new bonnet, and I know Sister Atkins tried to make over a dress.'

"'And I've never even preached a funeral sermon, nor married a couple,' says Seth.

"'Why, you couldn't do that last anyway,' I told him, 'for you know you ain't an ordained minister, Seth.'

"But he didn't seem to sense that. 'It's a pretty hard thing, a pretty hard thing, for a man to be disappointed in everything he wants to do for other folks,' says he, and he goes away, shaking his head. That wasn't long ago."

Weston's eyes had been on the road for the last few seconds. Something was approaching at a swift glide. The young man changed color. Sam Dyce

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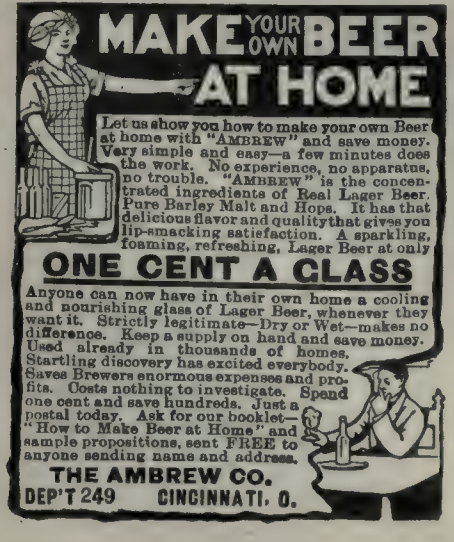
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observed him, and a queer little smile twisted his mouth.

The little electric car glided up to the house opposite, a large woman got out, and entered, then the car wheeled and approached the store. Becomingly framed in the car's dark hood showed a girl's charming, delicate head and face. She flushed ever so slightly, and smiled at the two men. Weston approached her eagerly and at the same time appeared, as if he had risen from the ground, his coming had been so unobserved, an old man, bent, white-headed, with a face at once shrewd, benevolent, and pathetic. He spoke at once to Weston.

"Well," said he. "I hope now you have come to marry her, and are not intending any further delay."

The girl and the man started. "Now, Seth," said Sam Dyce.

"You need not talk," said the old man. "It is time something was done. Your daughter is as good a girl, and as pretty a girl, as ever lived, Sam Dyce, and she is not going to be hurt. This man has been coming, and coming, and she likes him. As for the other man, her mother is so set on—" The old man made a contemptuous gesture.

Then he spoke with a wonderful, almost uncanny authority. "Stand up beside that girl in the buggy," he ordered Weston, and Weston obeyed.

"Now, do you want to marry that woman, and love her and take care of her, and stand between her and all the troubles of life ?" he said. Weston, white to the lips, bowed.

"Daisy," said Seth Snow, "do you like that man enough to put up with his faults, and be happy ?" Daisy tremblingly bowed.

"Then," said Seth, "I pronounce you man and wife."

Seth walked away, straightening his bowed back.

Sam Dyce spoke first. "See here," he said, "that wasn't legal, you know."

"We can have it made legal easily," said Weston. All at once his uncertainty had vanished. Daisy regarded him and her father with an adorable expression—shy, triumphant, shamed, rapturous.

"Well, I never," said Sam. "What will that other fellow do ?"

"He went away this morning, father," said Daisy. "There was another girl, really. He used to go with her. Annie Munson told me, and said she felt dreadfully. I think he will go back to her."

"Never mind him," said Weston. He looked at the girl and she looked at him.

Above the tree tops showed in a clear sharp triangle Seth Snow's church steeple. Presently there pealed out in a dissonant jangle his cracked bell. But since all discords may become harmonious under some circumstances, that old Sabbath bell rang out for the two lovers a chime of prophecy of endless happiness.

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S H.B.

Marbles for Keeps

Continued from page 168.

the latch, followed by the closing of the door. I resolved that I would find out what he was trying to do, and had just time to turn out my light and

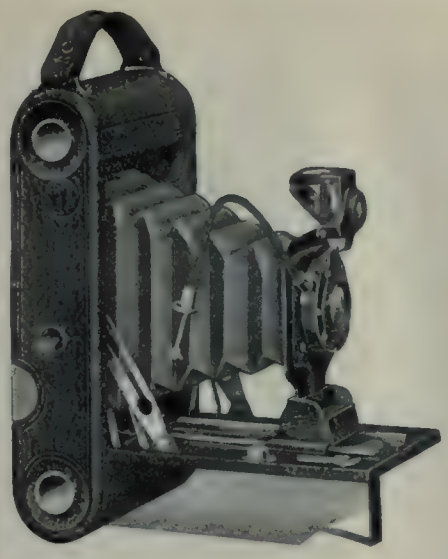
open the door when I saw his little pajama-clad figure disappear into his brothers' room and close the door behind him. I was frightened and anxious in a minute, thinking, that he was walking in his sleep, in consequence of an empty stomach and the agitations of the day.

I ran hastily to another door that opened into the boys' room and, standing behind the curtain, saw John, in the full possession of his faculties, carefully empty his marbles on the bed of one of the sleeping rogues, take down their two marble bags, place them, opened, on the bed and begin to count off his marbles into them, deliberating over each, in order to make no mistake. Twisting and weighing his beloved red bowler in one plump hand, placing the green agate shooter in one last position of attack, he counted them off, with little intermittent sobs, into the yawning bags until they were all gone. I saw him then try hard to draw the string of Jerry's bag over the overflow and, at length, decide to lay the handful on the bed. He smoothed out his empty marble bag on the counterpane and folded it with elaborate care.

He had evidently cried it out, for very little sobs came at regular intervals,—not heart-rending ones like those of the afternoon, but quiet little resigned ones,—the after-shower of the storm.

"You will have heart-aches always, Little Sir," was my mental comment, behind the curtain, "because you take life too seriously."

But, oh ! why, do you shut me out ! I felt a sudden maternal yearning for the little misunderstood creature, impossible to explain till every move he made caused my heartstrings to respond with a jerk. I looked at the cherubic outlines of his little figure,—round head, round eyes, apple cheeks, pug nose, dimpled chin and rose-bud mouth—that happy combination of features was never made for grief. But he only fitted the neat square of the marble bag into his pajama pocket and disappeared into the gathering darkness. His account was settled.



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The Woman Of It

Continued from page 181.

"You have something to say to me ?"

"Yes," she said again and then a sob broke from her.

He turned away at this—he knew that she suffered and the thought of it drove him mad.

"What is it, Valerie ?" he asked gently, coming a little nearer.

"I cannot bear this any longer," she said, and covered her face with her hands.

"What is it you cannot bear ?" he asked with characteristic directness. "I cannot bear to have you here—it is killing me !" She dropped her hands from her face, "Killing me," she repeated. "No, it is not doing that ! I wish it would—but it tortures me, I cannot bear it."

"How did you happen to be here, Valerie ?" he asked gravely.

"Oh, I overheard you at breakfast." She laughed mirthlessly. "Yes, I came out here and waylaid you—it's even come to that with me !"

Her words stung him. Valerie's proud head in the dust was a pitiful thing.

"Dear," he said gently, "you must go back to the house. I'll wait here for the shooting party to come up."

"You," she said with indescribable bitterness, "you don't care !"

He made no answer and she went on, "It is this that hurts me too—this knowledge that I have given you my whole heart and that it means nothing

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to you ! I am a woman who counts for nothing in your life !"

He made no disclaimer and she went on hotly, "I am a fool, a fool ! I love you despite it all ! I believe that I, who was so proud, would grovel for the least sign that you loved me !"

"Don't, Valerie," he said chokingly, "you hurt me !"

She looked up at him doubtfully and saw that he was very pale. "My darling," she said very gently, "am I doing you an injustice ?"

"Don't," he said again between his teeth. "Valerie ! Do you think I can stand everything ?"

"I don't know." She panted a little. "I seem to have lost my balance—to have lost everything ! There is just one thing, you must tell me, Robert, and that is—do you love me ? Can you love ? Is there room anywhere in you for love ? Sometimes, I seem as if I had only touched the outer crust of you ! I have never penetrated into your heart! You care more for your voice, for your music, than for me !"

He had come nearer to her and she could see that he was trembling in the grip of a passion too strong for repression.

"Valerie !" he said and in another moment, he had taken her into his arms, had crushed her to him and was kissing her, holding her close to him. It was the primitive, always convincing way, of man making woman feel that he cares; and for a moment, she said nothing, could say nothing, carried away by the tide of a passion that she could not, or would not, have stemmed.

Then he loosed her quite suddenly. "I have been a traitor to-day," he said. "But, Valerie, I swear it—it shall never be again !"

She laughed—a round laughter, that just meant joy and nothing else. "My dear, my dear," she said, "it has meant all the world to me !"

"Why ?" he said—he had loosed her and stood looking at her.

"Why—because now I know that you love me and no one else !"

"Love you ! Love you ! do you mean that you honestly doubted it for one moment of your life ? I did not dream you would !"

"I thought you had forgotten—when I saw you with Dolly Brent—"

"With Dolly Brent !" His voice was full of contempt.

"Yes, why not ? She is pretty and she would love you—she looks at you with adoring eyes ! Dear, I could not bear it ! I was mad with jealousy !"

"Look here," he said, and he spoke almost roughly, "I would have you remember that the Dolly Brents and their kind are nothing to me—you are the only woman who counts—it will never be anything but you—"

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"Robert !" Her voice had a ring of triumph in it.

"I thought you knew this," he said. "I shall never see you again, except by chance, Valerie—for Denzil is the man I love as you are the woman ! I don't think I was made for domestic joys, you see ! I remember too well what my mother suffered—and as far as my art goes, it is enough that I should know what love really means. When I sing a love-song, it is to you that I sing it, whether you are there or not—you are always there for me !

That satisfies me, Valerie! I can love you, and I can strut about a stage and sing! You don't know what that means to me!"

"No, I don't," said the girl, a note of sadness dulling the joy in her voice. "I don't! I have not the artist soul, Robert,—and you have!"

"You have the very innermost part of me! You sit on the throne of my heart and there is no one who can crawl up to its steps even! And because I have put you there, you must always and will always do whatever is queenly. Valerie, I should not have kissed you! I am sorry, dear!"

"I am not," she said fiercely. "I am just a woman, not an artist, and when you kissed me as you did, you—" she turned her face from him.

"What did I do?" he asked.

"You made me know that you cared—it was all that I wanted to know," she added humbly.

He gave a little impatient laugh. "That I cared," he said, and looked at her.

The twilight was falling and yet he could see the color of her eyes and the charming, crimson mouth. In the golden of the foliage it seemed as if her face was surrounded by lambent flames. And the color gave to her expression an intensity, a burning force that impressed itself on him.

"You must go now, Valerie," he said, his voice strangely quiet, "I will not have you talked about."

"No, dear," she said and turning away walked out of the beechwood and slowly homewards.

He stood for a few moments and thought. It was all intensely still. Not an air was stirring. Only the breath of King Frost was hovering over the moist lands. A new-born moon was lying on its back in the clear motionless air. The color had faded out of everything and a great melancholy seized the young man. It seemed to him as if he did not care to move, to think. It came to him that life was poignantly, unbearably sad—he wanted—oh, if he would not say to himself, that what he wanted was the warm clasp of the human hand, the love which he had declared so vehemently need never have a material realization!

As he stood there, his quick ear heard the soft breaking of branches, the furtive sound of some one or something trying to make his or its way out of the beechwood. He listened for a moment and the sounds grew fainter.

But they had been there—they had come from quite near to the place where he had clasped Valerie to him, in that moment of madness which he had regretted. Some one might have been a spectator of the whole interview. Some one might have seen him take his friend's sweetheart in his arms! Some one might have heard what he had said to her and she had said to him!

Some one, but who? It mattered everything, that the some one should be one who would not circulate the story—some one who would never let Denzil know!

It might of course only be some one in the village, who would not know Valerie so well by sight, that they would know who she was—it might have been an old woman, come to pick up sticks and leaving furtively because she had no manner of right to do it! It might be all that and yet it might not be. But if it ever came to Denzil's hearing it would break his heart—nothing would ever matter again to him, if he knew!

He stood irresolute for a long time—not knowing whether to go and step out into the avenue or to remain where he was. Then suddenly his quick ear detected another noise from afar. It was some of the shooters coming

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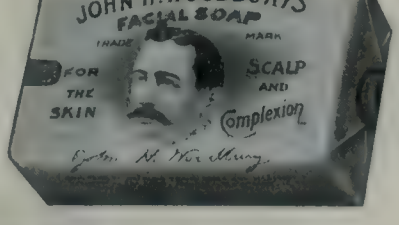

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back from the moors. It would never do for him to be seen loitering there. He stepped out boldly, making up his mind to go and meet them and walk up to the house with them. It was an act of deceit, but deceit did not count in this dilemma. "I would lie and lie to save Denzil," he said to himself. He had walked some forty yards, when the first of the shooting party came up to him. Dolly Brent, looking very tired indeed, was walking beside Colonel Sandays. Perhaps, thought Sinclair a little disdainfully, Dolly's sudden admiration for himself might have the effect of bringing Colonel Sandays to book, but when Dolly saw him she cried out.

"Where have you sprung from ?"

"I have just come from beyond the coppice," said he.

"You finished your letters earlier than you thought for ?"

He made a wry face. "Better not ask about my letters," he said. The other members of the party now came near. It had grown quite dark.

"Hallo, Sinclair, that is not you ?" cried out another voice.

"Why should it not be ?" asked Sinclair—he thought that there must be something underlying this surprise.

"Well, I could have betted that I saw you near the inn when we passed a few moments ago. In fact I did bet ! I said it was you, who had gone in to get a drink and Sandays said he was sure it was not you !"

"You might have known it was not," said Sinclair. "I have too much regard for my voice to have drinks at all hours of the day !"

"Sandays said he was sure it was an older man, but we could not see his face—he passed us and it was really your walk, Sinclair !"

"Was it ?" asked Robert. He felt uneasy—he seemed to connect the appearance of the man who resembled him in some way with the rustling in the trees of the coppice. And suddenly there came to him a thought that filled him with horror. Could it have been his father ? Could he possibly have been the spectator of that interview ? If so—but he dared not think it—surely, surely, he had not fallen into his father's hands ! Surely that blackguard did not hold the secret which would spoil Denzil's life if it ever came to his knowledge. It was quite a minute before he said with a forced laugh. "Anyhow, I do not feel complimented by the kind of man whom you suggest resembles me ! I don't frequent inn bars !"

Sandays laughed. "We know that," he said and then the talk drifted into other quarters, but Sinclair felt as if the future depended on the silence of a man whose every word had a price !"

To be continued.

VOL. XVI
NO. 4

CANADA MONTHLY

LONDON
AUGUST

Fortunes Overnight

THE ORIGINAL HOLE IN THE GROUND WHERE SMITH LIGHTED HIS PIPE—A FEW FEET BEHIND IT NOW STANDS THE DINGMAN WELL

IT IS THE SECOND BLOW THAT MAKES THE FRAY. SINCE THIS STORY WAS WRITTEN CRUDE OIL HAS BEEN STRUCK AT THE MONARCH WELL, FORTY MILES NORTH OF CALGARY. MR. RANKIN WILL CONTINUE THE STORY OF THE OIL STRIKE IN A COMING ISSUE

By Norman S. Rankin

Illustrated with Photographs

"TO the general public," said Henderson, smiling, "an oil field is just a bunch of unsightly derricks and a beastly smell," and he waved his hand gracefully in the direction of the unpicturesque erections.

"That may be," objected White, "that may be, but to me and to others who have invested in these offending derricks, it presents a very different appearance; is a very different affair, and I can assure you," and he nodded knowingly, "it's a matter of the highest importance and congratulation to the country whose geology justifies the erection of such derricks."

"I don't doubt it for a minute," laughed the first, "not for a minute, and it means a great deal to me too; I have my little all in it; but you didn't notice perhaps, that I said 'general public.' "

We stood on the rising foothills of the Rocky Mountains in the centre of the newly discovered Alberta Oil Field, just south of the city of Calgary. Our eyes rested inquiringly on the huge wooden and steel apparatus that broke the sky line in all directions, whose iron drills penetrated the very bowels of the earth. The roar of escaping steam and gas; the clank of creaking machinery and the peculiar creaking grumble of rope strain smote our ears while in our nostrils was the pungent odor of 90% petroleum. All about was noise and bustle and apparent confusion, that is, in the immediate vicinity. To the east, and as far as the eye could see, flowed the undulating prairie, slowly smoothing itself out as it drew away from the mountains' base; to the west and north reared the Rockies, green and smiling with luxuriant verdure below; grim, frowning and

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formidable at their peaks, with tightly fitting caps of virgin snow pulled low on their over-hanging brows.

"Lord," breathed Henderson, sweeping the panorama with his ardent gaze, "what contraptions of the devil; what sacrilege of nature to spoil this beautiful scene with man's vulgar handiwork."

"I presume you are again quoting 'the general public', eh?" put in White rather sarcastically. "Anyhow, whether you are or whether you are not, let's be moving on and see what we came to see."

The Calgary oil boom, or to put it more correctly, the discovery of oil in

HOMESTEADER SMITH FOUND IT TOO MUCH WORK TO CARRY WATER UP THE BANKS OF THIS STREAM, AND STARTED TO DIG A FAMILY WELL ABOUT WHERE THE WOODEN DERRICK OF THE FIRST OIL WELL SHOWS AT THE LEFT OF THE PICTURE. IN THE FOREGROUND APPEARS THE DINGMAN WELL NO. TWO

Southern Alberta, has been one of the sensational events of the year, and gives every promise of developing into a legitimate field, a field with many oil bearing wells.

The history of the oil field, both romantic and authentic, is sensational. Back in the early eighties, all that country west of the Calgary and Edmonton Railway generally known as the foothills, was given over to cattle ranching, and great herds of cattle and horses took the place of the vanished herds of buffalo. It was a splendid country, rich in eternal streams of clear, sweet water, carpeted with tender, succulent grasses; exhilarating alike to man and beast. Its soft warm chinook breezes and general conditions were both attractive and bracing, and for the breeding of all kinds of stock it had been proven unsurpassed.

The stockman did not love the settler, nor did the settler cherish affection for the stockman; a bitter, indefinite, relentless strife raged between them, similar to that which existed between the sheepman and the cattleman in the neighboring state of Montana. The sight of a barb wire fence stretching its cruel, menacing thorns across the open range was to the stockman as a blood red rag to the infuriated bull; the wooden posts a blatant challenge and invitation to their destruction, a challenge which was often accepted. To the solitary settler with little capital and no practical experience, struggling to produce even a simple crop from his newly acquired homestead, the bands of big-horned almost wild cattle that tossed his trumpery fences aside in a night and devoured or trampled his grain out of existence were a constant nightmare, menace and terror. Truly it may be said of him that he never laid down his head in his tiny shack at night without wondering what the morning would bring forth. To some, such a life is the very breath of being, and difficulties but an added incentive to success. Such men thrive on danger; they grasp prosperity out of the very mouth of obstruction and peril.

So homesteaders began to come in and fences sprung up here and there like mushrooms in the night. In sunny autumn time, yellow gold crops made bright patches on the deep green surface of the foothills like vivid squares on a checkerboard, and the click of the reaper and hum of the thresher added music to the song of many streams. Rough board shacks, makeshifts for the bachelors, gave place to pretty painted cottages, and women and children brought the joy and charm of their presence into the lives of the hard working pioneers, the wilderness, if it ever existed amidst such delight of scene and climate, was thrust back and forgotten. Farm wagons rumbled merrily to town with heavy loads of grain and produce and came back piled with household goods and furniture to make the homes more homelike still.

It was a veritable promised land of Canaan, a land flowing with milk and honey. The pioneer-prospector who had first succeeded in drawing a meagre sustenance from the desert, was now a successful farmer reaping a competency. And while all Nature smiled upon them above ground and gave generously of copious harvests, they little knew that Nature's smile like that of a man smiling only with his eyes, extended down even in the ground beneath their feet, and that there, riches infinitely more great and more valuable than that they had been able to attract were but waiting impatiently the touch of discovery. Had Homesteader Smith but known what we know to-day, nothing on earth could have induced him to give up his holding, nothing to have abandoned it even for its surface value in good hard coin of the realm. Nature indeed, on more than one occasion, did whisper to him of great riches lying below, but he was weary, he was lonesome, and he fell asleep after a day's hard work, dismissing the possibility as preposterous.

Smith proved up on the homestead on which to-day is sunk the Discovery Well, which has flowed oil steadily and made its promoters wealthy. It was a spot nestling in the elbow of an ice cold mountain stream, rushing headlong prairie-wards. A gently rising flat of a score or so of acres extended to the base of near-by hills under whose shadow Smith first erected his sod-house or dugout. With oxen and plow and much labor, he converted the sloping prairie land into fertile meadow to which he later diverted a tiny mountain stream of water and irrigated regularly. But this supply being insufficient at times for domestic uses and the bed of the stream lying low and it being tiresome to carry water up the precipitous banks, he had started to dig himself a well, trusting that five or six feet depth would suffice to bring him water. It was a hot day and at three feet he sat down to have a little rest and smoke. It was windy too, and as he bent down into the excavation to light his pipe, pouf! bang! match and pipe and straw hat and tobacco went up in a cloud of smoke, and the entire hole became a mass of blue and yellow flame, roaring heaven-

wards. They say that Smith is running yet, but whether that is just a story or the truth, the fact remains that he has never come back since. He vanished into space and from that day to this has never been heard of again.

Time went by and the cattlemen noticed that no one repaired the breaks they made nor tilled the ground in any way, and they "guessed" that he had vamoosed. So they further cut the fence to pieces and allowed their herds of cattle to range unchecked over the entire farm. When it became known that gas was escaping from "Smith's Well," and that it was a handy and comfortable place to grub, they made a point of getting there as often as possible at meal times, and using the gas to cook their bacon and coffee. It was a most effective adjunct to the chuckwagon. Old timers will tell you this story, with more or less variation, anywhere along the C. & E., while some of them add a great deal more romance to it than I have woven into this tale. That is the early and romantic history; the authentic, later history is no less interesting and sensational.

Over a year ago, the Calgary Petroleum Products Company acquired by purchase the land formerly occupied by Homesteader Smith, and set up their well within fifty feet of "Smith's Well," calling it "Dingman's Well" after the manager of the company. They had difficulty in disposing of sufficient shares at the par value of $10.00 to enable them to push the work as rapidly as desired, until on October eighth, the country was electrified by the announcement of a small strike at a depth of approximately 1,500 feet. They had previously encountered a strong flow of gas which hampered them considerably in drilling, and which they eventually had to pipe to enable them to continue the work. The pipe was brought up outside the bore casing and thereafter used to operate the boiler that drives the walking-beam and the smithy's forge to sharpen the rapidly dulling drills. What was not employed for these purposes was allowed to burn, and at night time the bright flare lit up the prairie for many miles around. The well then took the name of "Discovery" and thousands rushed to get stock.

ANY REPETITION OF HOMESTEADER SMITH'S ORIGINAL MISTAKE IS CAREFULLY GUARDED AGAINST BY THE OWNERS OF ALL WELLS—ONE MEETS STERN NOTICE-BOARDS AT EVERY TURN, FORBIDDING THE LIGHTING OF MATCHES

It was remarkable oil, excellent in quality, clear yellow, almost transparent in color like hock or sauterne wine, and officially tested 90% gasoline content. This means that the crude petroleum in its refined state tested 90% naphtha. It was ready for immediate use, without any refining process whatever, and taken directly from the well and placed in automobile tanks developed 25% more power than ordinary gasoline. The quality of oil was so high, it is argued, because it was refined by nature. Nature forced it upwards through peculiar strata and rock, delivering the refined product, and doubtless she laughed when she thought of poor Homesteader Smith, gone no one knows where. Experience proves or has proved in other cases, that oil of this character, light oil as it is called, comes from a paraffin base, and to get this paraffin base is now the hope of Alberta. Distilled by the Kelso Laboratories, and compared with the unrefined product found in various parts of the United States, the oil is pronounced exceptional.

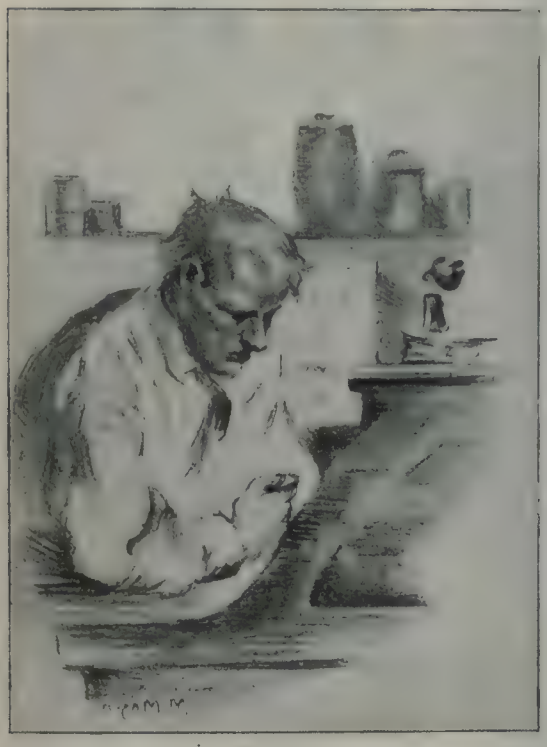
BARRELLING OIL AT THE DINGMAN WELL

	Specific gravity compared with water.
Calgary Field	.734
California Fields (1)	.777
Pennsylvania Field	.801 to 817
Texas	.835
West Virginia	.841 to 873
Beaumont, Texas	.904 to 925
Wyoming	.912 to 945
California Fields (2)	.920 to 983

Upon this discovery considerable excitement arose amongst the public and all available crown lands as far south as the International Boundary were filed upon. Several companies.

Continued on page 302.

The Delivery of Dobbett



DOBBETT PONDERED THE OFFER OVER HIS SCALES

IT IS NOT ONLY POETS THAT DREAM DREAMS, THE PLAIN LITTLE GROCER-MAN ALSO HAS HIS UNACKNOWLEDGED BIT OF A FAIRY DREAM, SHOT THROUGH WITH FACETS OF BUBBLING LIGHT— HIS DREAM OF WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

By Alan Sullivan

Illustrated by Marjory Mason

A DRAB little man with a drab little business and a drab little wife—such was Peter Dobbett. If to these you add two drab children, the cycle is complete.

Dobbett himself had a small round face, red pursy lips, large mild blue eyes and a fringe of scanty hair that struggled indomitably for foothold on the convexity of his shining skull. He smelt successively of cloves, brown sugar and finnan haddie. Dobbett had a Grocery Shop. If he had had a coat of arms it would probably have portrayed a box of prunes, couchant, with the motto "I surrender." For Dobbett's life was shot through with surrenders—first to his wife, then to his business, and lastly to his children. And all this had left its mark—had envisaged him with a gentle resignation that moved with a certain delicate dignity between the counter and the sagging shelves.

Mrs. Dobbett was also small, but had achieved a cylindrical physique that opposed itself sturdily to fatigue. Mrs. Dobbett did not move. She bustled. And when one says "bustled" it is only because no other word describes so perfectly that combination of semi-suppressed strength, energy and haste with which she traversed the difficult passages of her husband's shop. Puffing about like a tireless and stumpy tug boat, she wedged herself between boxes and barrels with a confidence that bespoke an exact and oft proved knowledge of her own limit of personal compression.

It is hardly necessary to delineate the boy and girl, except to say that they were the pride of Mrs. Dobbett and the despair of her peace-loving husband. Already the maternal eye had descried for them a future remote from brown sugar and lard. Dobbett, she decided, was very well where he was; but their children—never! She invested them with the potentialities of that second generation which lives, often, only to forget the first. She never tied a parcel without reflecting that the act was invocational—it brought her offspring a shade nearer their emancipation.

Had Dobbett fathomed the fact that the maternal mind considered him but little more than the means to an end, it might have resulted in one of those cataclysms that mild-eyed men occasionally propagate. But in the mind of the senior partner was no revolt—only a speechless acceptance of an unavoidable situation. He shrank from being interpreted as selfish and inconsiderate, for thus Mrs. Dobbett would have undoubtedly styled any effort to lift his head out of the mire of dejection. He had deep self questionings about his children. He saw them lose childishness and become what his wife admiringly termed "smart." He became dully conscious that what was good enough for him was not in any way good enough for them. So, rather than incur an uxorious displeasure he looked milder and more benign than ever and sought the society of pressed figs and the redolent circle of kippered herrings.

But, for all of this, Dobbett had that on which to feed his soul—a secret garden of delight to which he slunk, weary and depressed, and from which he emerged poised and fortified anew. His wife and children knew nothing of it. They would not have understood if they had. No one in the world had anything to do with it or any right of entry. Here Dobbett straightened his back, raised his eyes and stared straight into the sun. Here he was emperor and high

"I HAVE DECIDED TO HOLD YOUR ACCOUNT UNTIL YOU MAKE A PAYMENT, MRS. RAFFERTY"

priest. It was the land of dreams.

Night after night Dobbett laid his small, round, scantily fringed head on the pillow and tasted the sweets of expectation. Mrs. Dobbett would talk, mostly about the children—and complain not a little at their social limitations. She would have a dig or two at her husband and turn over, and, in a few moments, her nightly paean would commence its vibrant round—for Mrs. Dobbett would not breathe through her nose. The pink little grocer would wait till even the power to expostulate had left the prostrate form of his best beloved—for such she really was—and then he would smile up in the dark at the gas bracket and close his own eyes and drift away blissfully to an exquisite country where there was no such thing as social position, and the price of Oolong never altered. The good, the admirable part of it was that, though he plodded through the day in soothing expectation of the night, once he was fairly embarked for the land of dreams no soul destroying memories of provisions could follow him. He was as free as a fish.

Now it happened one night that, as Dobbett was strolling contentedly along one of the garden paths, he met a beautiful woman. It was the most natural thing in the world. It was exactly the place where one would expect to meet a beautiful woman, and Dobbet had encountered a great many of them during previous visits. But this one—and she was indeed very lovely—looked straight into the little grocer's eyes and immediately he forgot everything else. Those wonderful sea green orbs were all he could distinguish. His memory of that dream was that she held out her hand and in it was a small flat disc, about half the size of a macaroon. It also was sea green and full of shadows and lights that melted into each other. It looked like an emerald.

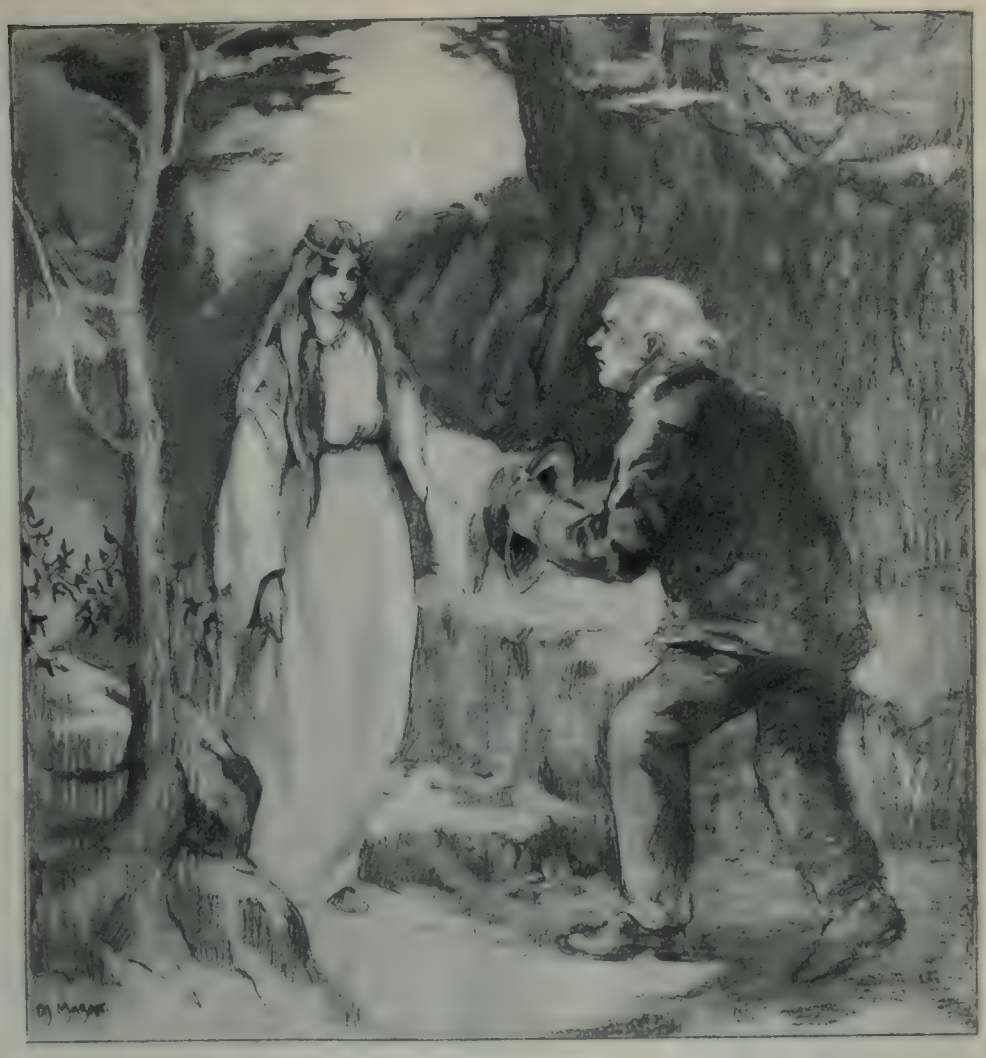
"Would you like it ?" said she, still smiling.

Dobbett was polite but always practical. He had to be—on earth—and the habit clung to him here.

"Thank you," he stammered. "What good is it, ma'am ?"

The vision did not answer but just gazed at him. And as he met those marvellous eyes Dobbett began to feel slow fires running through him. He was conscious that here and now he was getting very strong and wise—that nothing was impossible—all he had to do was to wish. Involuntarily he clenched his fist, and at once felt something smooth and cold. The token, the disc, was in his right palm. Then he looked for the giver. She had vanished.

He remembered that he walked a long way, hunting for her. He was rather afraid of the token and wanted to give it back. But search was without avail. He sat down under a tree; wondering what to do with it. In a little while he felt vaguely uncomfortable, and opened his eyes. Morning was stealing in. He could just see the budding leaves outside. The gas bracket was distinctly visible. A sharp elbow projected into his side.



IN THE GARDEN OF DREAMS HE MET—IT SEEMED THE MOST NATURAL THING IN THE WORLD—A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

"John Henry, ain't you ever going to get up ?"

The little grocer blinked rapidly. It was unusually hard to shake off his dream. Then automatically, he slid to the floor; and, doing so, felt something cold and round in his hand. He peered at it in the broadening light—and gasped. He was shaken with memories that came surging back. He still had the token !

Dobbett was quite terrified. There was the sudden instinct of the male mammal to confide everything to his wife. But—even while he trembled at this discovery—there was something inexpressibly unsympathetic in the rounded hummock that marked his prostrate spouse. It was a grim satisfaction to reflect that even in the dark she didn't look as if she could understand. The thought struck him with a delicious tremor. He had never even dared to think like that before. The thing belonged to him absolutely. It made him dizzy wondering how he had brought it back. If he told anyone he would be suspected of— No ! He would never tell. His whole palpitating being resolved itself into one inarticulate oath of secrecy.

A few hours later Mrs. Dobbett became aware that something unusual was pervading the shop. In the first place, Mrs. Rafferty's long line of credit had been abruptly terminated. Dobbett leaned quite calmly across the counter, and announced without a quiver in his small, weak voice:

"Mrs. Rafferty, I have decided to hold your account until you make a payment."

Mrs. Dobbett, head and shoulders in a sugar barrel, caught the placid determination of that "I." She had paused, immured in these saccharine boundaries, wondering if she heard aright. Heretofore it had always been

"we"; never 'I.' She emerged to the echo of threats. Mrs. Rafferty departed in a tempest, from the black heart of which she called down the hibernian wrath of the ward upon Dobbett. But the little grocer stood looking after her with a contemptuous quiver in the corner of his lips and the nimbus of a new born dignity floating above his round pink skull.

Later, the children passed through the shop on their way to school. Mrs. Dobbett's heart throbbed as she watched them. As usual they helped themselves. The girl favored prunes, the boy twisted off a cluster of sticky dates. Nodding indifferently, they set off down the street, the focus of envious eyes. It was not given to every child to live over a Grocery Shop.

Mr. Dobbett observed them with a new curiosity, then turned abruptly to his wife.

"This will be quite enough of that," he snapped, enigmatically.

His wife regarded him with sudden anxiety.

"Ain't you well this morning, John Henry? What is the matter with you?"

"There's nothing the matter with me." His voice climbed sharply to the last word. "But I want what I'm goin' to have and I'm goin' to have what I want." His fingers closed convulsively over the token in his left hand pocket. "It's time—too," he added defiantly.

Her sharp blue eyes surveyed him with consternation. She had a quick self questioning. Had she been driving Dobbett too hard? She groped about for some new landmark.

"John Henry, I guess you'd better lie down."

But Dobbett only laid his pen carefully across Mrs. Rafferty's account, dropped his chin on his chest and stared back at her with the spark of a sudden knowledge in his pale eyes.

"Maria, I've been lying down all my life. I guess I'll stand up for a while anyway."

And Mrs. Dobbett, suddenly cut adrift from her life's anchorage, could only gaze at him, speechless and wondering.

Several things happened shortly. Mrs. Rafferty complained to Father Neelon that Dobbett had insulted her; whereat the Father came down and had a long talk with John Henry, during which the latter expressed himself with such good sense and firmness that Father Neelon forthwith preached a sermon in which he said that the best friends of the Irish were those that refused them credit: This made not a little talk throughout the ward, and the net result was that John Henry

Continued on page 299.

Walking It Off

A BIT OF COMMON HUMAN TRAGEDY PLAYED OUT UNDER COVER OF THE CITY'S SHADOWS

By Betty D. Thornley

Illustrated by Helen Haselton

AS everybody knows who can put his stethoscope on the city's heart, the doubly filled park benches are for lovers. But the bench with the single cigar spark burning a hole in the darkness and the bench with the one disconsolate head on a level with two correspondingly disconsolate feet, and the bench with the girl in pink huddled lonesomely in the corner —these seats of solitude, these desert spots of lonesomeness set in a plentiful land of duetitude, these are for the exclusive use of tired walk-it-offs.

It mayn't be something you've done that constitutes you a walk-it-off. It's just as apt to be something you're afraid you'll do. It's possibly something you couldn't do even if each little maddeningly yelling yes-nerve were to get permission from the tense brain that now says no to them. For in the last analysis, what the walk-it-off dreads and fights all by himself in the sheltering dark, is not doing, primarily, but thinking. It's the will-collapse, it's the mad moment of letting-go when the carefully built thought-by-

thought wall of protective soul-conventionality shall go hurtling down into the abyss, before the onslaught of psychical hysteria. This may be furiously or calmly executed, or it may run itself out in a spiritual debauch of the emotions. It doesn't matter much.

Around the corner in each man's mind there lurks this unthinkaboutable. It may be a legitimate inmate of Mr. Nextdoor's brain. But for a walk-it-off it bears a red-lettered sign on its breast: "Danger—40,000 volts—Keep Off." What the thought is, is neither here nor there. The fact of the track it has produced fore and aft in the would-be thinker's brain has rendered it taboo.

To the man with the cigar spark, unthinkability wears a girl's face. To his next door neighbor two stones' throws cross-parkward, it's just a word or two he heard this noon anent the firm's intention to drop six hundred names from the winter's pay-roll.

The little huddled girl in pink holds the door with desperate fingers against a mere silly scrawl of a letter that she wants more than she wants heaven, a letter that doesn't come. That's all. Though she can see it so clearly it's more real than the park bench against which she presses her little wet wad of a handerkerchief.

This is Carlton Street, the corner of Carlton and Sherbourne. Your name is Mary Mighthavebeen, little girl, and you're out to walk.

See here, you mustn't sit still, you walk-it-offs, you aren't tired enough. Get moving.

The lights stretch away into the west like a double chain of pearls across the throat of night. Night is kind. It doesn't glut your eyes with the insistent color-notes of day. It doesn't clutter up the universe with meaningless detail that makes your brain ache. It says a few strong, quieting, elemental things and it says them far apart. It chants life.

People flash in and out of your gaze. They're in the radius of consciousness long enough to create a mild wonder at the who and the whither of them without causing you any sense of being similarly observed. Jupiter and Saturn are doubtless aware of each other, but without curiosity.

The rhythmic beat of your own feet on the pavement produces a tautology of thought. Let this slide into forbidden channels and it becomes torture. Direct it to the simplicities of the casual and it has a hypnotic effect to add to the calming touch of night's cool fingers on the place above your eyes where the ache is.

MY LORD! HERE'S SOMETHING MISERABLER AND LONESOMER AND MORE UP AGAINST IT THAN YOU ARE!

You don't want anyone else with you when you're walking it off. You'd talk, and snap the net that repetition of needless nothings is weaving for you to recatch the unthinkable. Besides that, if you talked just now it wouldn't be about the market or the millinery opening. It would be deep calling unto deep, and you'd be bound to lose at least one friend, the confidant or yourself.

Monotony—that's it—mile on numbing mile of it. Reel it out fast, beat it off regularly, savagely, savingly. Tire yourself, that's it.

One phrase alone bears hope aloft on its crest—"This, too, will pass."

Maybe you can look back on other days when you joined the walk-it-offs, close folded in your soul-cloak, choking down the bitter "why" you wanted to fling in the face of the unheeding scheme of things. Gradually the tides of pain and rebellion slid out across the bar of forgetfulness, till now the agony of those other dim nights looks like a pleasant tragic play. You wept and ate chocolates, over in some forgotten peanut gallery.

This, too, will pass. To be sure it grips you by the throat with a suddenness that burns you faint, just when you think the pressure is letting up. But go on. Walk. Walk faster. It'll go, if you give it time. It always goes.

Somewhere under the window of the beetle-cragged house to the left of you, an hour or two after the start, you hear a faint little call. It comes from the lonesomest outcast of the city night, the interstellar dweller in the metropolitan system, kicked and tin canned from one ash barrel to the next—the homeless cat.

If you'd met a friend, you'd have turned bitterly down a side street. Your brain was too sore to find a dime for a beggar or an arm to the next lamp-post for a man who needed it. But a cat! — somehow the call comes from so far below the sidewalks of society, the demand is for so preposterously little of you, that you stoop and touch the thin back that arches up into your hand. My Lord! here's something miserabler and lonesomer and more up against it than you are!

All at once you notice that you're tired. You don't feel happy or satisfied or even safe, but you have the idea that if you could somehow catch that Dupont car, that one there—you'll have to run for it—that if you could find room in it to sit sideways so you needn't stare at your vis-a-vis' shoes, that you could ask cheerfully—almost—for a quarter's worth of tickets and a transfer down home. And maybe, when you got there, maybe—you could sleep.

ON THE POINT AHEAD OF HIM STOOD, SLIM AND GRACEFUL, THE UNBELIEVABLE GIRL

The Unbelievable Girl

By Edward J. Moore

Author of "The Confidence's Last Tow," etc.

Illustrated by Dan Sayre Groesbeck

VAN OSTRAND urged the heavy canoe around the wooded point with strong, clean-cut strokes and, shoving his weather-stained slouch hat back from his forehead, took a long look down the lake.

A gleam of white in front of a bunch of cedars on an island a little to the left caught his attention. Evidently a tent was pitched there.

"Funny place for a camp," he thought, and with the curiosity of the wilderness instinctively swung his canoe in that direction. "Must be fishermen or prospectors. No one else comes so far north."

A moment later he drew in his paddle and stared.

From behind one of the two tents appeared an alluring girlish figure in a blue and white bathing suit. She picked her way daintily to a flat rock on the shore a little to one side of the camp, stood for a moment with her hands locked behind her head looking off down the lake to the east where the sun was beginning to show himself above the treetops, kicked off her low slippers, and then, with a little gesture betokening both hesitancy and eagerness, brought her arms in a sweep over her head and took a long, clean dive into the cool waters.

"Shades of Psyche," whispered the canoeist, "what have I struck?" To a young and susceptible college-trained surveyor who had been in the wilds for the greater part of a year without a glimpse of a woman, even in ordinary garb, the vision was as a glint of the glories of heaven.

In a moment a golden head bobbed up twenty feet away from the spot of its disappearance and a series of vigorous overhand strokes carried the girl back to the rock. She pulled herself lithely to the flat surface, rose to prepare for another plunge and then, as if telepathically impressed, turned to discover the man in the canoe a hundred yards away.

Van Ostrand hurriedly resumed paddling to cover his embarrassment, for when her glance fell upon him, his face flushed under its heavy coat of tan as if he had been caught at something unworthy.

The girl jumped off the rock and turned quickly towards the camp as if to escape his scrutiny, then, hesitating and with an involuntary glance down at her dripping suit, came back to the water's edge and waited for him to come nearer.

"Hello!" she called in a clear-toned contralto after paddling brought the canoe within hailing distance. "Hello. Have you any milk?"

Delightfully startled before, Van Ostrand stopped paddling again in another shock of astonishment. This unexpected habitation of humans in the heart of the northern forests was evidently to bring him a dose of incongruities. His mind flashed back to the time he had last tasted real, civilized milk—a black-faced waiter pouring cream in his coffee as he sat in the diner while the train carrying him northward had halted at the little log station at Biscotasing. That had been early the preceding December.

Did the girl think cows grew on trees? Van Ostrand began to wonder if hard paddling in the heat the day before had brought him an attack of sunstroke.

Then he recovered himself. By this time the sweep of the canoe had carried him near enough to allow him to see the smile, a little curious, perhaps a little dubious, lurking around the eyes and mouth of the questioner who evidently realized how ridiculous the inquiry might seem. The man blessed himself for an inherent dislike for coffee without cream which accounted for a case of the tinned fluid being included in his last order for supplies. Answering the smile which by this time had become roguish and ready to make the most of any opportunity for acquaintance he glanced toward the duffle bags in the bow of his canoe, and called back: "I think I have. I'll land and see."

The girl retreated a little as the canoe grated against the rocky landing and her eyes dropped as Van Ostrand, tempted beyond repression by the circumstances, let his gaze linger for a moment, in spite of himself, on the long, full curves of shoulder, bosom and limb revealed by the clinging bathing suit.

She seemed reassured, however, when, while stepping from the canoe and stamping in his heavy, high boots to bring back the circulation, he lifted his hat and remarked in the matter-of-fact tone of a gentleman:

"If condensed will do, I believe I can let you have some of that. I told my cook to stow some with my duffle when I left camp yesterday morning."

The girl in her turn looked the man over as he began to investigate. He was dressed roughly in well-worn khaki trousers and the inevitable gray flannel shirt of the woodsman. Even through the tan on the back of his neck she could see the pink of the perfect fitness brought only by a strenuous physical

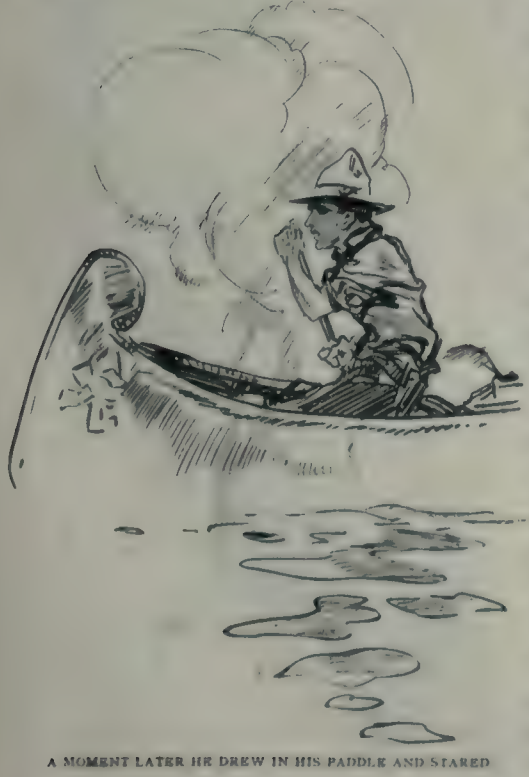
life in the open. His big muscles bulged quite visibly under cover of shirt-sleeve and trouser-leg as he bent to lift the canoe ashore.

"How will this do?" he said, after rummaging in the depths of one of the bags, turning quickly with a small can in his hand."

She reached for it eagerly. "Oh, I'm so glad. That's just what we were using. It's very lucky you happened along. Out there," with a blush which asked apology, "I thought you were a half-breed and was afraid of you." Then, looking down at his boots: "You're a prospector or something? Some one told us there was silver on these islands."

Van Ostrand smiled. "Perhaps I had better introduce myself. This," pointing to a stencilled Jarvis & Van Ostrand, Surveyors, on one of the bags, "will serve as a card. I'm the Van Ostrand. Our firm has been running lines for the government between townships north of here and finished our job day before yesterday. I was so anxious to get back to civilization that I jumped my party and was taking a short cut through the lakes with some long portages with the idea of saving a week by hitting the railway at Kinnewogang. But," stopping with some abruptness, "this is enough personal description. You are evidently the earliest riser in your camp. Can't I make your fire for you?"

He continued, as no immediate answer came, "If I'm not too curious I'd like to know why you were so anxious about that milk. Do you share my dislike for coffee without cream?"



A MOMENT LATER HE DREW IN HIS PADDLE AND STARED

With the easy camaraderie which becomes immediately natural even to strangers in the absence of the artificialities of town life they had started to walk toward the camp.

"The milk? Oh, I want it for baby," she said.

Van Ostrand stopped in his tracks, shocked again. Again too, a question as to his own and the girl's sanity flashed through his mind.

"Baby?" he muttered involuntarily, looking at her queerly.

The girl met his glance with a blush which ran from the small V in the front of her wet blouse to her eartips.

"Oh," she said hastily in evident confusion, "it's not mine. It's my sister's." Then in further explanation, "I'm doing everything wrong this morning, but I can't help it. I was all alone here all night and I guess my nerves are strung up. Perhaps I'd better tell you about it and let you help me. I was afraid to at first, but there seems nothing else to do."

Van Ostrand was a little surprised at how relieved he felt as a result of this revelation. But there were evidently more surprises to follow.

"I'm mighty glad I did happen along if I can help you," he said. "But you don't mean to say you were alone here all night." And with a glance toward the camp, "Where's the baby?"

"Little Jim's asleep in the tent," was the answer. "But he's due to waken any minute." Then, as she caught his eyes travelling down to her slim ankles: "I think I *will* let you make the fire, Mr. Van Ostrand, while I get into a drier costume. You'll have some breakfast with us—me? And I'm going to trust you enough to tell you all my troubles."

The young man assented with alacrity and went about the fire-building at once. He had breakfasted hurriedly an hour before on another island four miles to the west but the opportunity of further acquaintance with so alluring a maiden and a desire to solve the mysteries which accounted for the happenings of the last few minutes were much more than enough to draw him from his eager rush for the well-remembered delights of his city home. Besides, right at hand were presented in actuality a good many of those fancied delights.

CLUBBING HIS GUN, HE FACED THEM GRIMLY. THEN THERE WAS A RUSTLE BEHIND HIM. "THIS ONE IS LOADED," SAID THE GIRL'S VOICE STEADILY

The girl returned in ten minutes garbed in a trim, ankle-length skirt topped by a close-fitting knitted coat which suggested, even as they concealed, the recently-admired curves. She carried a healthy-looking youngster of perhaps a dozen months who stretched out his arms to the stranger.

"Here's little Jim," she explained simply, "and he's calling for his milk already. I used the last of our supply yesterday at noon and had to give him biscuits soaked in water last night. The substitute did for once but I'm afraid I should have had a great deal of trouble to-day."

Van Ostrand insisted on taking the babe while she gave some attention to the bacon and coffee he had prepared. The little chap went to him with a coo.

"He evidently thinks his father's come back again," the girl said. "Fred —my sister's husband—is Jim's great pal, and you're not unlike him."

Then she told him the story which solved the mysteries.

"We've been on the lakes three weeks," she began. "Fred was tired after his year's lecturing in the University and wanted to get hold of some special birds and worms and to do some fishing. Madge—my sister— is a nervous thing who couldn't let Fred out of her sight for a day so she insisted on coming along. Me ?" in answer to a questioning glance. "I came because I love to get away from the roar of the city and to help Madge. And I've loved it."

"The troubles began on Saturday," she went on, turning a little aside from his fixedly-interested look, "when Charlie, our Indian guide and cook, got nasty when Fred was away on a bird hunt. Fred took a flask of whiskey away from him that night and handled him pretty strongly. The next morning Charlie, the big canoe and most of our supplies were gone.

"We got along all right till yesterday, hoping some one might happen past who could lend us a canoe and guide us back to the Hudson's Bay Company's post, but the milk and other things got low and Fred made up his mind to try to find the way back himself. Madge flatly refused to stay here without him, the little canoe wouldn't carry all of us and Fred said it wasn't possible to take the baby—both would have to paddle if they got back by night—so I said I'd keep little Jim while they were away."

By this time the girl's anxiety, which seemed to have been somewhat relieved by the appearance of the apparently trustworthy stranger, again made itself evident in her voice.

"They promised to get back last night," she continued, "but Fred wasn't very sure he could find the portages and he may have gotten astray. Of course," this bravely, while a tear or two ran down her cheek and she cuddled the babe, now back in her arms, closely, "of course they'll be all right, but," with another faint smile, "you won't wonder I didn't sleep much last night. I knew I was safe enough on the island, but the noises seemed louder and stranger than usual. Once or twice I thought I heard someone landing on the beach, but no one came. If I hadn't had little Jim to look after I'm afraid I should have gone crazy."

As an afterthought she added, "when I was worst frightened I prayed for help to come this morning, and, you see, a good angel came."

"Garbed in the robes of a bush-whacker," he broke in, laughing, "and badly in need of the services of a barber. I'm afraid Saint Peter wouldn't recognize me."

"I guess though," coming back to the commonplace, "the good angels directed me. You certainly were in a fix. But I'm going to see you out of it. I'd mighty well like to get hold of that Indian, though."

The day passed very pleasantly for both young people. Under such circumstances it was only to be expected that they should find one another mutually agreeable. The babe, thriving in the ozonized air of the north, slept two-thirds of the time and was little trouble. The contents of the surveyor's duffle bags, added to the scanty supplies left at the camp, removed any immediate possibility of lack of food and beyond natural anxiety over the whereabouts of the absent father and mother, the girl, who had been early assured by the sympathetic and helpful attitude of her visitor, now had little cause for worry.

Van Ostrand, joyful in the delights of looking into a pair of hazel eyes which always seemed to have a roguish gleam in their depths and in the possibilities of converse in good English on topics from which he had been so long debarred, gave but a passing thought to his mother and sisters and the pleasures of his city home and lived only in the present.

By evening, after a day of happy camaraderie, made even pleasanter by the unusualness of the situation, they were on a basis of friendship which under ordinary circumstances would only have been realized in months.

About seven-thirty, after little Jim had gone off for the night, at Van Ostrand's suggestion the blue and white bathing suit made another appearance, the surveyor being accommodated with a garment of a similar type belonging to the absent brother-in-law.

"I'll be glad of a dip," she acquiesced. "You popped into the scene so unexpectedly this morning that I had to cut my regular swim short. But," with a friendly smile, "I'm very glad you did. We'd have been rather badly off by this time, little Jim and I, without you."

The night and the next day passed uneventfully, and without a sign of the return of the relief expedition. The girl preserved a cheerful front but occasionally the anxiety she felt broke through. Once or twice Van Ostrand found her with the babe in her arms and tears on her cheeks when he came in from a short trip away from the camp for firewood or after fish for dinner.

The evening of the second day, as they sat on the shore after their swim, watching the lake in silence, both evidently busy in their own thoughts, the man broached the plan of striking out in the morning for the post.

"Your people have likely gotten there by now," he said, "and are on the way back. We'd probably meet them. In any event you'd be much better there. Besides our grub is running low. Another day will see us down to fish and hard tack, and," with a mischievous smile, "you'll have to hail another half-breed to get milk for little Jim."

"I've been thinking about it too," the girl replied, after a moment's silence, "and your plan seems the only sensible one. But I can't help seeing what would happen to Madge if they came back here and found little Jim and I gone. Can't we stay another day or two ? Surely they'll get along by then."

Were it not for practical needs Van Ostrand would have been glad to continue the sweetness of this new friendship and the present mode of life indefinitely so he assented without much hesitation.

The next morning was cloudy and after his share of the camp work was done the man paddled off to a spot a mile to the west where he remembered he had seen a stream enter the lake, to look for trout. He wondered how much meaning there had been in the girl's eyes as they followed him while she stood with the babe in her arms waving him good-bye.

"Good luck," she had called after him, and a little anxiously, "you won't go too far ? Remember, I'm depending on you for the dinner !"

He saw her eyes and richly-colored mouth and cheeks more vividly than he did the brown hackle and the coachman he selected from brother Fred's fly book and tied on the long gut leader. He was too absorbed even to pay much attention to his casting. Trout rise readily, however, in these untouched northern waters, and after a little the lure of the sport gripped him and he climbed the stream's steep bank to try for some big fellows which he suspected lay in a rocky pool above.

Half a dozen speckled beauties were flapping in the creel on his back and he was zipping the fly against a log at the further side of the pool to tempt a giant who had jumped a moment before when a gleam of sun striking through the cedars into his eyes rather dismayed him.

"Good heavens," he said. "It's nearly noon. I've been away too long."

He urged the canoe along eagerly on the return trip. "I hope nothing has happened," he thought, and then, retrospectively, "I'd like to tell her to-night how much I care. But I'd be a cad to do it under the circum-

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On Account of Joe Hooligan's Jug

THERE WAS NOT ENOUGH GOLD IN IRELAND TO TAKE "BOTHERED BILL" DONAHUE AFTER NIGHTFALL TO CHARTRE'S MILL. NEVERTHELESS THIS IS THE STORY OF HOW HE WENT THERE, AND WHAT THINGS THEREAFTER BEFELL AN UNLUCKY TINKER

By Hermione Templeton

Illustrated by Edmund J. Sullivan

IN a deep, wooded hollow between two rocky spurs of the Slieve-na-man hills—as lonely a spot as can be found in all Tipperary—stands Chartre's ruined mill. Two generations ago the tumbling stream which fed the mill dried up; and now the conquering ivy shackles the great helpless wheel, and the impudent loosestrife, unmolested and defiant, flares and flaunts itself from every piteous crack and crevice. Shunned and disliked, the ruin droops, a blur of brown and gray among the leaves—a pathetic picture of friendless old age.

Some give one reason for this unfortunate decay, and some give another but Sheelah McGuire, the fairy doctor, who is, of course, the best authority in Ballinderg upon such matters, declares that the ill luck which blighted the place commenced on that day, in the rebellion of 1798, when brave old Felix Chartre was hanged to its roof-beam for high treason.

However that may be, there is a darker blight than mere ill luck lurking under its thatch; the place is haunted. There can be no doubt of that; any bare-legged little gossoon in the barony will tell you of many strange things seen and heard after twilight in its vicinity; and he will tell you, too, that the strangest of these untoward experiences was that which fell to Bothered Bill Donahue, the tinker, who spent an unwilling night within its crumbling walls. How the tinker was beguiled into such a desperate situation is a part of my story.

"BAD MANNERS TO THE BOTH OF YEZ!" HE CRIED. "SO I'M TO CARRY THE GOSSIP AND IT'S THE LIKES OF YEZ AS WILL CONDESCIND TO LISTEN TO IT"

One Sunday morning the village of Ballinderg was astounded by the news that Mrs. Cornelius Brady had lost two of her fine black Spanish hens, and also—and this followed as a matter of course—that Mrs. Brady accused Bothered Bill Donahue, the tinker, of having taken them.

Mary McGuire, Mrs. Brady's own sister's child, saw the tinker only the day before chirruping through the hedge at the two innocent creatures, and they were looking back at him without a blink of suspicion in their eyes. Well, the next morning, when Mrs. Brady went to feed the chickens, there wasn't a pin-feather of the poor things to be found. In a twinkling the indignant parish took fire.

Now, notwithstanding this strong evidence against him, Bill had no more to do with the mysterious disappearance of these same hens than had—well, had old Lord Killgobbin himself. But even though day after day, by virtue of his oath, he savagely affirmed his innocence to whomsoever would listen, the parish of Ballinderg passed him coldly by with accusing condemnatory glances.

One afternoon, about a week after the disappearance of the hens, Bill crawled through the gap in McGuinnis' hedge and seated himself dejectedly in the deep shade. Nursing his head in his two hands, the worried man began fiercely debating whether to shoulder his kit and leave the County Tipperary forever, or whether to whirl in and beat black and blue every man, woman and child in the village of Ballinderg. As luck would have it, in the midst of this bitter quandary, Public Opinion, personified by Kate Clancy and her first cousin, Honoria Driscoll, met itself in the highroad not three yards distant from where the tinker sat, and proceeded to settle his reputation.

"Arrah, is that yerself, Kate Clancy? Sure, wasn't I just on the road to yer house this minute. I wouldn't stop to dhrink more than three cups of Mag Hennessy's salybrated new Chinayse tay, though she almost tore the shawl off houlding me back to take the fourth cup. But, to tell ye the truth, Kate," and Mrs. Driscoll's voice sank to a hoarse, confidential whisper, "betwixt you an' me, the sorra much I think of that same new tay. It isn't to be compared with yer own for stren'th; s-s-sh, she has to bile it ten minutes be the clock or it has no more stren'th than—Oh, did ye hear? I came near forgetting to tell ye. Danny Gilligan dhramed last night that he saw one of Mrs. Brady's black Spanish hins settin' on a stone be Hagan's stile, and it soldering up a hole in the bottom of a big iron kittle."

Mrs. Clancy's lips tightened.

"Will ye look at that for proof!" she groaned. "Isn't it a thrue sayin' that murdher will out? Oh, isn't he a villain!"

"Well, Kate," said Mrs. Driscoll, "it is thrue the worruld must have tinkers, but afther that raydoubtable thrick, while Bill Donahue is mendin' *my* pots and soldering *my* pans, though I may listen to the gossip the villain brings to the house (for sure we must have news of what's goin' on in the worruld), 'tis an unfriendly an' rayprovin' eye I'll be givin' him the while; and—God bless us an' save us! d'ye see where the rogue is lying hiding an' listening beyant the hedge? Oh, here he comes; run for yer life!"

Even as Mrs. Driscoll spoke, the scowling black face of the enraged tinker was pushed through the hedge, and the next moment his long, lank body wormed itself after. Meanwhile the startled women had bolted in opposite directions and were running like frightened hares toward their homes.

Bill savagely shook his fist, first at one woman, then at the other. "Bad manners to the both of yez," he roared. "So I'm to carry the gossip, am I, and it's the loikes of you as'll condescind to listen to it? Oh, ho, niver fear but I'll carry the gossip; I'll hang the saycrit maymores of yer two families an' of their dishgraceful pettigrees on ivery bush betwixt Killmurphy and Ballinderg. Out on yez, ye ongrateful spalpeens!" He waved his clenched fist at the empty landscape. "To the divil with yez! to the divil with the whole parish, for the matther of that! I'm done with yez all!" he shouted.

By a strange chance this sweeping denunciation met with immediate challenge. Out of the drowsy noonday silence broke an answering shout of angry derision that startled the tinker. Giving a surprised look in the direction whence it came, Bill saw advancing toward him, down the narrow by-lane, an antagonist worthy of his steel. Standing erect in his donkey-cart and furiously shaking his fist at Bill, came irascible little Michael Callahan, who kept the private still up in Chartre's woods.

"WILL YE LOOK AT THAT FOR PROOF?" SHE GROANED. "ISN'T IT A THRUE SAYIN' THAT MURDHER WILL OUT?"

Now, Bill had not the slightest quarrel with the little distiller, nor had Michael Callahan, up to that moment, any grievance whatever against the tinker. That mattered little. Every one knew that Michael was a sensitive-minded little man who could pick an insult out of the time o' day; and so Bill understood at once that the distiller had taken to himself the angry shouts and had misinterpreted the defiant gesture as personal affronts. Instead of offering explanation or apology, however, the sore heart of the tinker exulted at the chance of an adversary, and the row was on. Michael Callahan was too far away to be intelligible; but that made no serious difference.

IT WAS THE TINKER WHO FIRST GAINED COURAGE TO PEER DOWN THROUGH THE HOLE IN THE FLOOR

"Tinker yerself, ye chaytin', undhersized Judy Ascarriat," roared Bill, "you and yer swindlin' little pint measures! What's that? I dare ye! Twicet yer size wouldn't be able. Come down out of yer ould ca-art. Oh ho! What did ye say? I niver saw Mrs. Brady's hins. Ah, ha! Go wan, ye cross-eyed callumniator. What?"

If Michael Callahan's way had tended down the road past where Bill stood, there might have happened something more lasting than hard words; but as the cart's proper journey lay in the other direction, the two men continued only to shake their fists at each other and to shout abuse, until the distiller, thundering and lightning like a retreating storm, dropped out of sight in the hollow of the road this side of Muldoon's hill.

Then Bill turned and wiped his moist brow with a triumphant sweep of his hand. "I'd do no more than right," he muttered, "if I was to tell the gauger of the dozen jugs of poteen the blagguard has with him hid undher that pile of fagots in his ca-art. Why shouldn't I?"

He flung a resentful eye toward the cluster of cottages down in the valley. "No," he went on bitterly, "I can't. It isn't in me blood or breed to turn informer. But hould a bit! I'll have me sweet revenge. I'll go up to Callahan's still in Chartre's wood,—that little divil Michael'll be gone all day, and there's no wan tendin' it—an' oh, thin won't I dhrink me fill!"

He chuckled to himself. "An' whin I've had all I want, I'll march back bould as a sheep to Mrs. Brady's house for the night, an' afther atin' me hot supper I'll sit in me corner cowld an' impident till bedtime, and in the mornin' I'll shake the dust of this parish from me feet forever."

Bill gulped a sob at the thought and continued in a burst of self-pity:

"Oh, ain't they the hardhearted, fickle people, to forget so soon after all me goodness to thim?" he sniveled. "I've mended an' I've moiled, I've tinkered an' I've toiled for them this twenty years, an' now, afther all me hard worruk, look at the thanks I get."

Wiping his eyes with the back of his hand, for he felt the general slight and insult in the marrow of his bones, Bill hid his bag of tools in a covered drain, and, taking with him only a heavy blackthorn stick, wended his lonely way over the stony upland toward Chartre's woods.

It was almost sunset when the tired man reached Callahan's cave in Chartre's wood, and it was all he could do to scrooge himself through the narrow passage which led into the still; but, after sundry bumps and scratches, he found himself at last in the venerated presence of the big copper vessel itself.

A little hole in the roof let in just enough light to reveal dimly the contents of the mysterious room. Bill's quick, admiring glance took in the coils of pipe and the vessels of copper and iron which lay scattered about; but what riveted the tinker's attention and gladdened his heavy heart was the sight of half a dozen fat, satisfied-looking jugs standing cheek by jowl on the cool, damp earthen floor. Each particular jug Bill had seen so often before in the home of its owner that now he had no trouble at all in identifying it.

"There yez are, the darlints," said Bill; "six of the comfortingest friends a man can have in trouble. Yez'll not backbite him nor thrayduce him to his neighbors; but whin his heart is froze wid sorrow, an' there's nothing left but a cowld and lonely hearthstone, 'tis you that can kindle a blaze in the ashes an' warrum the cockles of his heart wid pleasant dhrames an' friendly faces. An' 'tis meself never had sorer nade of ye."

He stooped and lifted one of the jugs high above his head. Then, smiling, he said:

"This is yours, Darby O'Gill; I know it by the nick on the handle. Well, Darby, me bouchal, here's luck to ye." A prolonged low gurgle echoed in the silent room.

Bill set the jug back considerably lightened; he picked up another.

"Wisha, thin, I will so, Joe Hooligan, me lad, since you're so kind and pressing," he said, "Many's the time I've seen ye hid snug behind the forge dure!" Joe Hooligan's jug gurgled even longer than Darby O'Gill's, and Bill set it down with a satisfied gasp.

"Oh, ho, Mrs. Flannigan, is that yerself?" he chuckled, with a rollicking wink. "An' isn't it a sight for sore eyes to see ye sittin' there so aisy an' beguilin'! An' now, with yer l'ave, Mrs. Flannigan, alanna, I'll loight my poipe, an' it's outside the two of us'll go, where ye can sit on me knee in the dusk of the evening; for who knows but what that rogue of a Michael Callahan might come sneakin' back an' surprise the both of us together?"

The shadows were already settling heavy on the hillside as Bill sat himself down under the nearest tree. There was a drowsy twittering of nestling birds in the boughs, and somewhere far down in the valley a belated thrush was hurrying through its evening song.

Bill's gaze roved idly down the hillslope from one ridge of gray rocks to another; the dull red roof of Chartre's Mill, half a mile away, seemed to push itself through the tops of the clustering trees and to turn a frowning and sullen face toward him.

A little startled, the man paused with pipe half lifted. Even at that distance, the old ruin after sunset was not a pleasant neighbor. "Oh, ho, ye murdherin' ould blagguard, ye! it's glad I am that you're over there and I'm over here. I niver heard a good word of ye yet," he growled. "Lemme see, I wonder if I raymember the chune that was med up about you an' Paddy Carrol an' the peddler. I haven't heard it since I was a bit of a gossoon."

DAY AFTER DAY, BOTHERED BILL DONAHUE SAVAGELY AFFIRMED HIS INNOCENCE TO WHOEVER WOULD LISTEN

Scratching his head with the stem of his pipe, Bill's mind struggled through the adventure of Paddy Carrol and the peddler:

One stormy night, as Paddy Carrol drove past the mill, his best ear cocked and his weather eye opened for any kind of supernatural sign, he was startled out of his wits by three agonized shrieks for help. Never doubting but what it was the spirits he heard, Paddy whipped up his pony which galloped frantically on its way.

The next morning however, misdoubting whether, after all, it mightn't have been a human voice he'd heard, Paddy gathered up a crowd of the neighbors and went back to investigate. And well he did so, for what did they find in the upper room of the ruin but a peddler lying flat on the floor, his pack ransacked and he dead as a doornail. Undoubtedly they were the poor fellow's last cries that had startled Paddy. Three days later the assassins of the unfortunate traveler were captured. They proved to be two soldiers who had drunk with their victim at the public house during the day, and who afterward, for the purpose of robbery, followed him to this refuge in the deserted mill.

All these things drifted slowly through Bill's muddled mind as he sat there nursing the jug. Presently, to his surprise, he heard some one singing in a thick, quavering voice the lugubrious ballad which recounted the capture of the two soldiers, their confession, and the rather harrowing details of their public execution. After puzzling a moment as to who the

singer might be, Bill was much relieved to discover that 'twas only he himself that was making the noise.

"And to think, Misthress Flannigan, ma'am," he hiccoughed, as he lifted the jug and held it close to his lips, "the sojers kilt him for nothin'; the leather pouch of money that they saw with the peddler at the public house they couldn't find on him. An', be the same token, no one has ever been able to find it; though Long Pether McCarthy says that if any man had the courage to go to the mill at night and face the peddler's ghost, he'd find the money."

"I have the courage, but—well, why don't Pether McCarthy go himself? Why don't he send his—his——" The man's mind floundered helplessly in a whirl of tipsy resentment. "For the matther of that, what does a ghost be afther wantin' with money anny way, I'd like to know? He can't spind it. 'Tis pure maneness that makes him kape it. I raypate it," said Bill, hammering out each word on his knee and glaring defiance at the distant mill, "dirthy stinginess an'—an' maneness."

"An' now," he added after a pause. "Mrs. Flannigan, ma'am, we'll be gettin' along. We'll not go as far as Mrs. Brady's the night, acushla, but we'll stop at the first neighbor's house we come to, so we will, an', God willin' that'll be Mrs. McKinney's."

So saying, Bill struggled to his feet. He braced himself unsteadily for a moment his short black pipe gripped upside down in his teeth, and the half-empty jug under his arm. Then, slanting his hat rakishly to one side, the fated man zigzagged his uncertain way down the hill.

If the unfortunate tinker had turned to the left, as was his intention, he might have landed safe enough at Mrs. McKinney's; but with the liquor growing stronger on him every minute, and the darkness rising deeper and deeper at every step, what does the fuddled man do but take the turn to the right and go staggering down a rocky path till he reached the dark and lonely road that led straight up to Chartre's Mill itself?

Notwithstanding the tinker's brave boast, there was not money enough in the bank of Ireland to have hired Bothered Bill Donahue in his sober senses to walk down that path after dark. And yet, presently, there he stood within five feet of the broken mill door, swaying unsteadily from his toes to his heels and from his heels back to his toes again, and roaring at the top of his voice for one to come to him; for where did the benighted man think himself but under the eaves of Joe Hooligan's forge?

"Ho, there, Joey," he cried, "are ye within, I dunno!"

There was no answer, and Bill's voice echoed back, strange and uncanny in the stillness, while the old mill, dark, dangerous and secret, crouched lower in the thick shadows, as if waiting to spring.

"What's the matther with yez all?" he bawled. "Oh, I know ye're within, so ye needn't be purtendin' ye're out. You hear me well enough!" Bill lurched toward the door with outstretched arms. "Well, whether ye like it or not, I'm coming in annyhow!"

Muttering and grumbling, the tinker planted one knee upon the broken sill. At that instant a bat swooped fiercely from the black void within, and missed the rash intruder's head by a spare inch.

"Hello, who threw that? Sthop yer skylarkin', ye unmannerly blagguards, ye! What! Spake, can't ye? Oh, ho, wait till I lay me hands on yez!" He scrambled to his feet on the dusty floor and stumbled blindly into the room.

Something like the cackle of a low, malicious laugh came from the heart of the smothering darkness over near the great millstone.

"Is that where yez are?" said Bill, venturing a few steps farther. "Well, bad luck to ye, Joe Hooligan, can't ye sthrike a light? What's that? At laste have the dacency to give a man a hand. What?"

This last request was no sooner made than it was grimly answered. A touch fell upon his groping arm, and a hand cold as clay and dripping with water seized him firmly by the wrist.

After the first thrill of angry surprise for he still suspected that Joe Hooligan was playing tricks on him, Bill leaned forward, straining with blinking eyes to catch a sight of his captor. In vain. Neither in front nor on either side was visible any tangible shape.

"Leave go!" he blustered uneasily. "Take yer hands off me, or, be me faith, I'll give ye one belt that'll make surgeont's work of ye!"

And now a thing happened which, drunk as he was, should have sobered the tinker: as he spoke, Bill clutched viciously with his free hand for the arm that held him prisoner, and lo! there was nothing there. The viselike hand that grasped his wrist was without an arm. He then pried desperately at the cold, stiff fingers, but they only closed the tighter for his struggles.

"Lave go!" he repeated, "or, be the powers——"

As though in answer to the unfinished threat, the wet hand drew him, questioning and angrily protesting the while, over to the swaying oaken stairs, and with a grip of steel it guided him step by step up to the low-roofed room above. In the darkest corner of the silent loft the hand suddenly left Bill's wrist, and the unfortunate tinker, helpless as a blind man, sank in a limp heap on the crumbling floor and was soon fast asleep.

Just how long the sleeper lay thus unconscious is uncertain. However, he awoke at last, with a start, and sat bolt upright. A great round moon was pouring a flood of silvery light in through the one gaping window of the loft and thrusting straight, slender shafts through a hundred cracks and crevices of the old walls. Bill yawned, stretching first one arm, then the other, above his head, meanwhile taking a drowsy survey of the surroundings. He probably would have fallen back and gone to sleep again except that he noticed that the old structure was vibrating and quivering from gable to foundation. It creaked and groaned and strained as if in dreadful pain.

"Be the mortal man, where am I? What's all this goin' on?" Bill peered anxiously through the half-darkness.

At the farther end of the room was visible the large black hole of the stairway, and midway between it and himself was a stretch of leaf-figured moonlight which lay like a strip of pale green carpet across the dusty floor.

The bewildered man half rose in an attempt to find out where he was, but got no farther than to his knees, for, as he looked, a strange, silent, shapeless thing rose slowly through the hole of the stairway, and Bill, with a muttered exclamation of surprise, shuffled farther back into the dark corner, where he crouched, wide-eyed and suspicious.

Presently the figure lifted into full view, and, notwithstanding the gloom of the loft, the tinker was able to make out the faint outlines of a bent, quaintly dressed old man, who seemed to be carrying a sack of meal on his back.

"Wirra, wirra," Bill muttered, "I wondher who can this be. I never saw a shuit of clothes like that in these parts before. 'Tisn't any of Hooligan's people."

Silent as a shadow, the apparition glided across the room till it reached the broad patch of moonlight. There it stopped, and, to Bill's unspeakable horror, slowly turned its livid face full upon his. But instead of the traditional gray, filmy lineaments, the features which now met the tinker's terrified gaze were those of a dead man's quiet, inscrutable face.

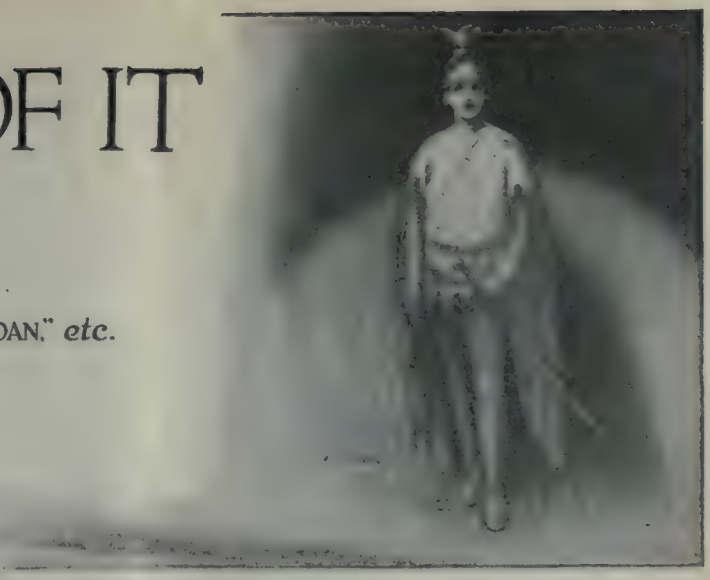
Day or night, through all the years after, Bill need only shut his eyes to see again those staring, immovable features. The hair was silver-white, fastened behind in an old-fashioned peruke and crowned by a three-cornered black hat. But the never-to-be-forgotten badge of horror was a noose which encircled the bowed neck, and from which the broken end of a rope

Continued on page 286.

THE WOMAN OF IT

By Alan Adair

Author of "THE APOSTACY OF JULIAN FULKE," "JOAN," *etc.*



Illustrated By Katherine Southwick

SYNOPSIS.

This novel of English society opens with a prologue showing Robert Sinclair as a boy in Rome. He angers his father, a cashiered captain, by wanting to become a singer, and is brutally beaten. Mother and son leave Rome that night, the boy regretting only his parting with his playmate, Denzil Merton.

The scene changes to London. Lord Merton is giving a box party at the opera for the family of a Canadian railway man, with whose daughter, Valerie Monro, he is deeply in love. When the new tenor who is to make his premier in the role of the Knight Lohengrin comes on, Merton recognizes him as his boyhood friend, Robert Sinclair. Valerie is strangely impressed by the tenor but chides herself for being as silly about him as the other women of the party. Merton tells her he is going to call on Sinclair the next day, which he does, and finds Sinclair eager to renew their boyish acquaintance. Merton tells him that Valerie wants to meet him, but he laughs and intimates the Lohengrin's armour has dazzled her a little. Merton disclaims this, saying, "She is not like that," and when Mrs. Monro sends the singer a card for her next ball, Merton persuades him to accept. Valerie perversely snubs him. Later in the evening a lighted candle falls on her, and Sinclair puts out the fire, burning his hands. Valerie attempts to thank him, and ends by a gust of hysterical tears which washes away the coldness between them. They start afresh on their acquaintanceship, and she invites Sinclair to come and see them. However, their next meeting is at the Duchess of Northshire's musicale, where Sinclair is a lion. She promises him three dances at Lady Merton's ball. Feeling intuitively that Merton will ask her to marry him, she tells herself, "To-night I will be happy. After that, the deluge!" She coquettes with Sinclair, and provokes him until at last he takes her in his arms, and admits that he loves her. Then, coming to himself, he puts her away, saying, "There is Denzil, my friend—and yours." She tells him, "He will ask me to marry him, to-night. What shall I say to him?" Sinclair grips her by the shoulder and says fiercely: "You aren't going to marry him! Do you hear me?" Then, coming to himself, he puts her away. He will not take Denzil's beloved away from him, and he tells Valerie he loves her too much to marry her, that he would not make her happy, that he loves his work more than any woman. Valerie cannot understand this altogether, but he forces her to accept the fact that he will not marry her; and later in the evening she accepts Denzil. When Sinclair reaches home, his father is asleep in his rooms, having come to beg for money on the strength of the fact that he is the next heir to the baronetcy of Abbott's Wood, and Sir Fulke Sinclair is a very old and feeble man. His son settles two hundred pounds a year on him, and tells him that it is only on condition that the captain never show his face near his son again, never write to him or communicate with him. The elder Sinclair consents, borrows all the gold the son has in his pockets at the moment, and goes off with a pitiful attempt at jauntiness, leaving the young man alone. Valerie, as Denzil's fiancee, goes with the Mertons to Barranmuir, for the shooting. After much persuasion, Sinclair comes for a few days, and is shocked to find how thin and white Valerie has grown. Diphtheria breaks out in the village, and Denzil is anxious about her, but she laughs it off. Captain Sinclair turns up, and demands more money from his son, which Robert refuses to give. In a rage, the captain threatens to ask Lord Merton for a loan. Meantime Valerie, noticing that Robert is amused by pretty Dolly Brent, believes that he is falling in love with her, and cannot endure it. She meets him, and for a moment both lose their control over themselves. He takes her in his arms, and kisses her passionately, but swiftly realizes his treachery to Denzil, and sends her back to the house. As he waits in the coppice for the shooting party to come up, he hears something or somebody stealing off through the woods, and it suddenly comes to him that perhaps it is his father.

CHAPTER XIV.

VALERIE'S eyes did not stray in Sinclair's direction once that evening and Robert seemed to have forgotten that she existed, save for the one fact that he did not attach himself so openly to Dolly Brent—but he was very quiet and did not offer to sing, although Lady Killoe assured him that she was at his service.

He sought out Denzil. "I shall have to go in a day or so, old man," he said to him.

Denzil slipped one hand through his arm. "To go, Bob," he asked. "But you were to stay with me until you left for Paris!"

"I must have a few days in London," said Sinclair. "You don't know the amount of business a singer has to do!"

"But I thought you great men always had an agent," said Denzil.

"So I have, but even he wants seeing sometimes!"

Denzil was silent for a moment and then he said ruefully, "I know what is driving you away, Bob—I feel it always. Perhaps when we are married it will be different; I shall feel as if I had secured Valerie for the rest of my life then; but now, I hate to be away from her a moment. It always seems to me as if I were throwing away what the gods had given me! I can't believe in my own good fortune!"

"But I've always the shooting," said Sinclair. Then he added, "and I don't think it will be very different after you are married!" Merton laughed. "Nor I," he said happily. "If only I could hurry the day on, Bob!"

They wished each other good-night and Sinclair went upstairs to his room. It was a cold and frosty night and the moon was still bright as it had been in the afternoon. He went to his window and threw it open. His early life had unfitted him for these luxuriously warmed rooms and sumptuous surroundings. He liked his environment to be as simple as he was himself.

From his window, he could see the coppice where he had met Valerie, where he had taken her into his arms. His pulses leapt at the recollection. He saw her face, pale with passion, and her crimson, seductive mouth and the yellow leaves like flames all about her.

And as he stood there, he knew that he wanted her more than anything else in his whole life. For a moment it mattered nothing to him, that he could sing, that he was young and handsome and strong. He simply wanted Valerie!

And there was nothing between

"DON'T FOOL YOURSELF, YOUNG MAN, BECAUSE YOU HAVE A TENOR VOICE AND STRUT ABOUT THE STAGE, THAT YOU CAN GET THE BETTER OF A MAN LIKE ME"

them, save Denzil and his love for him, and his honor! Valerie would have given up everything for him and would count herself happy to be chosen by him—but Jean MacDonald's son was not one to be conquered by the temptation of the woman he loved.

"No," he said to himself, "I have enough! He must be happy—he must!"

Denzil's want of size, his plainness, made an appeal to him, which he could not dismiss. If he had been cast in another mould it would have been different perhaps. Somehow it seemed to him that he and Valerie were made of the stuff that could bear suffering—but not Denzil. It was characteristic of him and of his conception of Valerie's character, that he unhesitatingly condemned her to suffering too.

He fought out his fight, standing there looking at the whitened park and listening to the soft drop of the leaves that were coming down like rain after the first frost.

To-morrow the glory of the coppice would be laid low. It would no more give shelter to two lovers—and to one eavesdropper!

It was of that one eaves-dropper that Sinclair thought most. When he had finally made up his mind that the person concealed in the coppice was his father, he had resolved at once to wait two days on the chance of developments. Two days would be ample time for his father to have matured any plan of action. That he would assuredly try to make use of what he had overheard, the young man never doubted. It remained yet to be seen whether Denzil would listen to anything that he might say.

Denzil slept happily that night, unconscious of what the fates had in store for him. If his last thought, his last prayer was for Valerie—it was only what was the case every night. The only difference was that he felt with joy that he was one day nearer the day when Valerie would be his wife.

The next morning was fine and dry and the ground was covered with a powdered white frost. Valerie, looking at the coppice as Robert had looked at it, the night before, saw that now the trees stood almost bare, that they were touched with rime. Yesterday the glow and color of passion—to-day, nothing but the frost of recollection! It was emblematical.

But for all that she was happier. Robert loved her with all the strength of a nature that was manly to a degree. And as she went down the beautiful staircase and crossed the hall, she heard a servant say to Denzil, who came forward to meet her, "Mr. Sinclair wants to see you in the study, for a few moments only, he says—will you see him?"

"Why, of course," said Denzil, astonished.

Valerie had grown very pale, but Denzil did not notice that. "You'll let me drive you out again to-day, sweetheart?" he said to her.

"We'll walk to-day," said Valerie. It was a sudden thought that she would not do anything that she had done the previous day.

"You go in to breakfast," he said, "Bob wants me for something or other. I hope he will not want to go away sooner—although I feel that I have neglected him very much!"

"He enjoys his shooting," said Valerie. She could not discuss Robert with anybody.

"I won't be long after you," said Denzil and he opened the door for Valerie to pass in.

The first person she saw was Robert himself—he was standing with his back to her at one of the sideboards and was carving himself some ham. He did not turn at her entrance, although she always fancied that he knew when she had come into the room. Valerie was a little perplexed. "I thought the man said Mr. Sinclair," she said to herself, "and Denzil thought so too—but it must have been someone else. I thought it was unlike him to send so ceremonious a message!"

Denzil had gone straight into the

study with, "Well, what is it, old man ?" on his lips. For a moment, he saw no one. Then a shabby figure rose from a deep chair by the fire. In a flash Denzil recognized him as the man who had stared at Valerie in the inn parlor.

His anger flared up. "What are you doing here ?" he asked the man.

"I sent in my name to see whether you would see me," answered the visitor insolently. "You might have refused me if you had not wanted to come in "

"Your name !"

"Yes, Sinclair. I am Captain Sinclair, Robert's father."

"Robert's father !" echoed Denzil—but he knew that the man before him was telling the truth. Of course, he was Robert's father. Denzil knew now why his appearance had been familiar and why he had disliked him so.

"I remember," he said very stiffly. "To what am I indebted for the honor of a visit from you ?"

"To the fact that my precious son refuses to have anything to do with me."

"I am afraid I cannot influence him," said Merton haughtily—his tone implied "and would not if I could."

"No," said Sinclair sneeringly. "I thought as much."

"Then if you thought so, why take the trouble to come ?"

"Because I was in urgent need of money."

"You thought it likely that I should give you money when he had refused it ? I know him well, remember, and I know he must have good reasons for refusing !"

"You know him well," said Geoffrey Sinclair very slowly. "My impeccable son—you know him well ! I could tell you something about him that would make you doubt if you knew him at all !"

"You could not tell me anything that I would listen to, Captain Sinclair," said Denzil shortly.

"But you will have to listen—whether you like it or not. Give me money, and I will hold my tongue. If you do not, I'll topple your house of cards about your feet."

"I will not give you a penny," said Denzil and walked across to the door.

"You had better reconsider it."

"I'll not reconsider it. You will oblige me by leaving this room and this house directly." He put out his hand to the bell.

Sinclair sprang up and gripped nervously the other's arm. "You little fool," he cried, rage mastering him, "do you want me to spit out what I mean to say, before the servants ?"

"You may tell your lies before the whole world," cried Denzil and gave the bell a furious tug.

But before a servant or any one could have come into the room, Geoffrey thrust his evil face close to Denzil's. "I'll tell you," he said, "listen and be damned to you ! My precious son and the woman whom you are to marry, were in the shrubbery together for half an hour yesterday—he loves her—let him deny it, if he can !"

Denzil stood perfectly still for the fraction of a second, then he turned on his heel and took a step towards the door.

"Turn this man out," he said to the footman, who had made his appearance at this moment.

"Don't dare to touch me !" screamed the captain. "I have no desire to stay a moment in this house ! My lord Merton, I hope you like what I have told you—it's true, too—ask him !"

Denzil had passed out of the room and the captain, crimson with anger, was making his way towards the door. As he did so, the dining room door opened and Robert came out.

In one moment he had realized that the blow had fallen. If he had only seen the manner of Denzil's walking across the passage without seeing his father, he would have known quite well that his father had spoken. Just in the doorway he caught a glimpse of the captain's shabby sil-

ONCE ALONE ON THE MOOR, WEARINESS SETTLED DOWN ON SINCLAIR WITH AN ALMOST PHYSICAL WEIGHT HE HAD POSTPONED THINKING AND FEELING, BUT NOW HE KNEW HE MUST GET AWAY SOMEWHERE AND THINK IT OUT

houette, and followed him. "What are you doing here ?" he asked.

"Putting a spoke in your wheel, my son," said the captain with malicious glee."

"You will leave this house at once !"

"I'm going," said the captain, and then he let his fury get the better of him. "Look here, you puppy," he cried, "let me give you a word of advice. Don't think yourself so mighty clever ! You think because you have a tenor voice and strut about the stage and the women make a fool of you, you can get the better of a man like me. You are making a damned bad mistake ! You'll never best me ! Never ! do you hear that ! I'll be on top of you always ! I've hated you all the days of your life ever since that white-faced mother of yours—"

Robert made a leap forward. "You dare say a word against her and I'll shake the life out of your vile body," he said. "Go ! if you don't want to have your bones broken !"

He seized him with a strength that would have been equal to holding two men of the captain's size and thrust him down the steps. Even then, he waited to see that his father had not fallen, but he was shaking all over with rage. He had quite forgotten to wonder what his father had told Denzil, so outraged had he been at his presuming to take the dead woman's name on his foul lips.

But he must not stay here—and he must have things out with Denzil ! He walked straight into the study and closed the door—he knew quite well that Denzil would come to him. But he waited for an hour in vain. He heard the men in the hall making ready to start—he heard the yelping of the dogs and the flutter of the women's gowns and their delicious, light laughter. He even heard them say "Where's Sinclair ? He was coming out with us," and he sat still, waiting, for what seemed to him hours. And then the handle of the door turned and Denzil came in. He seemed to have shrunken in that hour's agony and his brown eyes had a look in them that went to Robert's heart. But he was dignified as always —the only thing small about Denzil Merton was his stature. Sinclair looked up and pushed a chair towards his friend—and that simple action caused a look of hope to cross Denzil's pale face. Somehow he knew that Robert would not have acted so, if he had been a traitor to him.

"I've been waiting for you, Denzil," he said quietly.

"I could not come before."

"Oh, I know—you have had a facer, old man !"

Denzil looked at him a little wildly.

"Bob," he said, "can you speak to me like this ?"

"Why not ?" asked Sinclair.

"When the solid earth yawns under your feet—when everything you have trusted and loved—"

Sinclair looked up—a smile of wonderful sweetness played round his lips. "I should have thought you would have trusted me to the death, Denzil," he said.

Merton gave him a quick look. "I have trusted you," he said.

"You might—you knew me as a boy—have I ever put anything before my honor, old fellow ?"

He held his hand out to his friend. That hand of his, with its long slender fingers, like his mother's, so sensitive and so slight, yet with such a firm and vigorous grasp !

"Oh, Robert!" said Denzil and laid his hand in his friend's without a moment's hesitation.

"That's better," said Sinclair, just as one soothes a child that has been naughty. "That's better, eh, Denzil ?"

"God knows it is," said the other with a catch in his voice. There was a suspicious shining in Sinclair's eyes, but his voice was quite steady as he said, "That blackguard of a father of mine came to beg of you and when you refused him he told you that he had seen me in the shrubbery with Miss Monro—"

Denzil nodded—he could not speak.

"Well, it's true," said Sinclair after a pause.

"It is true ! You love her, Robert?"

"I have loved her from the first moment I saw her at the opera, sitting by your side—but she was by your side, Denzil—and you were my friend!"

Denzil looked up quickly—there was a light in his eyes.

"Since then, I have avoided her—I would not come here because of her. For all that, I do not mean to pretend to you, Denzil—she is the woman I love, shall always love, and she chose you !"

Denzil looked up quickly. "Yes," he said with a lift in his voice, "she chose me ! But she does not love me as I love her !"

"That is for you two to settle between you," said Sinclair. "There is no question of her between you and me. That I love her is true enough ! That I shall always love her is, I fear, also true—but that is all, old friend ! I want you to know this !"

"You give her up ?"

"She has never been mine," said he. "She promised herself to you—that is enough for me !"

"Do you mean—"

"I mean," said Sinclair quietly, "that nothing new has happened at all—you know a fact that I wanted to keep hidden from you, but you will understand some things better now. You will understand why I want to leave you, why I was not anxious to be your guest while she was with you. You will know now that although I shall think of you with love always, it will be better that when you are married we should not meet. Above all, don't let Miss Monro guess that this has happened ! Let her remain in ignorance. Our meeting yesterday was a mere accident. I was not quite master of myself—I have repented of it bitterly but it is the last and only time. And now, I think I shall go and shoot !"

He rose as he spoke and stood by Denzil, who, physically exhausted by what he had undergone, sat still where he was.

"You trust me, old man ?" he said, hesitating one moment before he left him.

"Always," said Denzil and Sinclair went out of the door, closing it softly.

"God forgive me," he said to himself. "I let him think she did not care for me ! But it was the only course I could take. His heart would have broken !"

He made his way to the moors and it is recorded of him that he shot better than he had ever done before !

CHAPTER XV.

SINCLAIR had shot uncommonly well, and with the surface part of his nature had enjoyed doing it—one always enjoys anything one does well. But late in the afternoon, he began to feel unaccountably tired and bored. Even Dolly Brent's gaiety and pretty tricks of voice and expression wearied him, and Dolly, perceiving this, tactfully grew silent, too. Suddenly he realized that for some time he had not heard her voice, and turned to her penitently.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Brent. You were saying——"

She laughed. "Half an hour ago, I remarked that it looked as if we might catch a storm from those clouds yonder."

"Half an hour !" repeated Sinclair, with an appealing gesture. "It wasn't as bad as all that, was it ? I'm desperately sorry."

"You look it !" she rallied.

"Well, I'm trying to," he protested, and they both laughed. She held up a penny, bargainingly. "What were they ; and I'll forgive you."

"I was thinking that I ought to be in Paris," said he, telling a half-truth. "I sing there next month, you know."

"Oh ! Then you are going to leave us." She looked charmingly regretful, but his eyes were not responsive. "How—Denzil—will miss you." She made the little pause eloquent.

Continued on page 269.

Tag—You're It

By Felix Koch

ON BOARD THE ST. LAWRENCE BOATS, WHERE SOBER JUDGE AND FRIVOLOUS YOUNG THING PLAY MERRY TOM-FOOL TO THE DELIGHT OF ALL BEHOLDERS

Illustrated from Photographs

NOT everybody can go back to childhood, once he has graduated to the dignity of long trousers and a watch, or to trailing skirts and "done-up" hair—but it is easier to do it on shipboard than anywhere else. Unless you are incurably a grown-up, field day on one of the big Atlantic liners will reduce you to a thorough-going "kid." The spectacle of a dignified judge pursuing a fleet-footed granddaughter in the mazes of cross-tag, or of a ponderous M. P. anxiously attempting the feat of simultaneously rubbing his stomach and patting his head in the game of forfeits is illuminating, and does the participant no end of good.

Once the steamer passes Belle Isle, and picks up the serene waters of the St. Lawrence, field day is as certain an event as death or taxes ashore.

In the main, the ship's crew are athletic in their tastes and inclinations, and the Anglo-Saxon's love of outdoor sports manifests itself throughout the voyage. There has been shuffleboard and ringtoss all the way across, of course, but these are common-place—every vessel has them. On the St. Lawrence, in addition, one must have deck-sports which are distinctive, and funny as the proverbial goat.

Long before the actual field-day arrives, there is a big placard of entries on a table in the companionway, where under one or more of a variety of heads, one may inscribe his or her name. The total value of the proportion, therefore, is divided in turn among the number of entrants therein.

Assuming, let us say, that there are fifteen different events on this deck-day, each event, be it nail-driving or bottle-walking or "Are You There?" will be valued at one-fifteenth of the whole number of points—say 150—and so at ten points.

Let us suppose that in this event six persons participate. The winner scores six, the next to come in, five, the next four, and so on down to the loser, who gets one for his trouble. Among the six participants' total of twenty-one points, the basic ten is divided, on a basis of 6-21, 5-21 and so on.

For prize, the ship's company usually offers something, and there's a collection taken up among the passengers for lesser prizes, as well. But the prizes are the least part of the fun—it's the game that the contestants have at heart.

First, perhaps, there is a bout of "Are You There?"—a sport dear to English sailors, and first cousin to Donnybrook fair. The first officer and purser are blindfolded for this, and stretch themselves full length on a big square of white canvas, set across a hatch on the foredeck. Each clasps the other by the hand, and one of them brandishes a canvas baton.

"Are you there?" he cries.

"Yes," answers his opponent, disguising the location of his voice as much as he can, and tucking his head into such concealment as he may. He must never let go of his partner's hand, but with this condition, he may duck, squirm, wriggle, and protect his pate in any conceivable way that his nimble mind and acrobatic muscles can achieve.

Instantly upon the reply, the other strikes with his baton. He must hit his rival directly on the head, or it counts nothing—scrapes, glancing blows and collisions not counted. Five times he calls, "Are you there?" Five times he receives the answer, and five times he strikes. Then his score is recorded, the baton goes to his oppon-

BALANCING THE ELUSIVE POTATO ON THE SPOON IS NO EASY TASK ON A SWAYING STEAMER

THE GAME OF "ARE YOU THERE?" IS SECOND COUSIN TO AN IRISH FAIR AS FAR AS HEAD-WHACKING IS CONCERNED

ent, and he may look out for himself.

After the first officer and the purser have had their bout, other couples take their place on the canvas and try their luck at hitting heads. One after another they are weeded out until only two remain, and between them the champion is found.

This, however, is largely a game of skill—others are to follow which are less skilful and more under the dominion of that fickle jade, Luck. Among them is the game of "Driving the Husband."

Almost every ship carries at least one pair of newly-married folk, and they are always the ones requisitioned to play a star part in this game. In default of bride and groom, any couple married less than five years may join the merrymakers.

For this event, the steward is invited to produce a lot of large, heavy empty bottles—stout and ale-bottles usually. These are set up in irregular formation on the deck, a course is cleared, and the husbands harnessed. A piece of rope about each upper arm, with reins attached, form the harness; a handkerchief is tied about his eyes; and guided only by jerks of the reins, he is driven by his wife in and out among the bottles to the end of the course. The one who upsets the least number is the winner. Afterwards, the wife is blindfolded, and the husband takes his turn at driving her, amid a fire of jokes as to who is the better driver of the pair. Particularly when some man has shown himself an obedient husband during the voyage, it amuses his friends to behold him driving his wife at last.

Women, in fact, get full opportunity to show their prowess in these field sports. For example, it's common report that a woman can't drive a nail. Wait until you see her on shipboard!

The delighted sailors produce a plank of tough wood into which a number of huge spikes have been set just far enough to keep them standing. A sturdy bluejacket is told off to hold the plank firm, and milady advances, hatchet in hand, to drive the obstinate spike. It must go into the tough oak, up to its head, in the least possible number of blows. Every little bit of a nib, every push with the hatchet to straighten the errant nail, counts as a blow. Sometimes the skill of the women surprises the onlookers. They grasp the hatchet scientifically, heft it delicately twice or thrice to get the exact balance of the weapon, and—bang! bang! bang! the spike goes down to its appointed socket as if "Chips," the carpenter, were himself behind the blows. Again, the surprise is in the opposite direction—but either way the contest is amusing for everybody.

WHO SAYS A WOMAN CAN'T DRIVE A NAIL? WAIT TILL YOU SEE HER ON SHIP BOARD

But if the nail-driving is funny, the whistle-and-biscuit race is enough to make you split your sides. Men and women enter for this event. Then the purser draws by lot a man's name and a woman's who thereupon become partners.

Far at one end of the deck stands the feminine half of the team—far at the other end in racing position, stands her masculine partner. A sailor presents each woman with a piece of paper, a pencil, and a huge sea-biscuit. Another sailor gives each man a slip of paper with a familiar tune written upon it—"Annie Laurie," "Old Black Joe," "Rule Britannia," and the like.

At a signal, the men are off. They rush down the deck, pell-mell, to where their partners await them, holding out at arm's-length the biscuit. Hastily they snatch it, and proceed to devour it against time. Some crush it in their hands, reducing it to crumbs which they shovel into their mouths. Others bite great semi-circles from the cracker, and catch the fragments to be devoured later—for every morsel may be dry, but it *must* be swallowed. Did you ever try to eat a hard, dry, tough sea-biscuit without any artificial moistener?

Then comes the funny part—funniest thing you ever saw! Their throats dried with the sea-biscuit, their lips parched, their palates likewise, and stray crumbs of cracker getting into the way of their whistle, each man proceeds to render, each to his lady fair, his own particular melody, and she must guess from his pipings what tune it is. Try as he will, he can't make her guess it. In the frantic run headlong down the deck, he has remembered the general up-and-downness of the melody, and now, choking to death, without a bit of lubricant left in his thirsty mouth, he struggles with "Oh, Where and Oh Where Has My Highland Laddie Gone?" or the accidentals of "Hark, Hark the Lark!" while she listens, anxiously trying to detect a familiar phrase.

The more pathetic the attempt, the greater fun, of course, for the onlookers. By and by one girl guesses aright, writes the title on her slip of paper instantly locks arms with her partner, and together they dash up the deck to the start, winners in the contest. Other couples follow, and the last one is left to find that while he thinks he has been whistling "Rule Britannia," he has actually, by a trick of the memory, been emitting a remote resemblance to "A Life on the Ocean Wave."

Another race, with a flavor of the practical about it, is the life-belt adjusting contest. A man and woman are partners in this, also, and are placed at opposite ends of the deck, with a life-belt extended ready for application. At a signal, each rushes towards the other, ties and secures the life-belt as he or she would, were the ship in actual danger of sinking,—and get more in each others' way in the process than you could believe two human beings capable of doing. A sailor acts as judge and the winning couple is given points for neatness, security, and speed.

Still another is the potato-and-spoon contest. The potato race is always funny, but never more so than at sea, where the motion of the ship sends the elusive tuber helter-skelter off the spoon and rolling gaily into inaccessible corners. The contestants must raise the potato on the kitchen spoon which is their sole equipment, bear it the length of the deck, and deposit it in the waiting bucket. Each person must gather, say, six tubers and land them safely in the least possible time, and the one coming in first is, of course, the winner.

With various ships, naturally, the programme varies. Passengers introduce novelties, and the ship's company always have a crack team specializing in some particular event. On one voyage an indoor track meet was organized, which bore about the same relation to regular track athletics that tiddledy-winks does to a smashing game of polo. Putting the shot was represented by a downy breastfeather extracted from one of the ship's fowls, weighted at the quill end with a tiny blob of sealing wax, and cast the farthest possible distance into a bulls-eye chalked on the deck. A nice hand, and an estimating eye were required for this feat. The marathon was parodied by a course laid out along the deck. The athletic competitors gravely moistened their shoes, stuck a sheet of paper on the bottom, and raced around the deck in an effort to complete the run without losing the sheet of paper from either foot. Pole-vaulting required a toothpick and a thread, placed a few inches above the floor. The vaulter had to leap over the thread in proper form, without breaking the toothpick or lifting it off the floor until the jump was completed—and so on, and so on.

TO THE ON-COMING CONTESTANT, THE SEA-BISCUITS LOOM UP AS LARGE AS LIFE-PRESERVERS, AND WHILE HE RUNS HE FRANTICALLY TRIES TO RECOLLECT THE AIR OF "OLD BLACK JOE"

Then there are the trick feats, apparently simple of execution, but with some hidden trick of balance, gravity or the like in them to check their performance. The optimistic endeavorer starts out to perform them in high feather, amid the amueed circle of onlookers who are "wise."

For instance, there is the innocent-looking trick of the wall and the common kitchen chair. The latter is placed lightly against the wall in its ordinary position. The hopeful strong man, whose task it is to lift it by even so much as an inch, places himself in a bent position over it, his head resting against the wall, and his feet set one foot's length back from the back legs of the chair. In this position, try to lift that light-built chair. Hoisting yourself by your boot-straps is nothing to it. It sounds simple and it looks simple, but in it there is a trick of balance that makes it impossible for the slightest leverage to be exercised.

Physical conundrums create amusement. Placing one hand on your body in such a position that the other hand cannot touch it is typical—the spot is, of course, on the other arm's elbow, but few people will think that out.

But whatever is the programme, the deck-sports day is always a red-letter one in the voyage, and nobody enjoys the foolishness more than the dignified grandfathers and grandmothers who slip off the years, and return to childhood again. People look back to it with merriment when other events are forgotten, and recall one another's parts in the ship's sports, when they meet, even though it be a decade after.

RACING AGAINST TIME IN A LIFE-BELT ADJUSTING CONTEST—THE WINNING COUPLE ESTABLISHING A RECORD

That Promise to Pa

WHEREIN THE POWERS OF DARKNESS RANGE THEMSELVES ON AMELIA'S SIDE AND ADVOCATE THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN

By Maravene Kennedy Thompson

"DON'T you be askin' any questions to-night, Amely. Do y' hear? 'Tain't a meetin' for young folks. You was asked only so's I could have company goin' and comin'."

Mrs. Elliot drew her heavy brocade shawl tightly about her angular shoulders as she addressed "Amely." There was a half-fearful expression in her colorless eyes; an uncertain settling of her thin lips on this particular occasion. Her bony hands trembled as she drew on her mittens.

"If Pa comes, I'll ask him one question," said Amelia, in a slow, defiant voice. "I'll ask him if he's resting content while his only child is denied an education befitting an Elliot. I don't believe he is content," she continued in louder, higher key.

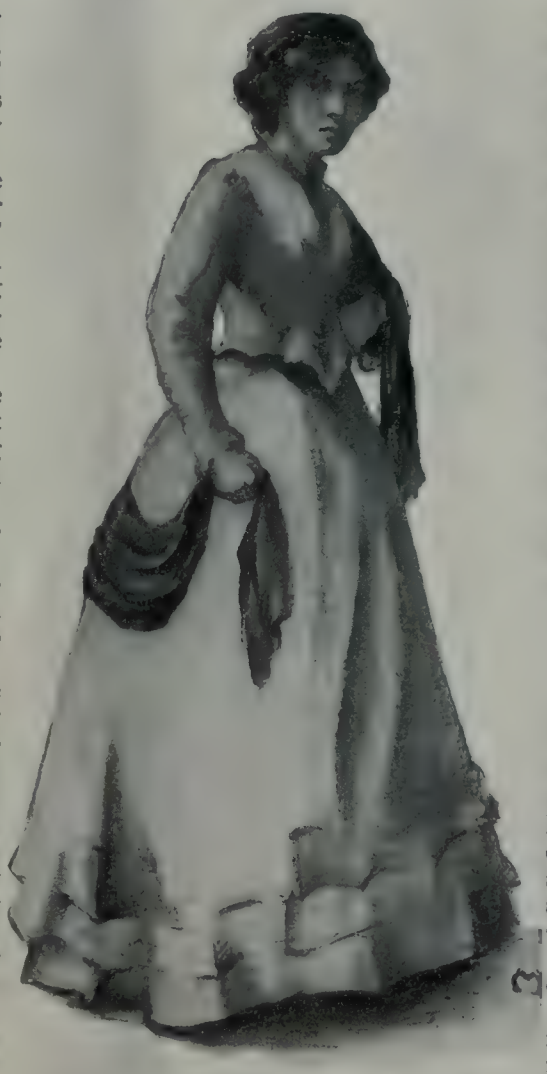
Mrs. Elliot met her daughter's challenging words with a stern, "Get on your mittens. We don't want to keep 'em waitin'."

Both glanced regretfully around the cheerful sitting room before they started out. The big base burner stove threw out an inviting warmth, its bed of coals glowing cheerfully red through the mica doors; the high cushioned rockers on either side the centre table extended appealing arms; the big cherry bedstead, with its high feather bed under a red and white coverlet, bespoke snug comfort. An icy blast met them as they opened the front door. Mrs. Elliot closed it quickly and stepped back into the room; she turned on the lower draft of the stove a little further, then raised the cover of the coal hopper and peered in.

"It's full," vouchsafed Amelia. "I put in two scuttles. I filled the coalhod too."

"It needs to be full," returned her mother grimly. "This kind of weather licks the coal up like kindlin' wood. It's the coldest night we've had."

The crunch of the frozen snow under their feet was the only sound as they slowly plodded along in the middle of the road—the only broken path—to the other end of the town. There was repressed excitement on both their faces. They were going to a spiritualistic meeting—going secretly; fearful, not only of what the minister and some of the church folks might say, but fearful of what "messages" the "spirits" might have for them.



"IF PA COMES, I'LL ASK HIM ONE QUESTION," SAID AMELY IN A SLOW, DEFIANT VOICE. "I'LL ASK HIM IF HE IS RESTIN' CONTENT WHILE HIS ONLY CHILD IS DENIED THE EDUCATION BEFITTIN' AN ELLIOTT."

It was not a public meeting. The "medium" was a cousin of Mrs. Elliot's deceased brother's wife. She had a place in Boston where she gave her sittings; her visit to Cresston was only for rest. The invited guests, a few friends and relatives of the hostess, were already in their places when the Elliots arrived. The medium sat at one end of the dining-room table, with three women on either side. On tip-toe and with bated breath Mrs. Elliot and Amelia found the places reserved for them at the end opposite the medium. The medium was a big, sallow woman with puffy eye-lids over bold black eyes. Her features were coarse, a good sized mustache on a square-cut lip giving added heaviness to her face. But it was an impressive heaviness, in striking contrast to the ascetic faces of the women surrounding her—plain good country women, born and bred in the little town, indulging at the present moment in the wildest dissipation of their lives.

Each woman laid her hand on her neighbor's as commanded, and waited breathlessly while the medium rolled out in her low, deep voice:

"In the name of the Lord if there are any spirits present, rap!"

"*Tap-tap. Tap-tap.*"

It was not the medium's usual method of "spirit" entertainment. The slate-writings, materializations, trances, that she gave in her Boston place, could not very well be given in her hostess' sitting room with only an ordinary dining-room table for paraphernalia. But it was strange and awesome enough for her present sitters. The "tap-tap, tap-tap" sent a shiver down eight rigid spinal columns.

"Who's present?" asked the medium, following up the question by a recitation of the alphabet—repeating it until the "spirit had rapped out," letter by letter, an intelligible name.

The "sitters" waited in a tense silence; they hardly breathed; their hearts beat like sledge hammers. Which of their dead was lingering under the table? Whose spirit had returned to deliver a message from the spirit world? And what—*what* would the message be?

"E-l-l-i-o-t."

"It's Mr. Elliot," announced the medium, in matter-of-fact-voice. "Ask him questions, Mrs. Elliot, that can be answered by *yes* or *no*. One rap means no, two mean yes."

Mrs. Elliot leaned stiffly forward. She tried to frame a question. But

how to address a spirit? She opened her lips, licked them, closed them with a dry gasp, opened them again.

"Speak to—to him, Amely," she quavered.

"Howdy-do, Pa," said Amelia, her aoice only a little less quavery than ver mother's. "Have you something mportant that you want to say to Ma hnd me?"

"Yes."

"Mrs. Elliot clutched her daughter's hand. "Ask him if he's happy in Heaven," she commanded. "Don't worry him now over earthly things."

"Are you happy in Heaven, Pa? Are you resting easy knowin' that I'm not goin' to college?"

"No."

"Amely!" Mrs. Elliot's voice was shrill.

"Did you come back to tell your wishes again to Ma? Do you want her to promise you again that I'm to have an education befittin' an Elliot?—those were your dyin' words, weren't they, Pa?"

"Yes—yes—yes."

"*Amely*!"

"Will your soul rest in peace if Ma doesn't send me to college?"

"No."

"Will it if she does, Pa?"

"Yes—yes."

"That ain't your Pa's spirit," cried Mrs. Elliot, in tones trembling with both fear and anger. "He knows I never promised—"

The medium threw up her hands. "You've driven him away," she cried sharply. "You musn't ever contradict them."

The woman turned her eyes in helpless interrogation on the speaker.

"I felt him leave," she answered calmly. "But there's another spirit present. It's for some one at this end of the table."

The spelling began again. The spirit rapped out a few more answers; then he, too, departed. Another came, five spirits in all appearing—one for each family represented.

It was eleven o'clock when the seance broke up. In subdued voices the women bade one another good-night, their faces pallid, yet with a furtive questioning in their eyes. Their Puritan blood could not fully accept this irreligious performance as emanating from their sanctified dead; their sound Canadian reason demanded proofs that what they had heard was in truth the voices of their departed relatives. They left the meeting not fully believing—yet not fully doubting; awed into silence by the strange *something* that had been in their presence—the unseen something that had made raps like no human raps that they had ever heard.

Mrs. Elliot and Amelia separated from the others at the gate, and turned in the opposite direction. Silently, side by side they tramped the long mile to their home. It was bitterly cold. The thermometer had fallen ten degrees since the early evening when they left the house. Their breath froze

THEIR BLOOD FAIRLY CONGEALED WITH TERROR AND COLD, THE WOMEN SAT BEFORE THE FIRE FOR TWO HOURS, TALKING IN HUSHED VOICES.

in flakes on their doubled baize veils, their ears tingled under their knitted hoods, their feet grew so numb that they could scarcely move them; even their hands, encased in heavy mittens and wrapped tightly in their thick shawls, felt the deadly chill.

"Ugh!" ejaculated Mrs. Elliot, with a spasmodic shiver, as they opened their door.

"I'm 'most froze stiff. Turn on the drafts quick, Amely. Ugh!"

The hot bed of coals leaped quickly to a cheering blaze, the coal snapping and crackling in a wholesome way that brought back the natural color to Mrs. Elliot's face and drove the fear from her eyes. She leaned against the straight back of the high rocker and planted her feet on the nickel fender of the stove.

"Your Pa would never have spoke through any such woman as that. 'Twas blasphemy her callin' on the Lord in that way. I'm ashamed of myself for countenancin' such a sacrilegious performance. Your Pa allus said that such things was of the Evil One— that if folks was in Heaven they didn't want to come back; if they was in the other place 'twa'n't likely they could get back."

"A spirit ain't bound by laws," said Amelia sententiously. "You promised Pa that I should go to college. His heart was set on my having a college education. He sold the East End farm on purpose to pay the expenses. He and I had all the courses picked out—I was going to study geology on purpose to please him. I've been tryin' for two years to get you to do what he wanted, to keep the promise you made him on his dyin' bed. And he came back to help. He didn't care whom he came through, nor how. It was Pa—and you know it was Pa."

"Your Pa sold that farm against his own reason; he cried the day he put the money in the bank. An' I didn't promise to send you to college, a place where women learn to act like men, settin' themselves up against their betters—not wantin' to keep house nor raise their own children. I told him that I'd see that you had an education befittin' an Elliot. An' you've got that without goin' to college; a high school education is good enough for any girl, Elliot or no Elliot. I let you take china paintin', an' I'm goin' to have Rachel Carr give you embroidery lessons. An' that is all I am goin' to do."

She rose on the last word, standing erect, her tall, angular figure rigid with determination. Amelia met her steely glance with a gaze of impotent though wrathful despair.

"It was Pa," she uttered defiantly. "And you know he meant college when he said an education befittin' an Elliot. You know—"

"Put the soap stones in the bed," commanded her mother. "They ought to been in while we was gone. The heat don't seem to get away from the stove to-night."

She herself shook down some fresh coal, completely covering the glowing fire, and turned off the drafts—the usual nightly proceeding.

Amelia watched her mother kneel beside the bed and say her prayers. She looked with embittered eyes on the gaunt white-robed figure. She climbed in after her without herself kneeling.

"Amely, get right out an' say your prayers."

"I won't say my prayers again, ever," responded Amelia with passionate bitterness. "I've prayed every night and morning for two years that your heart be moved to send me to college. I prayed without ceasin'. I believed that He would answer them. Now I know that there's nothing in prayer, or promises from anybody."

Mrs. Elliot groaned righteously. "This comes from my takin' you to that blasphemous performance." She clambered stiffly out onto the cold floor again and prayed loudly for forgiveness for her own culpability and Amelia's guilt. Her teeth chattered over the amen, her knees knocking together with the bitter cold even after she was again in bed.

The bed was like ice; it drew the heat from their bodies and gave back no warmth in return. Each kept closely to her own side, too resentful to snuggle up to the other. An hour passed without either's falling asleep. The hot soap stones had mitigated the icy chill of the bed, but still Mrs. Elliot moved restlessly, Amelia stared out at a streak of moonlight that came through a crack of the shade, falling like a long wraith across the blackness of the room. Their minds were still possessed by the uncanny experience of the evening. Both were thinking of it.

And suddenly, sharply, like a bolt of lightning from a clear sky, freezing the blood in their veins, It came again, came with a tremendous rap at the head of the bed.

"Crack! Cra—ck!"

An awful silence followed, a terrifying, blood-curdling silence.

"Amely!" So hoarse and changed with fear was Mrs. Elliot's voice that

Continued on page 285.

Under Canvas at Summer Fairs

TO THE VISITOR, THE EXHIBITS MAKE THE SHOW, BUT TO THE EXHIBITOR, THE PEOPLE PRESENT AN EVER ENTERTAINING SPECTACLE

By Lillian Beynon Thomas

Illustrated from Photographs

"WALK right up and get some! Get some! Lemonade! Orangeade! Ice cold! Five cents a glass! She likes it! She likes it! Come right along!"

It was the man across the way. A man and a woman were passing his stand. He kept on repeating his invitation until the couple had passed his gorgeous array of deep glasses of ice cold drinks. "They're married," he said in an audible whisper to their backs. A certain resentful stiffening of their muscles indicated that they had heard.

Just then two women with half a dozen children appeared, and the man across the way expanded his lungs, and called in his most inviting tones.

"Come right along, mam! Orangeade and lemonade for the children. They like it. Kids ain't been to a fair without it. Ice cold, mam. It is good for them, mam. Five cents a glass and one for the wee un." Then in a conversational tone, "That's right, mam. Here, my little man! I told you they'd like it. Tastes good, eh? You think I can drink all I want, son. So I can, but I keep it for kids like you. Come again, mam. Give them a taste before you go home."

He was quiet for a few minutes while he washed the glasses the women and children had used. That task finished, he looked around. The crowd was beginning to gather. He began calling again, and kept it up all day, stopping only to serve customers and wash the glasses.

The men and women in the tents and stalls around him, in fact all over the fair grounds, followed the same general plan, which not only advertised their goods, but created an uproar that was good for business. A Sabbath stillness has its place, but that place is not on the fair grounds. The more noise the better, is a pretty good general rule there, but like all general rules it should not be pressed too far. It would be more accurate to say, the greater conglomeration of sounds the better. It requires the hum of machinery, the voices of men, women, children, and domestic animals and music—the more the better.

Let this medley burst on the ear of one unaccustomed to noise, especially if there is a crowd around and his spirits begin to rise. He feels a strange elation. He is in a new world, carried out of himself. He is at the fair, worked up to the point of spending money, in a way that will surprise him next day, and maybe make him wonder if it was worth while. But the next year he will go again, and again the next.

I spent most of one summer attending fairs in small towns. Professor Ross and I had a tent, for which we secured as good a position as possible. We were advertising the extension work of a new western University. Prof. Ross had beautifully engraved pictures of the University, samples of noxious weeds, of grains and grasses, and also of harmful birds and insects. I remember that one of his talking points was marquis wheat, and another alfalfa. As soon as our tent was pitched he always went on a weed hunting expedition, and in his absence, I had to discuss weeds, grains and grasses.

My work was to interest the women in the clubs the University was trying to organize in the rural districts. These clubs were to interest the women in scientific homemaking, in rural improvement, in better marketing, and in education. I asked for names and addresses of all women who visited the tent, that we might send them literature from the University. Professor Ross and I had a lot of literature with us, which we were distributing free.

I noticed the man across the way, or rather I should say I heard him, as soon as I entered the grounds at our first fair. His stand was across a narrow driveway, and from morning until night he kept up a continual stream of talk. He was a short stocky individual with a booming voice that could be heard above all the others around. His voice was evidently his biggest asset, for he did a flourishing

business, in an untidy, unattractive stall. When we packed up to leave that town, and were waiting at the station, I noticed the man across the way sitting on a bundle and leaning against the station. I never saw a man look more tired. As soon as we got on the train he went to sleep, like one utterly exhausted. At our next fair his stand was some distance from ours, but we could hear his voice from morning until night.

Betty was on one side of us, and a shooting gallery on the other. A man stood in front of Betty's tent and shouted at the top of his voice, "Betty wants to see you." He gave no explanation, nor was there anything to indicate why Betty wished company, or why it would be wise to pay twenty-five cents to see her. Those who took chances and went in to see her, found a woman gorgeously dressed in a peculiar snake-like dress, wiggling and playing among a lot of snakes. She looked strange and uncanny, but those of us who were around in the mornings saw quite a normal looking woman, sitting out behind the tent, enjoying the sunshine, or going backward and forward preparing her husband's breakfast.

One morning it was raining and dull and she came in to see me. She told me her story then. Her husband's health had failed, and they had spent all their reserve funds for doctors and nurses. She had never learned to earn her living, but she had one hobby, she was fond of snakes. One day when things were at their worst, she sat down and tried to think of some way out. She remembered reading that every woman has some special ability, which if cultivated, would be marketable. She could not think of any gift that she had, and she said so to a friend. This friend suggested that she use her ability to keep snakes. From that suggestion, grew the idea of the side show.

A woman came to our tent after visiting Betty that day. She was righteously indignant.

"I asked that woman in there why she goes around making a public exhibition of herself," she announced exultantly.

"What did Betty say?" I asked.

"She said she had to earn a living, but I told her that if she wished to earn an honest living, I would pay her a good wage and give her a respectable home."

"Did she accept your offer?" I asked.

"No! She asked me how much I would pay her. I said eighteen dollars a month if she was quick and capable. But she just laughed, and said she made that much in a day sometimes. I told her what I thought of her and that lazy good-for-nothing man going around together. I did my duty but it didn't do any good."

IN SCIENTIFIC BUTTER-MAKING, AS SHOWN AT THE FAIR, EVERYTHING IS SANITARY, ORDERLY AND ACCURATELY CALCULATED

Betty told her husband about it that night. She said, "One of those awfully respectable women offered me a job in her kitchen to-day. Eighteen dollars a month, if I made good."

"I suppose she gave you a lecture about the kind of a life you are living?" her husband said.

"Yes, the usual dope, but she brought her whole bunch of kids in to see the snakes."

I didn't hear the rest, for my attention was attracted to the shooting gallery. I had been greatly interested in the way the two men conducting it managed. One remained to run the business and the other went away, but never so far that he could not see what was going on at the gallery. When anyone stopped before the gallery, and seemed to hesitate about trying, man number two strolled up, and asked about the rules. The man inside urged him to try a shot, but he always held back for some time, and urged the other fellows to go ahead. If they would not, he would finally yield to persuasion, and take a shot. He always made good, and then the others would try. When the others were once interested he disappeared, and did not reappear until all those he had persuaded to try a shot had disappeared. Then he would come along and get another lot started. I watched them pretty closely for the three days we were at that fair, and I could not see that the second man was ever suspected of being in league with the man who was running the business end.

An interesting class of people are those who cater to the people attending a fair. The frying tents, some call them, for the odor of frying meat and potatoes is always in evidence, and back of the frying victuals, a man stands, inviting all to enter. Sometimes in the larger tents a man stands at the door inviting all to come in and enjoy their hospitality. At one of the large fairs, there were far too many people to cater for the crowd attending. One morning I was passing a tent where a man was earnestly inviting every one to come in and be at home. He was particularly jolly and witty, and I said, "How goes it?"

In a low voice he said: "Rotten! I lost twenty-five dollars yesterday, and I will lose more to-day, if things do not change soon." Then in a merry voice he called to a couple passing, "Come in and have a lunch. Your young lady would like it, mister. Don't be stingy. Give her the best."

The church women's organizations find great favor as caterers at fairs, and they do not need to be advertised. This is because most of the cooking is home made and the best the women of the community can produce, and it is impossible for anyone depending on the stores for supplies to compete with the women. All church societies catering at fairs, have all they can do, while often those who are doing it for personal gain, lose heavily.

People in charge of newspaper stalls or tents, people in charge of tents for fraternal societies, people advertising machinery, and people in charge of exhibits, generally look for a tent run by a woman's organization, when the

matter of meals has to be considered, and when they find such a tent, they generally stay with it right through the fair. It is the most homelike place on a fair grounds.

Another class of people who help to make a fair lively are those who have something to sell. One man we were talking to was selling post cards. He was the father of five children, and he hoped to make enough to send one of the boys to college the next winter. Some are selling to get money for some pet scheme that they could not manage in the ordinary way. Others, restless souls, prefer that kind of life.

Many of these people travel from fair to fair, through the United States and Canada, and thus they are busy most of the year. Sometimes a number are booked for the same fairs, and they get well acquainted and visit with each other in their leisure time. But even on the fair ground there are rigid social distinctions. For instance Betty and her few snakes would not be recognized by the members of a great big show carrying many wild animals and a large number of trained performers. But as a rule such shows as Betty's kept to the smaller fairs where there is little, if any, competition in their line.

But one thing I noticed was the general feeling of good fellowship among the people who do so much to make our small town fairs what they are. I suppose there is some jealousy, but we did not see any sign of it, but we did see people do many kind things. We saw people making sacrifices for people they had never seen before, and might never see again. We found them ready to give us a helping hand to put up our tent or arrange our display. In the larger shows the performers kept pretty much to themselves, but they seemed on the whole to be very loyal to each other.

It takes all kinds of people to make a world, and you find them all at a fair. Many people peeked into our tent, and when we invited them to come in, they bolted, without a backward look or word. No doubt they had read of the sharks that wait around, every fair for unwary individuals. We didn't fool them with our polite manner and invitation to make themselves at home.

Everyone at a fair knows the haughty individual, who is superior to every blandishment. Such people stepped firmly into our tent, as much as to say, "I have paid to see all there is to see and I am going to see it, but don't make any mistake, you can't spring any surprises on me!" The most extreme member of this type that I tried to instruct was a young woman, who seemed to have hardening of the joints. The only ones that I felt sure were in commission, were her hip joints, for she got around, but I am quite sure her knees never even flickered. She came in with a young girl who was so interested in everything that she never thought of herself and she asked all kinds of questions, but the haughty lady was not led astray by the veneer of respectability around us. She knew that people in a tent at a fair hadn't any social standing, in fact she was sure such people didn't have any standing of any kind, and she was afraid of the germs. She did not open her lips, she did not touch anything, she looked disdainfully at the literature we offered her, and she walked away, with her dignity intact, no doubt much pleased that she had been able to show us our place.

In contrast to the haughty individual there were the friendly persons who accepted the invitation to come in very readily, and when they were in decided to make themselves at home. Such people had no doubt that the University belonged to the people, and they were the people. They brought their wraps, their baby carriages, their lunch baskets, and all their friends. They lunched in the tent, slept in the tent when tired with walking around, brought their oranges, bananas, and ice cream cones into the tent, and left peelings, papers, and anything they did not wish on the floor. Sometimes half the chairs were occupied by sleeping children, and the other half by dozing adults, and we had to step over their extended limbs to get around, but we were the servants of the people.

But the great majority were thoroughly interested. People go to a fair to be amused and to learn, and the first fair we attended a man assured us that our show and the dog show were the only things on the ground worth seeing. At another place we were told that we came in a close second to the poultry show.

Of the really interested people, there were many classes, which can best be explained by examples. A friendly couple came in one day, followed by two children. Professor Ross was out, so I went around the tent with them explaining what we were doing. When I pointed out some wild oats, they both laughed, and the woman said, "I reckon dad knows what that is."

"Yes, I reckon I do," dad said. "When I first come to this part I didn't know anything about farming and some of that stuff was growing around and it looked good to me. I saved the seed and sowed it the next year."

I gasped, and his wife said, "Yes, he sowed it, and we've all been picking wild oats ever since. He gave us a life job."

"You bet!" one of the children said in a low tone.

We went on around the tent, and I saw that they knew most of the weeds and grains. They were particularly interested in alfalfa, of which they had read a lot, but had not yet tried. They asked for literature on the growing of grasses, especially alfalfa, and on the best means of killing weeds. They wished us well, and went away, leaving us feeling that our work was worth while. This couple represented quite a large class who visited the tent.

Of course we had the people who knew it all. They talked all the time, told us volumes of stuff about things that did not interest us in the least, much of it bearing on their own personal cleverness. They knew everything in the tent and everything out of it, and had known it for ages. They had no doubt we might do some good, but there were many important things that we had entirely overlooked, things much more important than anything we had attempted. If we had only consulted them before starting out, we might have done something worth while.

There were people from older countries, who were tremendously interested in everything in the west, and who believed that a new country should be greater than the old. There were others who had no faith in anything new. If we showed them anything they looked languidly at it and said, "Yes, I guess it is all right, but you should see——" and then you would be in for a lengthy lecture on the grandeurs of something they had seen.

We found that most women refused to take literature, until we told them that it was free. Some said quite frankly, "I would, only I haven't my purse." When told that it did not cost anything they took all we gave them. Others seemed a little suspicious of us all the time, especially when I asked their name and address. They seemed afraid that something might be forced on them, if they were known.

At one place a man and woman came in together. I talked to the woman, who was one of those dry, expressionless, drab little women; while Professor Ross talked to the man. When I had explained to her what I was doing and asked for her name and address, she did not answer me but called, "John!"

Her husband came over, and she looked at me, as much as to say, "Tell him." I did not wish to tell him, but I did so. When I had finished he looked at her and said, "You have no time for that kind of thing."

In a perfectly expressionless voice she said, "She says she'll send me home papers and things, that is all."

The man looked at me a second and then began, "My name——"

Continued on page 272.

At Fort Despair

THE STORY OF THE MAN WHOSE MIND WAS FAR AWAY, OF THE STRANGER WHO FOLLOWED HIM TO FORT DESPAIR, OF THE FIGHT FOUGHT OUT IN THE MOOSE-YARD TO THE TUNE THAT ZENONI CALLED THE HUMORESKE—AND ALSO THE STORY OF A WOMAN

By Alex A. Thompson

TO-NIGHT as I sat in the vast rotunda of the hotel in this western city, idly smoking as I scanned the faces of the men and women who passed and repassed in that huge caravanserai, it seemed to me that I was thousands of miles away from the western plains—rather in one of the huge homes for the wanderers of the earth which are to be found in New York or London. Women, jewel bedecked and dressed like birds of Paradise, followed by clean shaven men attired in the regulation evening garb of society, hurried past me down the wide marble staircase to where automobiles awaited to bear them to the dreary labor of the social swirl.

It was, in a sense, a revelation, a pageant of the progress of this great western Canada of ours, that to-night I can sit under softly shaded electric lights while the music of the hotel orchestra filters dreamily to my ears from the distant dining room. How few among all that galaxy of businessmen, globe trotters and human driftwood, even remembered for a moment that only a few short years had elapsed since the time when this bustling western city was but a few shacks—a trading post where two trails met.

Progress—the twin lines of steel that have pushed their tentacles all over the map of Western Canada—has rapidly taken from wanderers such as I what is nearly the last of the lands of unbroken trails. Yet it is strange to think that only yesterday I entered the depot at this western city fresh from what seemed another world—the silent places of the Barren Lands that sweep away northwards, ever northwards, clear to the bleak uncharted waters of the Arctic ocean.

From that northern kingdom, the lure of the open places, the sighing pines and the slumbering lakes, have a whispering voice that keeps calling, calling to such as I, who am but an Ishmael whose fatherland is amid the mystery of the trackless forests and the gray silences of the seven seas. The man-stifled cities cannot hold me long, and, please God, in but a few days when I get a new outfit and a Peterboro to replace the one that I lost in the rapids on Cree River (I shall tell the Hudson's Bay stores here to send them up to the Landing) again I will be out on "the long trail, the out trail, the trail that is always new." For one who passed so much of his life among sticky galley-proofs, Kipling knows almost uncannily the soul of the wanderers o' earth.

As I sat and watched these men and women—the dwellers in the last great west—I might have been in any European capital so far as surroundings and appearances went, yet my thoughts swing back to the story told me by Old Phil, as we sat by Lac Labiche only a brief month ago. And to-night, I guess Old Phil is asleep in his blanket, under the sweet scented pines; a bed I envy him.

In the cities it is hard to tell of the open places; things seem to bulk less, although it is a great and ever interesting book to gaze upon the passing faces in the streets—that hurrying mob of humanity that goes to make up the twisted warp and woof of comedy and tragedy which we term our lives.

Among the sky-scrapers they value over-much the knowledge that is said to be acquired by listening to the prating of bald-pated and profound professors, guides of the gloomy lecture rooms. Dynamics and differential calculus may have their uses, but to hear the rhythm of the great throbbing, deep-hidden heart of Life itself, one must be, like Stevenson, a dweller in "God's great out o' doors."

I am forgetting Old Phil's story, for I can never think correctly with the incessant jangle of telephones and the raucous voices of bell boys in my brain.

Old Phil and I had left Fort McMurray in the fall and had headed east in the canoe up the Clearwater River and south across the Height of Land until we came to Lac Labiche. Down the lake we paddled through these soft fall days—it raises a hunger in my heart to-night when I think of the trip as I look through the lazy smoke from my cigar and see again the vivid green of the grass, the medley of color, dark pines, scrubby brush and barren gray rocks—all changeable with the bright sunlight or deep shade, dappled by the fleeting shadows of the drifting clouds. Say—if you sit in the city as you read this—just try with me, to imagine a sunset more wonderful than any you ever saw.

Try to imagine a fringe of spruce and pine silhouetted against a pale pink coral sky which blended into every known hue of the painter's palette clear up to the darkening dome of heaven. Scattered far to the rim of the horizon are piled up masses of fleecy clouds—seemed as though the angels from the arctic heaven use them as chariots to tell the people of the other side that their day is coming.

Can I ever forget the days on Lac Labiche? We'd camp at twilight and lie by the fire after supper looking away up into that mysterious dome with its studded stars, showers of shooting meteors, and then, some nights, those baffling northern lights that hung like pendants from a great electric arc, or like a reflected glow from some hidden fire, again maybe just a hazy sparkling shower of cold white light! And when the lantern of the voyageur—the moon—would swim up from beyond the pines, across hollows, filtering among the trees and seeking the shadows of little bays as we paddled along at night it cast its full radiance, a path of glittering silver, across the placid waters of Lac Labiche.

Often, out on the trail, I've wakened with the moon shining on my face, and have lain breathlessly, just drinking it in and thinking. Looking up into the fathomless beyond you gain a perspective such as you never win beneath ten-story buildings and a choking network of telephone wires, and you feel that you are only a mite in the infinite—that when you whim-

Continued on page 280.

HARVEST SCENE, PAINTED BY SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE ON HIS FARM AT SELKIRK

Spoiling a Painter to Make a President

THE THINGS THAT GREAT MEN PLAY AT OFTEN MIGHT HAVE BEEN THEIR LIFE WORK, HAD FATE SHUFFLED THE CARDS A LITTLE DIFFERENTLY. IF THE PROFESSION OF ENGINEERING HAD NOT CLAIMED HIM, SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE MIGHT HAVE BEEN A WORLD-FAMOUS PAINTER

By Bernard Muddiman

Illustrated from Photographs of Paintings by Sir William and in his Collection

THE Canadian Pacific Railway and Sir William Van Horne go together in most Canadian minds. A few of his intimates know of his pet railway in Cuba, of his farms, and the art collection at his Sherbrooke Street mansion in Montreal. Smokers, too, know the Sir William Van Horne cigar. But there the greater part of the world's knowledge of this great railroad wizard ends. For among other things Sir William Van Horne has been a painter all his life. And if engineering had failed him and the Canadian Pacific Railway had gone up the spout, Sir William might have been a great painter—a world-famed artist like Sargent or Monet or Zuloaga.

It was, therefore, with some faint hope of getting a peep at Sir William's own paintings as well as his celebrated collection of pictures and *objets d'art* that I called at his mansion on Sherbrooke Street, Montreal's Fifth Anenue. It is a large square grey stone building on the north side of the street, comparatively plain on the outside but like a merchant prince's palace within.

Sir William, large in form, a trifle greyer than he used to be, with a half-lit cigar in his mouth, his coat collar accidentally turned under and his clothes dusty, was busy packing for a jaunt to his summer home at St. Andrews, N.B. Whether the time was opportune or not, he offered in a most inviting manner to let me into his treasure house.

When I asked after his own paintings, he took me into the breakfast room, on whose walls were hung about fifteen or twenty large canvases.

"I keep this room," he explained, "for my own paintings, so as not to

disturb the rest of the household. I sometimes call it the Chamber of Horrors," he added with a twinkle.

The pictures in no way warranted the appellation their maker had given them. Most of them were peaceful and calm in character, showing the beauties of nature in summer and in winter, in daytime and at night, painted in a confident pleasing manner. Indeed, apart from the curiosity of seeing the work of so great a man, one viewed the pictures with considerable admiration.

How long had he been painting?

"Oh, a long while," he answered, "ever since I was eleven or twelve. Here is one I painted twenty-five years ago," and he pointed to a little landscape with a stream of water flowing through a field; the picture was alive with a really artistic touch.

On the east wall hung a large picture of the Van Horne farm at Selkirk, Manitoba, showing great broad stubble fields, and three straw stacks, the workmen building the last one from the load standing by; beautiful ambers and golds were in the grain; Indian reds and emeralds in the foliage; light and shade, rhythm, balance, movement, all the resources of the landscape artist had been adroitly used. The railroad wizard could paint. He had united art with agriculture.

Across the room was an impressive picture of the great Dominion Iron and Steel Works at Sydney, Nova Scotia, as seen at night, showing the flaming blast furnace fires, the lighted buildings, the multitude of towering chimneys, the sweeping, curling, illumined smoke, planted against the deep, starry sky of night, all reflected in the water. There was an intense dramatic quality presented in the canvas which kept one looking a long time. Sir William had painted this from memory, he explained, after his return from a trip to the Cape Breton Iron Works. The retentive power of his mind was remarkable. There were a hundred observations recorded and arranged with beauty, emphasis and accuracy.

"You do not always paint direct from nature?" I asked him.

"No, hardly ever. In fact I seldom have time of late years to paint in the day-time. I use the Japanese method of taking impressions of the subject, and after a lapse of time, I try to reproduce them. Generally I don't begin painting till everyone else is gone to bed, and then I keep on till two in the morning."

"How long does it take you to paint a picture?"

"Here's a picture," he said, indicating one. "They timed me on it and I was just twenty-five minutes."

"Do you generally finish a picture at one sitting?"

"Nearly always; what I have to say, I say at once. I don't like starting a thing a second time, except merely to add some finishing touches."

Attention was next drawn to a panel in a monochromatic harmony of color.

"Yes," he said, in explanation, "that was partly an experiment. I painted it with common ink on a piece of beaver board, and then I tried putting a coat of shellac over it. I intended it as a panel for a fireplace" (one of the mementoes which Sir William often given to his personal friends of St. Andrews.)

There were many more pictures of Sir William's making, some showing his engineering knowledge of form, several nocturnes and odd views of land and sea, showing that he preferred the unusual to the commonplace.

One was a scene in Cuba, the land of his pet railway. Wherever he goes, his color-box goes too.

"I see your paintings are all of landscape. There are scarcely any of people."

"No, I don't like painting people, except as part of a landscape; it is not because they are more difficult, for they are not."

"Did you ever take any lesson in painting?"

"No, none."

Chatting, we went on to survey the main art collections of the house. The floors of the great mansion were filled with works of art of almost every school. Workers of Europe and America, and even Egypt and the Orient were represented in paintings of every variety and style. Flemish tapestry, Oriental rugs, Chinese lacquerware, ebony and bejewelled cabinets of teak, models of Viking ships, Venetian lateens, and Spanish galleons, rare manuscripts and books, statuary, Japanese arms, antiques crowded the

"THE TOPER," BY FRANZ HALS, IS ONE OF THE NOTABLE PAINTINGS IN SIR WILLIAM'S COLLECTION

place. All were carefully arranged in the various rooms and the halls of the building. No room was left without its works, not even the garret store-rooms.

"Just imagine," I thought, "living here! Think of waking up in a Louis XVI. chamber with Murillo's Madonna looking down on you, and stepping out on an eight thousand dollar rug once hung in a Persian harem. One of Franz Hals' laughing faces would watch you dress. You would step into the study, see a model of the ship that carried Columbus to America; sit down by a Brazilian mahogany table, write with a stylo pen that once grew in the Nile, set your cigar on a bronze tray decked with the waves that broke on the ships sailing to Troy, and throw waste paper into a Chinese ninth century brass urn with the holy royal dragon encircling it, and then examine a ceramic Egyptian mummy case of some unknown princess, or look at a futurist impressionistic painting, to see which should be added to your collection.

After viewing the noted Velasquez paintings of the Spanish school, the Rembrandts and Franz Hals, and Ruysdalls of the Dutch collection, the great Hèrod Feast of Rubens, a group of the Barbizon painters and even such a treasure as a Leonardo da Vinci head, we came to the favourite school of our collector artist, the modern impressionists, the works of Cezanne, Lautrec, Leon Dabo, and some others. Cezanne was represented by a study of his wife. Lautrec's "Girl with the Bottle" was certainly impressive; it told its story in short but certain words. It was the morning after the night before. The canvas was only partly covered with paint, a trick Whistler once used.

There were two or three blue evening scenes by Leon Dabo, and another last arrival of his not yet up; a violet coloured fleur-de-lis painted on a bright green piece of board.

"Yes, I like them more every time I see them," Sir William said, with no uncertainty as to his feelings for the French Impressionists. "That one by Lautrec, of the girl and the bottle, (I call it the 'Painted Headache') is one of my favourites. I lent it to the International Art Show in New York last spring. I do not think painting consists of good draftsmanship, or neat technique, but rather the impression the forms convey."

Finally we reached Sir William's private study, a large room in the upper story where he does his work and most of his thinking. Arranged on the larger part of the walls was his collection of Oriental pottery. Never tiring, he pulled out the large leather bound catalogues containing many hundreds of pages in which with his own hand he had written the name, origin, and description of each of his art treasures. In the catalogue of Chinese and Japanese pieces of pottery (many hundred in number) he had painted exquisite representations of each one on a one-twentieth scale which, under the magnifying glass, showed not a blemish, and rounded into shape as if the little vases or jars really stood before you.

"May I ask what you consider is the greatest principle in art?"

"I believe," he answered, "that art has to be the product of the *subconscious* mind, that the conscious mind should not have to think or exert itself during the process of expression, else the fingers cannot feel free to put down what is desired. In other words, the artist's emotion and not his intellect should control his art."

Such was my glimpse into the life and interests of one of our most distinguished Canadians. Sir William has, by his profession, built and financed all manner of works, but he has satisfied his heart by delving into the secrets of the beautiful. He has been the most extensive art collector in Canada, while the beliefs he holds concerning beauty he has practiced with the same confidence, thoroughness, speed and certainty with which he has planned and established his transportation lines. That he has succeeded in transportation, everyone knows; that he has signally succeeded in the world of art, I had seen ample evidence.

The Breakwater

By Mary Gordon Fraser

WITHOUT, the roar of surf on jagged reefs,
Mad winds that shriek across a surging sea,
The swir of breakers, drifting clouds of spume,
And storm-swept shores grown old in tragedy.

Within, tall vessels swaying in their sleep,
Gray harbor-mists enshrouding mast and spar,
Ship's bells, low-muffled, over depths profound,
And, through the shadowed dusk, the first pale star.

The Woman Of It

Continued from page 256.

"I shall miss him, too," agreed Sinclair, smiling inwardly. "I'm leaving Barranmuir to-morrow."

"I shall come to hear you sing in London," said Dolly lightly. "You know I'm to be married in December."

"Really! Good enough! Let me congratulate you," said Sinclair, with a sudden return of his warm, boyish enthusiasm.

She laughed, not very merrily. "You said that just as if I'd been successful with a difficult shot. It *is* rather like that, isn't it? Don't look horrified; everybody knew I had to marry. And really I'm no end fond of Colonel Sandays."

"Sandays is a thoroughbred," said Sinclair. "He is worth being fond of."

Dolly nodded soberly. "Much too good for me," she said, to her companion's amazement. Suddenly she dropped her kittenish pose, and looked him square in the eyes. "Let's sit down here a bit," she suggested. "I'm going to flirt with you, and I want your advice."

Rather astonished, Sinclair complied. This was a new aspect of feather-headed Dolly. He waited for her to set the key-note of the interview, but she leaned her chin on her hand, and stared out over the grey and purple moor with a brooding look. When she spoke, it was without looking at him.

"Do you think I'm giving Sandys a rotten deal?" she asked.

"How?" said Sinclair, temporizing. It is not always wise to adopt too energetically the role of spiritual adviser when pretty women begin confessing sins.

"Oh, making him marry me."

"Letting him marry you," amended he. "Anyone could see that he was very much in love with—you."

"That's just it," she said soberly. "He isn't in love with me." She faced about, and looked at him earnestly. "I'm going to tell you all about it—the story's common enough. You're going away to-morrow, and we'll probably never see each other again. And somehow I feel as if you'd be honest with a woman—as honest as any man can be with any woman. Will you be kind enough to listen to me, and perhaps advise me. I'll warn you now I may take your advice, and I may not—but I would feel better if I heard what a man thought about what I'm doing. Will you?"

"Of course I will," said Sinclair. "That is, if you're really sure you want to tell anyone."

"You knew I had to marry somebody, didn't you?"

He nodded.

"I wish you could see the things that well-meaning old dowagers have brought up to be snared," said the girl. "I won't tell you their names; but I — I'd rather have married a groom from the stables. I've been out three years now. Before long, they'll begin to say that I'm losing my looks. . . . And my sisters are coming up. Miriam's seventeen. And — and I wanted to marry somebody I cared about. You know?" She did not look at him.

"Yes. I know," said he gently.

"There hasn't been anybody. There have been some I've liked. I like you, for example. You'd be a first-class brother. But I wanted to love somebody—to love somebody enough so it would be heaven when he was around and — the other place when he wasn't. You know that, too?"

"Yes, I know that, too."

"Well, Sandays is a gentleman. He thinks he loves me. He doesn't know anything at all about me. He thinks

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—everybody thinks—that I'm just silly little Dolly Brent without an idea in her curly pate except dances and dresses and having somebody to hand me a cup of tea. I'm not clever. I can't sing or paint or write or dance or do anything like that. I can't do anything but wear my frocks well and do society things passably, and husband-hunt. If I could have made up my mind to marry some of the other creatures, I'd have palmed myself off on them without a qualm of conscience. But—but Sandays is a gentleman. Do you think I'm selling him a pup?

"Sometimes I don't think I'm worth loving at all. And yet I've got to marry somebody, and I'd rather have it Sandays than anyone else there is. I do truly and honestly like him no end. But if I were a man, I wouldn't marry me. Do you think I'm doing something that isn't—isn't sporting? Do you?"

She turned and faced him, again. There were no tears in her eyes, but a humbleness and doubt that touched his heart. He hesitated, arranging his words in his mind, and she waited.

"I like you this moment better than I've ever liked you before," he said. "Why not tell Colonel Sandays just what you've told me? I believe he would respect you more for it, and love you more."

"Yes," she said intently. "I've thought of that. Suppose he didn't, though? Suppose he didn't?"

There was no answer to that. Sinclair could easily conjure up a vision of the alternatives offered by the dowagers, and shivered, as Dolly herself had done, at the thought.

"I think I'd take the chance," he said gravely. "With nine out of ten men, I wouldn't advise your doing it; but I believe Sandays is true blue."

"Maybe," mused the girl. "Maybe. Men have such strange ideas about things sometimes, though." And then, suddenly she broke down. "Oh, why didn't they teach me something useful?" she sobbed. "I'd so much rather not marry anybody yet—not anybody. And I can't even sew. It isn't fair, it isn't fair!"

Sinclair said nothing. The world had not been fair to him, either. It occurred to him to reach out a hand and pat her shoulder, but with his curious isolation, he felt hesitant about it. She pulled herself together in a moment.

"I'm not taking this very well," she apologized. "It must be boring you frightfully."

He smiled, with the gentle, comprehending smile that made people love him, and held out his hand.

"On the contrary, Miss Brent, I feel honored with your confidence. Will you believe me when I say that I am more your friend now than I have ever

been—that I have more respect for you as a woman and as a good sportsman ? I think you will make Colonel Sandays very happy, if you keep on being as honest and courageous as you have been this afternoon."

She laughed, with something of her usual light manner. "I'm afraid it would be too great a strain," she said. "But I'm ever so grateful to you. It's been a comfort to tell somebody, and I feel better."

At this juncture, Colonel Sandays himself appeared over the top of the heather-clad hill, and, seeing them, waved a hand and turned his steps in their direction. Sinclair and Dolly exchanged a look.

"Shall you ?" he said.

"I—I don't quite know," she said. Then, bravely, "I—I think so."

"Go in and win," he encouraged her, and they were laughing together when the colonel came up, with the inquiry, "What luck ?"

"Pretty fair," said Sinclair. "Miss Brent and I were just discussing the looks of those easterly clouds. Do you think we'll have rain out of them ?"

The colonel cocked an estimating eye in their direction.

"It looks rather like it," he judged. "But you aren't going to hesitate over a hatful of rain, are you ?"

"Ordinarily, no," returned the singer. "But I'm feeling a bit out of sorts to-day, and my next concert date is too close for me to risk a cold. So if you will be good enough to take charge of Miss Brent, I think I'll go in. I've been boring her frightfully, anyhow."

"I was just going to investigate the cover beyond the burn, here," said the Colonel," and I shall be delighted if you will accompany me, Miss Brent. You remember, I was telling you about it at breakfast."

"Oh, really ? How fascinating—" began Dolly. She broke off, with an odd look at Sinclair. "You mean the one where you found the weasel's track ? I want to see that." She smiled at the singer. "The colonel sees a thousand things in the woods that nobody else ever notices. He has even promised to teach me how to follow a spoor."

"We'll have our first lesson now," declared the Colonel, laughing. and they made off together across the moor. Dolly turned once, and waved her hand to Sinclair with a gesture singularly gallant and somehow touching.

Once alone on the moor, weariness settled down upon the young man with an almost physical weight. He wanted to get away from everybody. He wanted to be by himself in the quiet of his big empty room in London. The doings of the previous day had been a strain on him. This morning's conversation had been another. Even the talk with Dolly Brent had subtracted from his emotional store. He had postponed thinking and feeling; and now he knew that he must get away somewhere and think things out.

The wind had changed and now rain began to fall—a drop or two at first, then a moment's shower, and then a sluggish persistent drizzle. He turned up his collar. Tired and dispirited as he was, he felt that his vitality was low, and a wetting might affect his voice. He wanted to sing well in Paris. He had never sung there before. Swiftly he lengthened his stride.

"I shall have to get back quickly," he said to himself, "and to-morrow I leave Barranmuir. I shall never come back again—never."

To be continued.

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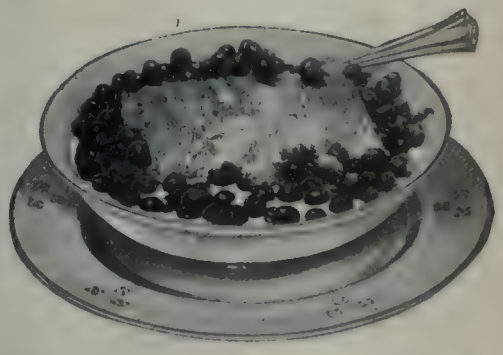

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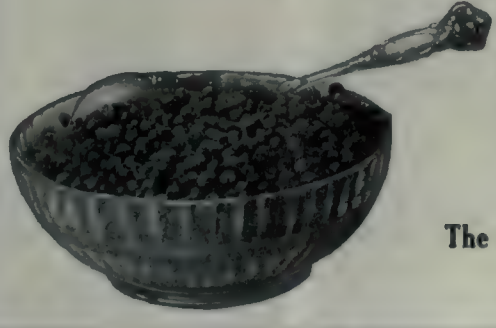

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(628)

Under the Canvas

Continued from page 264.

I held my book up in front of him and wrote, in as big and bold a hand as I could, "Mrs.——" But John said, "Come on!" and without a word his wife followed him out.

One morning a Russian gentleman came into the tent. He was travelling through. He at once became greatly excited over a weed. It seemed that he knew it, and had been making a special study of its history. He was so excited and spoke such broken English that I ran for the Professor, who was at breakfast. When they met, they had so many common interests that I did not see any more of either of them for some time. I think they were wandering around the grounds looking for weeds.

A civil engineer came in one day, and looked with languid interest at everything until we reached the engraved pictures of the University. He grew enthusiastic at once, begged for small copies, hung over them for a long time, and came again in the afternoon bringing a lady to see them. It seemed that they reminded him of the home land.

Many who contemplated going on the land came for all the information they could get, especially if they had never farmed. Many who came in told us with much pride that they had learned to farm from books and papers, and such people were always looking for something new. One thing that interested me very much was that the majority of those who had learned to farm from study and experimenting on their own lands, were helped and encouraged by their wives. It seemed that the women had been real partners, and as a result were scientific farmers, and homemakers. They seemed prosperous, spoke hopefully of the future, and everything seemed to be in the plural, both their business and pleasure. I think it must have been the result of the farmer reading about his work in the evenings and discussing it with his wife.

I will give an instance that will explain this. A couple were in the tent, middle aged, average-looking-farmers. The man said something about going on the grand stand. The wife promptly sat on the proposition. She said, "We can't afford it. You can look through the fence all right." The man appeared to yield, but I saw him sneaking into the grand stand alone later. I saw many such women objecting to taking in all the show, on the plea of expense. It looked as if the men wished "to do the thing right," as they called it, if they did it at all. On the other hand, the women

were quite satisfied to go half way and save money on the rest.

In the case of the farmers and their wives who did the work together, it seemed that they must have decided just how much they would spend, for they seemed to have their day planned. They knew just where they were going, and I think they did not miss much, but of course they may have had their own method of saving.

The world is full of queer folks. You find them among the show folks and among the people who go to see the shows, and among the people who stay at home and refuse to go to a show. You find good folks and kind folks in the show tents, in the frying tents, selling things, and performing fn the grand stand. Folks are much the same the world over. Paint and powder, gaudy dresses and gorgeous feathers, cover the one great drama of life in which we are all acting a part.

"Come right up and play the game! Be a sport! You'll like it! You'll like it!"

The Baby

By Cy Warman.

My soul! It seems but yestermorn
  That you came singing unto me,
Soft as the south wind in the corn,
  And waking nature's minstrelsy;
Wild birds above the droning bees
  Were twittering in the Tuileries.

We have this glory without sin:
  This glory and the joy of love.
Blest morn an angel entered in
  And left this cooing turtle dove,
With dimpled arms and pink-toed feet;
  Our blue-eyed baby, Marguerite.

Pray guard her well, when I, your lord,
  But not your master, am away;
When peace is come I'll sheath my sword
  Then back to you and yesterday:
To sit beside you at the feet
  Of our Dieu Donné, Marguerite.

The youthful performers had been coached by the producer to preserve the old English pronunciation of the final "e" in words like "hedde" and "roote." This led, however, to a moment of embarrassment when a group of young women appeared on on the stage in the guise of shepherdesses, wearing kirtles.

They were speaking of the long evenings in the part of the country wherein they were supposed to be, and one of them, in the most naive way, said:

"These nighties are far too long."

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Most Delicious of Summer Dishes

when served with cream or stewed fruits nothing quite equals the delicacy and cool delight of Blanc Mange. *Benson's Prepared Corn* is the purest and most satisfactory form in which this article can be procured. All good grocers sell it, and a most attractive recipe book of puddings, sauces, ice cream, etc., will be sent on request. Write

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Makers of the famous Edwardsburg Brand of Corn Syrup

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The Original Aluminum Packet.

DICKESON'S TEA

—is the BEST Tea.

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has a distinctive flavor—much nicer than ordinary cheese. Wholesome and nourishing, too—you'll enjoy it.

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A LOVELY BABY BOY

This Mother is quite Enthusiastic over a well Known Food.

Mrs. J. W. Pateman, 133 Boultbee Ave., Toronto, in writing about Neave's Food says "When I first knew one of my friends, her baby Jack was eight months old and dying by inches. She had tried three foods because her Jack could not digest milk. At last, I fetched her a tin of Neave's Food. At the end of a month, Jack was rapidly gaining flesh and was bright and happy. He is a lovely boy now and she declares Neave's Food saved his life. **And it did.**

Then I recommended it to a friend on Victoria Avenue. She had a baby 6 months old that was not thriving a bit. She put the baby on Neave's Food and at the end of three months, the baby was twice the size.

I have never seen two bigger, stronger boys than mine for their ages and we owe it all to Neave's Food. I have the utmost faith in Neave's Food."

Mothers and prospective mothers may obtain a free tin of Neave's Food and a valuable book "Hints About Baby" by writing Edwin Utley, 14W Front St. East, Toronto, who is the Canadian agent. For sale by all druggists. 49

Mfrs. J. R. Neave & Co., England.

This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

"CROWDS"

THE man who wrote "Crowds"—
—have you read it?—is as great an optimist, as Schopenhauer is pessimist, and as the world seems to sway from one extreme to the other, it is but right to give him a hearing. Gerald Stanley, the author of "Crowds" is a Massachusetts man between fifty and sixty, and very much an American. By the way, we count optimism as an American virtue; that is to say, he is a live wire whose motto—have wires mottoes?—is Energy. Now, just as too much pessimism wearies and depresses, so too much vitality, virility, zeal, activity tires. You sometimes feel like thrusting these merry optimists out of your paddock and locking the gate upon them, only you should be careful to lock out the pessimist at the same time.

As for Truth—you can pick a great deal of it out of these two gospels, and make a quiet bromidial chain of it and then lie down to sleep.

EPIGRAMS

SOME of "Crowds" epigrams may hearten you for the day's work, though to tell the truth, we prefer swapping stories with the Man at the Cross-roads: For instance:—

"People crucified Christ because they were in a hurry."

And yet few writers make you feel more in a hurry than the author of the phrase.

"The only serious question we have to face about money, is the unimportance of the men who have it."

But, O my dear Mr. Optimist, how we envy them! How important we find this money problem when the time for a little trip comes round, or Christmas is near, or the August white sales harry the soul of the practical housewife. What do we care about the non-importance of those who have money? It is sadly important to us that we haven't any and never will have any with which to buy the cake and ice-cream of Life.

With apologies:—

"The only really serious question we have to face to-day about money is that we haven't got it, and see no likelihood of our ever getting it."

Well, bread and scrape is healthy. But oh, you ice-cream!

FROM THE OTHER SIDE

NOT long since two learned Dutch doctors between them contrived a machine, to be worked electrically, which would admit any wandering spirit to its tiny chamber and permit him to write his impression of the world beyond this. One entered and wrote, with a sense of spirit humor which must make him delightful company in the Green Room behind the curtain which hangs before the Theatre of Life, a description of what spirits look like, feel, behave, and end up with. As to the latter, we may say that they wave nebulous arms and dissolve into the atmosphere, becoming a part of it. The spirit wrote as one having yearnings after this good old earth and its fleshpots, chorus girls, cold bottles, hot birds and other of the Plagues of Egypt, as in Cleopatra's days. So much for the Dutch doctors. In her book, over which the world is wagging tongues, Elsa Barker, a writer, poetess and lecturer of Los Angeles, gives the letters of a dead-living man, Judge Hatch, a corporation lawyer and Supreme Court Judge, a most philosophic and practical man who never during his life appeared to be in the least concerned with spiritualism or spirit messages.

One evening in Paris, Miss Barker felt a strange desire to sit down and

write. She did so, when some force seized the pen and caused her to write the strange matter which makes her book. It is indeed strange, and the reading gives one a forlorn sense of dismay and unhappiness.

For instance, Judge Hatch tells us that there is real life over there, active, actual human life where we eat, sleep, and wear clothes, but never work unless we want to work.

Why, you may ask, should this render one miserable or unhappy? Is not this the Heaven we would all wish—a world where you never grow fat but move with "the tenuous matter of the spirit," where you have but to "think clothes," and you will be dressed in any fashion you like, and no one will smile at you if you choose hoops and a spencer; where you will feel neither heat nor cold after the first few days, where you can get what you want instead of what you can afford, and where you can talk without moving your lips? Why should such a revelation leave you with a sense of unhappiness?

Because, good comrade, it is too good to be true. Because the thought of being able to live rent free, and have spring lamb and fresh strawberries in April, wear the latest Parisian clothes, do not have to bother about the last whirl in self-reducing corsets or, "Lillian Russell's Own Beautifiers," at so much per, is too exquisite a thought to be ever, anywhere realized. To have the chance of being a woman and beautiful, forever slender, and have any color hair you wish, and to be loved, and go through all the merry chase again, and tango without having your knees ache and grow stiff, and just think "Presto! Pedlar's Pack! Cheque, please!" To have all these delightful chances, then! Alas, that we cannot all die at once in a hurry and partake of these delights and let Nature populate as she will, this hard-driving, hard-working old earth of ours.

THE THORN BESIDE THE ROSE

BUT halt! As in everything that relates to poor humanity there is a fly in our ointment. Says the message from the living-dead man:—

"We can even live, in the world beyond, in a second-rate boarding-house. One of the inhabitants over here, who, by reason of her earth predilections, lives in such a house, complained bitterly because the food and service were worse than on earth."

We had not thought this possible. Such knowledge deprives us of all our imagined heaven in a world beyond this. When we think of Mrs. A's prunes, a gluey, glistening, purple mess; of Mrs. B's lamb-chops which goat-like would pursue each other

The Chef of Spotless Town is gay—
You'll note it by his saucy way.
He minces dressing for the birds,
But doesn't stop to mince his words.
"It saves a stew," says he, "to know
That pots demand

SAPOLIO

What will *thoroughly* clean kitchenware?

Soap removes the surface dirt nicely. But unfortunately, soap does not "grip" the greasy grime.

Another form of cleanser scrapes off the surface dirt but fails to get under the burnt-in grease.

To *thoroughly* clean kitchen ware you want a cleanser like Sapolio, which polishes the surface and, at the same time, *removes every trace of grease.*

Sapolio gives real suds. It works *without waste.*

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Dear Children:

We have a surprise for you. A toy Spotless Town—just like the real one, only smaller. It is 8¼ inches long. The nine (9) cunning people of Spotless Town, in colors, are ready to cut out and stand up. Sent free on request.

Enoch Morgan's Sons Company, *Sole Manufacturers*, New York City.

CHILDREN'S AILMENTS.

For the relief of the numerous simple and familiar ailments of Infants and young Children, especially during the period of teething, there is nothing to equal

WOODWARD'S GRIPE WATER.

It relieves and prevents Convulsions, Gripes, Acidity, Flatulency, Whooping Cough, Cramp, Sickness, Diarrhœa, &c., and has behind it a long record of Medical Approval.

It contains no preparation of Opium or other Narcotic.

For a healthy child, a small dose once or twice a day, mixed with the food, promotes perfect digestion and keeps the whole system in order.

Of any Druggists. Be sure it's WOODWARD'S.

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EXTRA 25 GRANULATED SUGAR
MADE FROM PURE CANE SUGAR
FINE GRAIN
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TWO brands of sugar may be sold at the same price and look exactly alike, but in sweetening properties and purity of ingredients, may be quite different.
St. Lawrence Sugar is manufactured from the finest selected fully matured cane sugar and is 99.99 per cent. pure.
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The process of manufacture takes place under conditions the most cleanly and sanitary imaginable.
To insure its delivery to you absolutely pure and free from contamination, every package or bag of St. Lawrence Sugar is kept hermetically sealed from the time it leaves the factory until opened by you.
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St. Lawrence Sugar is packed in hermetically sealed cartons of 2 lbs. and 5 lbs. each, and likewise in bags of 10 lbs., 20 lbs., 25 lbs., 50 lbs., and 100 lbs.
Be sure and ask your grocer for St. Lawrence Sugar.
St. Lawrence Sugar Refineries, Limited, Montreal.

Pick the Feathers Off

Honestly seems as though you could, when you're just a comfortable gun shot away—and you'll agree after you've shot over Mason Decoys, that **Ducks, Snipe, Geese, Swan and Crows** can't tell the difference either. We make mates and companions for all of them. Largest manufacturers in the world. Send for catalog. All sportsmen should have it.

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VANDERHOOF-GUNN CO., Limited, · TORONTO, ONT.

The Prophy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

A clean tooth never decays—the Pro-phy-lac-tic keeps teeth clean

around an arid expanse of plate; or the coffee-grounds served daily by Mrs. C, and of Mrs. D's damnable beef hash being served in worse fashion than we know here below, we fall to lamenting our probable resting place in Nirvana, and allow that we are very comfortable where we are, thank you.

THE GRAVER SIDE

BUT lest you think we speak too lightly of such grave matters, let us take for a moment the more serious view and profit by a word of advice from a "far countrie" indeed:—

"The object of life," proclaims the alleged visitant from another world, "is life . . . It is useless to say, 'If I had my life to live over again,' for no man has any particular life to live over again. Every man has his next life to prepare for. You should get away from the mental habit of regarding your present life as the only one; get rid of the idea that the life you expect to lead on this side, after your death, is to be an endless existence in one state. You could no more endure such an endless existence in the subtle manner of the inner world than you could endure to live forever in the gross matter in which you are now encased. You would weary of it. You could not support it. There is a perpetual law of rhythm, action and reaction, flux and reflux in life and after life. The atheist who denies that there is a life after death may, by his will, continue to exist in the after life for ages in a sort of cataleptic condition while other spirits pass and repass and are born again until their cycle is complete."

This, as you will see, is a sort of Theosophistical Swedenborgianism, if you will pardon the long words. According to our ghostly authority, we die in spirit land as we die here. The old fellow of the skull and cross-bones waves his banner there as here. As we mortals take on immortality, so do we as immortals take on mortality again, and nestle against the bosom of a human mother. The spirit goes out and the earthly body dies. It comes back and an earthly life begins. Our hells "over there" are self-made, just as they are here. The way to realize the spiritual life, is to begin to live it now, Think, meditate, let your imagination soar. Drop everything occasionally that binds the soul too closely to earth. Take time to loaf.

This is the sum-up of these remarkable alleged letters from another world. But the last message is wisdom itself: "Live," says Judge Hatch, or rather his spirit, "Live as long as you can; but when you must die, let go."

In her letter to her publishers, Elsa Barker says: "I give you my personal assurance unqualified by any reserva-

tion whatever, that the experiences recorded in this book occurred precisely as I have explained in the introduction." Miss Barker is neither hysterical nor neurotic. Judge Hatch was a business man. Miss Barker alleges that the Judge seized her hand with the pen in it and wrote. Mr. Stead believed in the "Letters From Julia."' What do you think ?

THE HEATHEN CHINEE

ONE time in a checkered life, the Pedlar made a speech, or gave an improvised lecture, rather. He does not remember one word of what he said, for his knees were trembling under him with fright, and he wore a fixed and idiotic grin upon his visage. But he was greatly concerned to see a number of clerics, "Ralph Connor" we think was among them, rise and stalk offendedly out. Next day, the newspapers recorded his sin. He had, in a moment of truthfulness, said what he thought in regard to missions to the heathen—and he thought a good deal. We are delighted to find the excellent Mr. Wu, one time Chinese Minister to Washington, bearing out our views in his subtle and fascinating book about the Western World, especially the American Continent.

Mr. or rather Dr. Wu has an ideal Chinese face. That is, a grim and square mouth and jaw, and the usual lofty cheek bones. But his eyes are wells of humor. It was once our honorable joy and privilege to meet him, and we found it difficult not to fall in love with the most inquisitive, satirical, humorous and intellectual man whom it was ever our luck to converse with.

In his book, Dr. Wu Ting-fang (L.L. D.) lays emphasis, recurrent emphasis, upon our moral and religious deficiencies. He suggests in all seriousness that "Asia will have to civilize the West over again." That was the point the Pedlar made in his discourse; i.e., that it was rather impertinent in us to assume that age-old religions and philosophies were all wrong because they did not conform to Christianity, which beside them is modern. One almost involuntarily smiles when we hear the mission to the "Heathen" Chinese discussed. Dr. Wu gives a few good natured thrusts at us, as in the following:—

> "In China we do not expend as much energy as Americans and Europeans in trying to make other people good. We try to be good ourselves and believe that good example, like a pure fragrance, will influence others to be likewise."

Again, in his chapter on "Women" this brilliant "heathen," points out that the manner in which a son treats his parents in this country is diametrically opposed to the Chinese doctrine, handed down from time immemorial. He remarks:

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THE UNIVERSAL CAR

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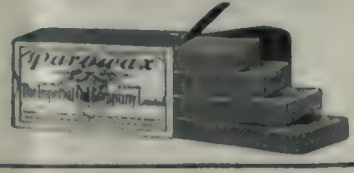

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is hard-to-beat evidence of its real worth. Each sale makes a new friend and leads to other sales—the best kind of recommendation.

Unexcelled in the cleaning and polishing of hardwood floors—makes them last longer.

Raises no dust—absorbs the dust. High up or low down, between banisters, tops of furniture or mouldings, under the beds—gets easily at all the hard-to-get-at places.

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We have several openings for live business getting salesmen with good records. Address salesmanager.

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"'Honor thy father and thy mother,' is an injunction of Moses which all Christians profess to observe, but which, or so it appears to a Confucianist, all equally forget. The Confucian creed lays it down as the essential duty of children that they shall not only honor and obey their parents, but that they are in duty bound to support them. The view of this question taken in America seems to be very strange to me. Once I heard a young American argue in this way. He said, gravely and seriously, that as he was brought into this world by his parents without his consent, it was their duty to rear him in a proper way, but that it was no part of his duty to support them. I was very much astounded at this statement. In China such a son would be despised, and if he neglected to maintain his parents he would be punished. . . . .

"From personal observation I have formed the opinion that the Chinese are more contented than the Americans, and on the whole happier . . . . In China, no man is without friends, or if he is, it is his own fault. . . Your religion has apparently little influence on Western civilization; it is the corner-stone of society in all Asiatic civilizations."

THE CARDINAL PRINCIPLES OF CONFUCIUS

Honesty is the best policy.
Honor thy father and thy mother.
Universal brotherhood.
Love of mankind.
Charity to all.
Purity in thought and action.
Pure food makes a pure body.
Happiness consists of health and a pure conscience.
Live and let live.
Respect a man for his virtues, not for his money or position.
Fiat justitia, ruat coelum.
Bear no malice against anyone.
Be equitable and just to all men.
Liberty and freedom, but not license.
Do not unto others what ye would not that others should do unto you.

Do you not think that people following such a creed and commandments as the above can very well do without our missions and preachers? It seems to us much the same teaching as our Saviour gave unto us. Are we Christians so very free of beam or mote in our own eye that we can afford to discern either in the eye of our brother? Have we forgotten Tiddartha? The Light of Asia? or is it our enormous vanity in the color of our skin that authorizes our very superior airs?

CIRCUS DAY

IT is a day in August and the circus is in our town. You know what circus day in a small town means? The early arrival of the trains, the unloading of the wagons, the magical growth of the encampment, the street parade, the tremendous crowds of curious country people, the garish show itself, the pulling down at night and the hurried departure for the next town. Like us, you have seen this picture, and like us and the small boy you have gorged yourself on circus. Our circus stopped with us for two days, and we went four times. Our ears yet ring with the sound of brass instruments. We dreamt only last night of riding round the ring balanced on our corniest toe on the fat back of a prancing white horse. We have felt ourselves turning back somersaults in mid-air in our sleep, and once we awoke from a nightmare in which we saw ourselves as the Fat Lady and the Bearded Dame in one. We yet smell the animals and hear the purring roar of the lions, and the shrilling of the monkeys who are so very like friends

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You can make good money acting as our representative in your district. We will be exhibiting our 7 different makes of

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at Toronto Exhibition; beneath Grand Stand, West entrance. Look us up and discuss the proposition witn us, or write now for particulars.

Clements Manufacturing Co., Limited
74 Duchess Street, Toronto.

of ours in appearance. We enjoyed all the fun when quite in the midst of it we remembered the work, and set about interviewing the largest of the elephants.

He was a satirical chap and a leisurely, owing to his having his trunk packed and ready to move at any moment. But he had a business aptitude that was amazing and from him we learned that what was to old people, pedlars, children and the like a day of gaiety and pleasure, meant the culmination of a long, careful, toilsome and costly preparation to his owners and employers. Pedlars, who are tramps of the world, know all the languages of man, beast, bird and insect, but you, who have no need to cry your wares in the deaf ears of a world, could not be expected to understand the conversation of an elephant.

WHAT CIRCUS DAY COSTS

TAKING for granted a large and well known caravansarai, such as that to which our elephant, Old Phoenix, belongs, to get ready for circus day has been the work of many months. A score of agents, each an expert in his particular field have had their attention and talents employed in it. It has cost thousands of dollars in transportation preparation, lot and license. Then there are the billboard men, the press agent, who fixes up newspaper advertising contracts, the advance agents who arrange for the show to appear in certain towns along the ordained route, the route riders who inspect the bill posters' work, the supply agents foraging for the commissary department, the layers-out who fix lot, route of procession, train tracks, the water supply and the feed for the aimals. These compose the advance department of which the outsider who goes to see the fun never hears.

There are then concessions to the newspapers, dead heads, the gamble on the weather, the temper of the players and the animals and the probable gains or losses to take into account. We heard a man grouch, as he felt about in his pocket for a coin: "These here circuses charge too much; the seats is uncomfortable, an' I never seen much to brag on when I got in the tent."

Out upon such curmudgeons!

"What d'ye think we lost last year on the two days spent in this here very town?"" asked old Phoenix through his cockney keeper—"W'y, we wos hout twelve thousand dollars, all 'cause we struck two stormy d'ys, one with the thunder a-growlin' an' the lightnin' a-flashing all d'y, and the next with the rain a-powerin' down. Didn't we, Old Sox?" And the Phoenix squealed with joy when the little

A Sure 25 % SAVED ON TIRES

18 makes of tires now sell above Goodyear prices. Half of them sell about one-third higher. As between them and Goodyears, you are sure of one saving—right at the start—of 25 per cent.

Arrogant Prices

The evidence is that Goodyear tires are the best tires built to-day. They outsell any other. And they won that place by millions of mileage tests.

If that is so, an extra price means simple arrogance. Or it is used to infer an extra quality, which doesn't and cannot exist. Or it is forced by limited, high-cost production.

None of those reasons warrants you in paying the higher prices.

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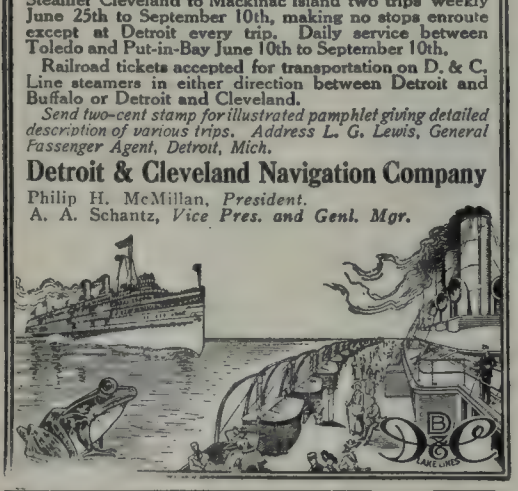

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man poked between his giant ribs or where his giant ribs might be supposed to be.

GOLDEN DAYS

I HEAR, on the other side of the hill, the climbing feet of Autumn. Already she has passed through the lowlands, touching all growing things lightly with her staff of crimson and gold. Soon she will appear on the summit, her brows vine-bound, her raiment of purple and orange and flame. Presently too, lying awake in the night, we will hear the plaintive notes of the birds passing from one summerland to another just as yesternight we heard them coming to our northern woods to set up house and bring forth their tiny birdlings. Autumn is beginning to gather her threads for the looming. What fabrics she will weave, shot with scarlet and edged with purple. What veils of amethyst and silver, what shimmering mantles of gold and scarlet and the rich orange that flares amid the green. The crickets are chirping merrily, the tree toad still sings his little song, but the pond frogs are growing silent. The dust of hot summer lies thick on roadside bush and grass. The world looks a little tired as if it had been holidaying too much and wanted rest. The prelude to the most exquisite time of all the Canadian year is being sung by the little grasshoppers and crickets and musical insects of the night. The white flowers in the garden send up their most delicate odors to our eyrie near the top of the old pear tree bending under its weight of russet fruit. Down there you can see strange white winged things speeding among the roses of Sharon. The divine opera of autumn is about to commence. Nature, at rest, is already seated in the stall waiting for the gorgeous opening scenes of gold and scarlet, of diaphanous drapery and amethyst mist. The scenery is set. The crickets are tuning up and the ballet of those twisting, flying gray things of the night, will begin in a moment. For the Queen of the Canadian seasons is here. Do you not hear the fanfare of the fairy drums from the other side of the hill?

At Fort Despair

Continued from page 265.

pered and reckoned you had lost the wine of life by being an outcast from the white lights, you had instead been handed a gift that you could never repay—the peace of the northland.

We ran inshore to a little cave early one night, and having baked our bannock and eaten with a zest unknown to him who confronts seven courses and dyspepsia, we sat smoking by the fire beneath the pines. Far above our heads swooped and rustled the long triangular squadrons of the geese flying south for their winter haunts in the bayous and marshes by the gulf. Their plaintive "honk-honk" drifted down to us—the warning to the dwellers of the northland that the big snows would soon be upon us.

Old Phil was in a talkative mood, most uncommon thing with him and his kind, for the silence of the barrens seems to enter the very souls of these

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men of the wood and water trails.

I had been trying in my stilted way to tell him something of the roar and rush of the cities that lay away to the south and east, for he had never been further south than Edmonton; and I described the crowds, the endless stream of waxen, corpse-like faces beneath the sizzling lights, the feeling that you are passing a procession of spooks when you drift in, browned and wind tanned, from the open places of the earth.

The stories that may be read in the faces on the streets had always been a pet theme of mine, and I was explaining laboriously to Phil how I used to try to deduct from their appearance the life of this man, that woman, forming fantastic comedies and tragedies from the faces of the passers-by.

"Sure, that would be mighty interestin'," grunted Phil, stooping to light his pipe with a glowing stick plucked from the fire. "But how often would you strike truth in your idea. There seems, even to me, who has never in all my sixty years been out of the North-West, so much in the doin's o' men and women that ye could never set a safe trail on.

"You may think an' think, and yet you can't figure out the facts as they may really be.

"I could tell you of such a story, a happening of three years back, when a woman and two men were mixed up—folks that was never, by the grace o' God, meant to go far from the electric lights an' the steam heated places where they bunk on top o' each other. thicker than we do in the hotels at the Landing when we wait for the river to open up in spring.

"Two men an' a woman! What was it that ye called that a little ago? I've got it,—the eternal—tangle—triangle.

"It was in the late fall and I was lying over at Fort Wrigley, on the Mackenzie River. I had just come back from the country around the Horn Mountains, where for three months I'd been nussin' a party of geologists.

"Just after they went the big man, Travers, came up the river along with Tom Seven Persons, the breed from Fort Chipewyan. Tom was wanting to head back to his trapping grounds, and as I was sort o' living easy I hired out to pilot the big man north and east to Great Bear Lake.

"'Twas near to the first snows,—later on in the fall than it is now—when he and I started down the river for Fort Norman. You know, Jim, that I ain't a man that you'd call talkative most o' the time, but that man Travers was silence itself. He was thinkin', thinkin,' all the time; you'd speak to him but his mind was—

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LONDON AND TORONTO.

God knew where. We paddled away, day after day, northwards past the Blackwater River where to the east you could faintly see Mount Bompas, and on past the mouth of Gravel River to Fort Norman.

"We got to the lake and I pushed on quick as I could across Keith Bay, the southermost arm of Great Bear Lake, to Fort Despair, the old H.B.C. place; an' say, the very name was too good for that bleak, wind-swept post.

"Do you remember one Mackay, the squaw man who used to be factor for the Company at Trois Loups? Well, here was Mackay at Fort Despair, an' if he used to drink at Trois Loups he was fairly embalming his soul-case up at Despair! We was fixed up there for the winter anyhow, for we could have got no dogs to get out. It was up to Travers anyway, and he seemed to have plenty of money. Somehow he hit it up good with old Mackay, and they certainly made some hole in the rum kegs. Never an Indian came near the fort. God knows what Mackay had done to them, and the only other human being around the place was Zenoni, an old half-mad Eyetalian who had drifted in from Heaven knew where. He was as crazy as a bull caribou at mating time, and he'd sit by the stove for days on end mutterin' an' gruntin' to himself and playing on a flute contraption that he had. He was wonderful similar to the big fellow, for he'd play over and over a tune that he called Humoresque; but I never could see anything funny about it, the way he played it.

"Anyway the time passed somehow until one day in February, when the other man came in with a dog team and old Jerome, the trapper from Chipewyan, as guide.

"I could see then that Travers had sort of expected him all the time, and, for a wonder, he was medium sober, for the hootch was giving out about then.

"He and the other man went out behind the fort, an' the newcomer had nothing common to the north any more than had Travers; you could see it by the way he used his snowshoes. Old Zenoni was away on one of his wanderin' fits, and I sat by the stove and smoked while Jerome toppled into a bunk and went to sleep like a dog. The factor didn't count in a social sense. By'n'by the two men came back, and Travers asked me in his polite way if I'd put on my parka and come along to see fair play in a fight between him and the other man.

"Of course I thought he meant fists, and I started joshin' him about their boxing gloves, for it was thirty below, and getting colder. It was nearly three o'clock. Up there it is

dark by four, in the winter. First Travers wrote something on a piece of paper and put it in an envelope. I remember his big hands trembling as he raised the envelope to lick it—not so much the cold as the rum, I guess!

"Anyhow we left the factor drooling and gibbering over a pannikin o' hot rum, and went out. We headed across the barrens towards the woods to the west. Right there, by the edge of the woods, was a moose-pit, where the moose had stamped down the snow in a hollow till it was hard as a rock—an ideal place for a scrap.

"Then it was that they told me that they were to fight with knives, like Dagos; and I guess I must have been sort of loony with the lonesomeness for I never even tried to tell them they was fools. The picnic commenced by Travers giving me a revolver, telling me to wait on the edge of the moose-pit and to shoot either of them that played dirty in the scrap.

"They took off their snow shoes and stood up in their moccasins, fine big men both of them. The stranger took out two mean looking knives, for he'd never have had a chance in a gun fight; his eyes were all bleared and black with frost bite an' snow blindness.

"They tied the knives to their mittened hands with strips of rawhide. I couldn't understand why at the time, but last year Scotty, at the Landing, told me that the Mexicans fight that way, so that if the tendon is slashed you don't drop the knife.

"Round they went, guarding, feinting and meeting the cuts on their left forearm, and the footing was none too good only the moccasins held well on the packed snow. Once Travers cut hard, slipped and fell, and the other man jumped in, but I yelled and pulled out the gun from inside my parka so he stood back and let the big man get up.

"They'd grapple an' clinch, grabbing at one another's knife hand, then stand off for a minute, for all the world like a pair of bull moose fighting. Then they'd go at it again, circling and striking, closing in and jumping back, and all the while me standing like the umpire at a ball game. Gee! but it was the craziest fight you ever saw, Jim.

"The dark had dropped down like a curtain, and I was wondering when they'd quit when I heard voices coming across the barren towards the woods, and the shrill yelp of huskies.

"Travers, in dodging, got a ripping cut in the thick of his knife arm, and they went at it quieter and more madlike than ever. That was the queerest scrap I ever saw; me on the edge of the moose-pit, the two swaying, striking men in the half darkness, and beyond them the gloom of the pines standing out in the deathly cold. The voices came nearer, but the fighters never noticed; guess you can't think on two things at once when you're fighting like they were.

"All at once Travers over-reached in a swinging stab, half slipped and the stranger rushed in, had him by the wrist and drove down hard over his left shoulder. The full weight of him was behind the stab, and, big as Travers was, he staggered back, dropped on his knees and then got up and swayed forwards at the other fellow. But his knees sagged as he bent over like a tree and rolled over on his face on the floor of the moose-pit.

"Then it was that I noticed the woman in the gloom on the other side of the hollow, all dressed in furs, with a short skirt an' snowshoes.

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"She saw Travers go down, and her voice shrieked out 'Harry! Harry!'—then she was down and across to him as he lay there like a hamstrung coyote.

"The other man saw her, stiffened up, and walked across out of the hollow to where Zenoni stood by an Indian and a dog team by which she'd come to the fort.

"Gee, I can see it all yet, unreal like a lake shore through mist, the woman kneeling beside Travers, nussin' his head on her knees, crying and crooning pitiful kind-like an Indian squaw over a dead kid. And to make the whole thing more unreal, that crazed Dago sits down on the edge of the sleigh and fishes out his flute, playin' that weird tune o' his until his fingers stiffened.

"Then I came back to life and ran down to Travers, for he was my boss in a way, and though he looked mighty sick I reckoned he wasn't all in just then.

"We got him on the sleigh and back to the Fort—and then the balance o' the booze came in handy for him. The woman met the other man just beyond the fort, and, Lord, the names she called him! He and old Jerome hitched up and pulled out to the old log hut that stood across on the other side of the bay. That was the last I saw of him, for next day they went away west, headed for Fort Norman, I guess.

"The woman and I pulled Travers back to life, for he'd plenty strength to make out on, but what she was to him I could never figure. They were mighty careful in anything they said in front of any of us. When he got well enough to travel Travers bought a dog team from a gang of Stonies that came along and we headed for Fort Norman. There she stayed with the factor's wife until the river opened, when they went south.

"I'd reckoned never to see any of them again, Jim, but you remember last spring when I came down to Edmonton to meet you before we went out to the Peace country? Well I saw her there, sitting in one of them there automobiles, all dressed up in the gladdest rags you ever saw. She was sittin' waiting outside a big store, and a man came hurrying out and got in beside her.

I stood back—she'd never have known me for my whiskers was trimmed—and I had a good pike at them both. And, say, the fellow she was with was neither Travers nor the other man, but a little flour-faced son-of-a-gun that couldn't have toted a pack in fifty years.

"That was what made me think on the story, you talkin' about the faces on the street.

"What was she? I often wonder-

ed; that she'd dog team up to that God forgotten place for a man's sake, nuss him back to life and take him back to the outside—and then have another fellow along with her on the seat of a gas wagon! Coyotes is mean critters—listen to that fellow yellin' now—but, durn me, I think they're easier to understand than some o' the things that a woman'll do."

That Promise to Pa

Continued from page 262

Amelia believed that It had spoken her name.

"What—what—is it, Pa?" she questioned in a gasping whisper.

"It—it—was—was me, Amely."

"Crack! Cra—ck!"

At the head of the bed, the side, the head again, "Crack! Cra—ck!" relentlessly fell the raps, fell till the very marrow froze within the two trembling women.

Amelia moved closer to her mother.

"It's Pa," she whispered. She raised her voice, "It—is it you, Pa?"

"Crack! Cra—ch!" came the answer against the head board, each rap falling like the crack of a thousand whips.

"Ma!"

"Amely!"

Gasping in terror, their hearts almost bursting from their trembling bodies, they huddled together for what seemed to be hours, while the raps fell thick and fast, hurling themselves with fierce impact against the bed.

Mortal flesh has its limit of endurance. In the first lull Mrs. Elliot sat bolt upright, put her shaky hands over her night-capped ears.

"I promise," she said hoarsely. "Amely shall go to college—next fall—this very comin' September. I promise, Hiram."

But It was not appeased. Again—again—again came the terrific raps.

"Perhaps—perhaps—it may be—God, Ma. You—you broke your promise to Pa once."

Mrs. Elliot's almost palsied tongue gave solemn utterance:

"I promise You, God. Amely shall go to college—next fall—an' stay four years."

They waited, scarce breathing.

Silence followed.

Shaking as if with ague Mrs. Elliot climbed out of bed and turned the drafts on the stove. Then she lit the lamp, wrapped herself in a comforter and seated herself in the high rocker. Amelia crept out after her. Soon the stove was red hot, its heat and cheerful glow thawing out the congealed blood in their veins.

They sat for two hours before the fire, talking in hushed voices. Amelia's four years of college life were mapped out; her wardrobe, her studies, her manner of living discussed. Mrs. Elliot led the conversation, keeping carefully away from any reference as to what had caused her change of front. Amelia knew that her mother would never acknowledge, even to her, that she had been forced to accede to her wishes.

The drafts of the stove were kept open when they again climbed into bed. Amelia knelt reverently this time, praying with all the fervor of one whose long-deferred and seemingly hopeless wish has been miraculously fulfilled.

They slept later than usual. There was a subdued look in Mrs. Elliot's eyes as she got breakfast. It was a night not to be lightly forgotten; no tragedy of their lives, either before or after, ever equalled that particular night of horror.

After their house work was done up for the morning, they went across the street to Mrs. Elliot's father's. The old folks listened in astonishment to

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Mrs. Elliot's announcement that Amelia was to go to college the following September.

The old lady stared at her daughter and her grand-daughter, scarce believing.

"Well, I do declare! Amely really goin' to college! An' you said only yesterday, Marthy, that you never would let her. It seems mighty foolish to me. An' you allus said you didn't promise Hiram."

"So! So!" ejaculated the old man. "Little Amely's gettin' her way after all. What's come over you, Marthy?"

Mrs. Elliot reddened uncomfortably.

"Our pump's froze solid," she said hastily. "It's the first it's done that since we had it put in the kitchen."

"'Tain't surprisin'. My! but wa'n't it cold last night. 'Twas the first time in fifty year I heard the house crack. Jest as soon as the fire died down the cracks begun, and kept up till the house cooled off. It's a powerful cold spell when the boards bang like shots pourin' out a cannon."

Amelia's eyes, wide-open, startled, despairing, met her mother's. The girl's heart stood still. Mrs. Elliot's look of relief, elation, triumph, told her the truth before the words came.

"Don't say anything 'bout Amely's goin' to college. Somethin' might happen, an' 'tain't allus pleasant explaining afterwards."

When they reached the house Amelia turned upon her.

"You promised," she cried sternly. "You promised."

"It wasn't your Pa," replied Mrs. Elliot calmly, but her eyes did not meet Amelia's.

"But it *was* God," said the girl solemnly, "*and you promised God.*"

Mrs. Elliot went into the next room. Amelia fell stiffly to a chair and dropped her head to her hands. Mrs. Elliot's step sounded beside her again.

"No matter what it was or wasn't, I guess I promised that you could go to college, Amely. I don't approve of it, an' I never did an' never will, but I ain't never broke a promise yet when I *did* promise, an' I won't begin now."

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On Account of Joe Hooligan's Jug

Continued from page 252.

dangled to the floor. As the tinker knelt staring, fascinated, at the motionless apparition, there grew out of and above the creaking and trembling of the timbers the g-r-ind, g-r-ind of huge millstones and the hoarse, sullen ker-runk, ker-runk of the ponderous wheel.

"What's that?" Bill gasped. "It sounds like a mill-wheel. Oh, millia murdher! I must be in Chartre's Mill!"

At the sound of a human voice, the phantom miller, as if imploring, slowly raised its leaden hands to the noose on its neck. That gesture froze the heart of the tinker. He would have fainted from sheer fright, but at that moment every sense of the man was electrified once more into quivering alertness by a blaze of dazzling green light that swept through the mill, revealing each yawn-

ing crack and moldering strain of the old walls. It lasted but the fraction of a second; then followed immediately the blinding darkness. But the spectre had vanished with the blaze of light, and the mill was once more in its old deathlike silence.

As Bill knelt in the dark corner, anxiously measuring with his eyes the distance to the stair, every hair on his head stiffened, for up through the black opening in the floor there quivered a heavy, tired sigh. No need to tell the tinker what was on the stairs.

"It's the peddler," gasped the unfortunate, covering his face with his hands.

At last he ventured to look. There, sure enough, crouching on the floor in the patch of moonlight about twenty feet away, was a little, dark-faced, frightened-looking man, with an open pack of peddler's wares spread out before him. The spectre acted as though in great fear of pursuit, for, as it took a leather pouch out of its bosom, it kept turning apprehensive eyes over its shoulders to the dark stairway. Then the phantom seemed to listen intently for a moment, and Bill saw it lean forward and hide the pouch in a crevice between a great oaken beam and the wall.

At the sight of the purse Bill's interest in life returned. He feebly opened a pair of covetous eyes, and sat bolt upright.

"If I live through the terrible murdherin' I'm gettin' this night," he muttered, with chattering teeth, "that pouch'll belong to me the morrow."

At the thought of the greatness of the treasure a surge of strength returned to his limbs.

"I must get out of here, though, before thim two sojers come up. They'll be here in a minute, and I'd hate turrible to meet thim on the stairs."

So saying, he started to crawl cautiously across the room. But he was not to escape so easily. The unlucky man got no farther than the patch of moonlight, when he paused transfixed at the baleful thing which glared at him from the stair-opening. Just above the floor, not ten feet distant peered two glittering, sinister eyes, surmounted by a soldier's tall cap. The tinker scuttled back, sideways like a crab, into the deepest shadow.

"Oh, what'll I do at all, at all!" he whispered. "I can't get out now, an' the peddler's goin' to be murdhered before me two very eyes; an' if I wait to see it, it's dead and spacheless I'll be walking home to Ballinderg in the morning."

While Bill was speaking, the spectre soldier had risen into full view and was beckoning covertly to some one below. Instantly another soldier flashed into

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the room, standing beside the first. For a moment the pair hesitated, and then went crouching and gliding like two monstrous cats across the floor to their unconscious victim.

Bill braced himself, body and soul, for the ordeal; but when the first soldier drew his bayonet from its scabbard and lifted the glittering steel high above the peddler's stooping shoulders, flesh and blood could endure no more. Without waiting for the descending blade to strike, the tinker let a shriek out of his stiff lips that split the stillness of the summer night and sped quivering along the startled valley. Instantly the dry, mirthless laugh which had greeted his entrance to the mill echoed from the room below.

In two great leaps, Bill was at the head of the stairs; two others landed him at the foot. But, quick as he was, when he reached the bottom, the ghostly murderers were already there, waiting for him.

Then followed a heroic action, the dramatic recital of which earns for Bill, to this day, a hot supper and a comfortable bed in whatsoever house he cares to honor by his presence. Without stopping to think of the consequence, and governed by natural impulse only, the desperate man lunged a savage blow, first to the right, then to the left, at his shadowy adversaries. As might have been foreseen, his fists encountered no resistance.

His long arms waving around and around like flails, the tinker dashed wildly for the door; and then were proven true beyond all doubt the reports the country-side had often heard of the vengeful fury of the ghosts of the old mill. As the tinker poised for a last wild jump from the threshold to the ground, a bayonet was thrust right through his back between the shoulder blades, and Bill saw the gleaming point sticking out through his very breastbone. However, as it was a ghostly bayonet, he didn't even feel the blade, and before his feet touched the ground it had disappeared, leaving no mark upon his back or upon his chest.

Without heeding the distance or the direction, and hardly touching foot to the ground as he went, the fugitive raced the wind till he suddenly found himself back again at the very entrance to Michael Callahan's still. When he reached the big tree where he had sat a few hours before, the breathless man could go no farther, but, collapsing all at once, dropped like an empty potato-sack to the ground, and lay there unconscious.

The next thing the hunted tinker knew, his name, coupled with many fierce maledictions, was being shouted from somewhere in the distance. Opening his eyes, he saw that the sun

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was already an hour high, and with a shock of alarm, who should Bill see clambering frantically up the hill, and shouting and wildly gesticulating as he came, but savage-faced little Michael Callahan, the distiller.

But Bill was full of his story, and it was impossible to keep one's anger burning on top of the overpowering wonder of such news; and so it was a refreshing cup of inspiring mountain dew the haunted man received instead of a sore taste of Michael's knobby blackthorn stick. When the narrative was ended, the awe-stricken distiller said:

"We'll go together, Bill, me brave champeen, you and me, and we'll get that peddler's pouch of goold."

And that's how it came that at high noon, when the whole world was cheerful with warblings and trillings and twitterings, our two friends crept cautiously over the quiet threshold of Chartre's Mill, and tiptoed, wide-eyed and alert, across the broken floor. Step by step, they mounted the sagging steps, and, just as they reached the top, they both declared that some unseen thing brushed past them on its way down the stairs.

Bill's finger trembled as he pointed to the beam by the window, behind which the peddler had hidden the pouch. At the same time Michael tightened his grip on the tinker's arm. Then the two, their hearts in their mouths, and silent themselves as ghosts, glided over to the window. They were bending down within arm's reach of the beam a full throbbing minute before Bill found courage enough to lift his hand. Then, slowly and painfully, as though he were putting it into boiling water, he reached forth his grimy fist.

Great drops of cold sweat glistened on the anxious brow of little Michael Callahan. The groping fingers of the tinker almost touched the beam, when the two men were electrified by a weird sound in the room below. It seemed to the petrified listeners like a harsh, mirthless, cackling laugh—the very sound Bill had heard the night before, as he entered the mill.

"Come away, Bill," whispered the distiller weakly; "lave it to thim. I wouldn't touch a farden of it. The money'd only bring us bad luck."

Although the tinker's teeth chattered he made bold answer: "By gar, luck or no luck, I'll not l'ave it to thim. I'll not go away without it." He thrust a hand desperately behind the beam. Marvelous to relate, there was not a sign of pouch or money.

"It's not here, Michael," Bill shouted excitedly, jumping to his feet; "they've taken it away."

As if in answer to his words, the strange mocking laugh broke out again

louder than ever, and ended in a dry, sardonic squawk.

The two men clutched each other and clung limply together. Again came the sound, only shriller and more indignant, and now grown strangely familiar.

"Cluck ! Cluck ! Cluck aw !"

It was the tinker who first gained courage enough to peer cautiously down through a hole in the floor, and then the eyes almost leaped out of his head. And no wonder ! Over in a corner of the room near the great wheel was a heap of brown leaves and rubbish, from the center of which protruded a slim black neck surmounted by a red comb. A trim little head was cocked defiantly to one side, and one round yellow eye stared unwinkingly up at Bill through the hole in the floor. A yard away, in another heap of leaves, clucked a similar apparition.

"Hould fast, Mike Callahan," Bill whispered, trembling with excitement. "Be the bones of Pether White, I'm looking at the shupernatural ghosts of Mrs. Brady's two black Spanish hins !"

Michael looked long and searchingly into the yellow eyes, and then said, with warm conviction:

"By vartue of me oath, Wullum, I doubt whether the rapscallions are ghosts at all, at all."

A moment later the two fortune-hunters emerged from the old mill. Michael Callahan came first, carrying, gingerly, two hats filled with white eggs; Bothered Bill Donahue followed stepping high. Under each arm the tinker firmly held a flustered, expostulating witness to his innocence of the theft.

In the gratifying chorus which greeted Bill's triumphant entry into the village we are sorry to chronicle two discordant notes: Narrow-minded Peter McCarthy pretended to believe that Bill on that eventful night had met with nothing worse than the cackle of Mrs. Brady's hens; while the plundered Mrs. Flannigan maintained that "the only spurrits the owdacious villian saw came out of my jug."

As for Bill, he bore no malice toward the two calumniators; his fame was secure.

Unbelievable Girl

Continued from page 248.

stances. I wonder whether she's had those arms around any other man's neck ?"

He was sharply roused from pleasant reverie by a terrified call, "Help, Frank !" faint and muffled, coming from the direction of the camp, and sweeping the canoe frantically round the corner where he had gotten his first glimpse of her he saw something which struck him cold.

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The girl—his girl—even at that distance he could make out the dear, golden head,—was struggling in the grasp of two ruffians. Another stood to one side with a rifle in his hand.

A moment's frantic paddling brought him near enough to appreciate the situation. Two canoes, one a light birch bark, the other a large Peterborough, were drawn half way up on the landing.

"It's some bad Indians," he thought, with an anxious tug at his heart, and he shot the canoe along like a racing motor boat. "Thank God, I got here when I did. But it looks as if I had my work cut out for me."

He heard the girl cry out as if in exquisite pain, but a twist in the hands of her captors gave her a sight of him and brought a joyful note.

Then the Indians discovered him. The struggle stopped for a moment but after a word of parley the two again attempted to force her toward the canoe while the third ran down the shore brandishing the rifle as a sign to keep off.

With a yell Van Ostrand rushed the canoe on regardless. The next moment a bullet pinged its way through the thin cedar sides just behind him. Another spent itself in the cushion under his knees.

"He'll get me next," he thought, as a stream of water spurted in the hole. Then as the Indian's eyes came up for a glance as to the result of the shots the paddler gave vent to a terrible yell which had even a tone of joy in it.

"Put down that gun, Big Eye," he shouted. "Don't you know me?"

The words, or perhaps rather the voice, had an instant effect. Almost as if struck with a bullet the Indian dropped the gun, ran for the birch canoe and rapidly paddled off.

A few more strokes brought Van Ostrand to the landing and grabbing up the gun he rushed toward the struggling group. One half-breed had the girl in his arms while the second was attempting to bind her hands with a length of guy rope from one of the tents. She was struggling, almost crazed with fear, and so effectually as to prevent the immediate accomplishment of their purpose. The second breed turned menacingly as the newcomer approached and drew a knife. The other also let go of the girl and turned to face him.

Van Ostrand raised the gun. "Get out of here, you brutes," he growled, "or I'll blow you——"

"Not so fas'," broke in the second, a huge fellow with a long, deep scar across one cheek, and pointing to the rifle, "she's emptee, no good. Git off yoursel'."

Foiled in his bluff, the surveyor

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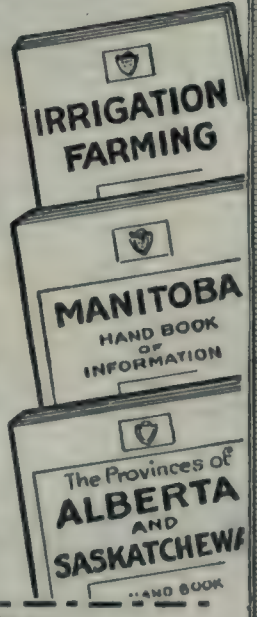

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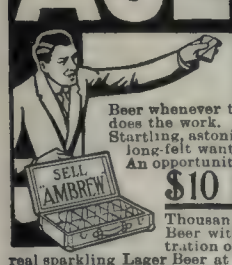

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menaced them with the gun clubbed, but the big fellow laughed.

"Eef he hit me, you steek heem, Sharlee," he grunted. "That fix him an' we git girl."

Van Ostrand was surprised at their resistance till the odor of whiskey from their breath reached him. This accounted for their unusual persistence. For a moment he stood his ground, thinking swiftly. The girl had slipped away, and suddenly he heard from behind him a quick report. A bullet whirred over his head and a familiar voice, low and anxious but steady, said:

"Get back to your canoe. This one *is* loaded. Take it, Frank," and glancing round quickly he saw the girl coming up behind him and with a steady arm holding in firing position a small automatic revolver. The breeds sullenly gave way before her, and, taking the gun from her, Van Ostrand followed them down to the shore.

Sending a couple of bullets over their heads by way of menace he shouted: "Get off now, and if you come within ten miles of here again I'll riddle you." He watched the two canoes out of sight and then turned back to the camp.

The girl was standing where he had left her, sobbing deeply, overcome with nervous reaction. Without a word or a thought, it seemed, she came and laid her head on his shoulder, snuggling close as if for protection while his arm went round her.

"I was afraid they'd shoot you in your canoe," she sobbed. "Charlie and that horrid brute pulled me out of the tent just before you came in sight. How did you scare off the Indian with the gun ?"

"Big Eye ?" he answered, smiling at the memory of that feature of the fracas. "Oh, I kicked him out of my camp last fall and as soon as he got a good look he remembered me. I'd have had the other two off just as easily if they hadn't been drinking. That accounts for the whole trouble. Then, anxiously, "the brutes didn't hurt you much, I hope."

With the assurance of his presence the sobbing quickly subsided and after a moment or two, with a lift of the face from his shoulder and a telltale glance into his eyes while her face was flooded with rosy color, "No, but—you won't go away from me again ?"

"Dear," said Van Ostrand, with joy in his voice, thinking his dreams of the morning were to be realized, and drawing his arm closer about her, "I won't ever——"

The gatling-like exhaust of a high-powered motor boat coming suddenly against the wind from the east inconsiderately interrupted the speech and the two drew hastily apart as a launch carrying three or four men and an anxious-looking young woman shot round the point and up to the landing.

In a moment the girl was in another pair of arms while Van Ostrand stood off rather discountenanced.

"Oh Peggy," the mother articulated, between sobs of joy. "You're safe, and my baby ?"

"He's been asleep in the tent for two hours," said the girl, now quite master of herself but with a high color

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and looking in spite of a sense of relief as if the arrivals were none too welcome. "Whatever happened to you?"

Van Ostrand's turn came in a few minutes when with merely a slight blush the girl introduced her "good angel." He had already shaken hands with Ferguson, the factor of the Post, whom he had met before.

"Those two got to us yesterday," Ferguson explained, "in pretty bad shape. Been wandering round in Little Horse lake for two days looking for the right portage and were short of grub. We started back here right away but the duffer had gotten so mixed up he couldn't tell us whether his island was east or west. We've been covering the shore of the lower lake all night and came up here on spec. The girl was mighty lucky to have you light in on her. I'll wager though," with a look toward the tents where the two women had disappeared, "you didn't find the time hang heavy."

Luck, or the management of the mother, who, perhaps naturally, seemed to want all her family to herself after the trying, if brief, separation, placed Van Ostrand apart from the girl in the launch, when after the camp had been abandoned, an hour or so later, the party started back for the Post. She smiled across at him several times in an appealing sort of way, and once or twice quieted the babe's mother's comments on her story of the three days on the island. He tried not to listen but occasional phrases came to him at intervals and once the words: "What will Billy say when we tell him all about it?" sent a chill to his heart.

So there was another man. What a fool he had been to anticipate otherwise. No girl like that could live in a college town without being spoken for. No ring? Well, nobody was going to carry diamonds into the woods for the view of Indians and half-breeds. Her actions? They were easily accounted for by the circumstances. Any woman who had been under similar nerve strain would have done the same. Anyway, he had no right to speak further now.

He tried, though, wanting his evidence at first hand, to get a moment alone with her at the post that evening but she seemed to avoid him.

"Peggy is tired out," said little Jim's mother, when he went around to inquire after tea, "and has gone to bed."

So this was to be the end of it. Very well. If that's all she cared he supposed he could stand it. Surely three days alone with a girl in the woods wouldn't unsettle him for life.

The brother-in-law, Fred, after being properly thankful, was too busy with his birds and worms to furnish any information and, decidedly piqued,

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the surveyor got an outfit of supplies and started off for the nearest railway station the next morning before the post was awake, leaving only a note in lieu of good-bye.

He tried to put the girl out of his mind by looking forward to the joys of getting home but that he succeeded rather poorly was evidenced next afternoon when he startled two or three other occupants of the smoker of the chair car by jumping up suddenly out of a brown study and ejaculating vigorously: "What a darn fool I am. I don't even know her name."

. . . . . .

"What's the matter with you, old man? Been working too hard? Seem to have lost all your kick. I don't believe you've danced with more than one girl to-night. Mighty different from your old days. I remember how you used to . . . "

Van Ostrand was sitting in an alcove, mentally kicking himself for having been persuaded to delay his departure for the north to attend his class reunion and half listening to Wells, a former classmate, who wandered aimlessly from topic to topic. He watched the dancers with perfunctory interest, occasionally grunting out a half-intelligible comment.

Suddenly he sat up and laid his hand on Wells' arm. A tall girl in pink with a lithe bearing which struck him as strangely familiar moved across in front of them and stopped at the head of the stairs as if waiting for some one. He couldn't see her face but the turn of the neck, the curve of the shoulders as revealed by the low-cut gown and the golden head were enough for him to identify her unmistakably.

"The girl in pink!" He interrupted Wells rather excitedly. "Who is she? Do you know her?"

"What? Has Peggy got you, too?" Wells threw back, after a glance in the direction indicated by his friend's eyes. "Know her? She's sister to the Hastings I was just telling you about who took the junior chair in physics this fall. Keeps house for him. Half the boys are wild about her, but she stands 'em all off strictly. Looking for bigger game, perhaps. If you're interested, come over and I'll present you."

Van Ostrand was away before the speech was finished.

As before, the girl seemed to feel his presence telepathically, for she turned as he approached, looked at him curiously for a moment and paled just a little as she held out her hand.

"I scarcely knew my good angel in civilized garb," she said, "and as usual you are just in time to get me out of difficulty, if you will. My brother Billy promised to meet me here to take me home, but. . . . . "

"Brother Billy!" he gasped.

"Yes, Why? Didn't you know?"

"Can you forgive me for being such a fool?" he questioned when, with explanations in the living room of her brother's house a little later, their relations had gone back almost to the point where they had been interrupted five months before.

"Perhaps," she said, "it was justifiable under the circumstances. "Perhaps, too," looking up into his eyes in the roguish way he so well remembered, "perhaps I was a little to blame. Madge told me on the way down in the launch that afternoon that she had heard of you as being the biggest flirt that ever went through your college. I knew you were awfully nice, and—and—helpful, but when I began to wonder how many other girls you'd—"

Her eyes fell with the old habit of leaving her listener to supply difficult passages.

"Then when we came here and I found she'd mixed you up with a Van Ostrand in another year I felt rather guilty and wondered whether I should ever see you again."

Van Ostrand smothered an honest impulse to find out where he had a good enough friend to lie so effectively for him, and turned with perceptible twinges of conscience to the matter in hand.

"Ever since we were interrupted up there," he began, when the golden head lay again on his shoulder, "I've had an irrepressible longing to have those arms around my neck. If you have any of the milk of human kindness in your heart, Peggy, put them there."

A masculine step sounded on the verandah, and a latch key clinked its way into the lock.

She looked up at him, a little more rosy than usual, with another of the roguish glances and quickly giving the desired caress, whispered: "Will the condensed brand do? There's Billy, and I'm afraid we'll be interrupted again."

Delivery of Dobbett

Continued from page 244.

put his business on a strictly cash basis and immediately doubled it.

In the same period Mrs. Dobbett's manner slowly—almost imperceptibly—changed. John Henry was first aware of it when one morning she slipped out of bed and lit the gas. She did it without a word. Why, she could not have explained to herself. It was involuntary—almost devotional. Her blanketted husband watched her with amazement. He waited for her to mention it. She never did. And from that time on it was the cylindrical form of Maria Dobbett that first braved the untempered morn.

But there was another vast difference. Dobbett could not dream. Night after night he lay awake, hunting desperately for the garden gate. He could never find it. He had concealed the token successfully. It was bringing him things that the Dobbett of a year ago never grasped at. He had remodelled his home. He had licked, yes, actually licked, some of the smug pertness out of his children, while their mother stood by wordless. He had made friends in the ward. It was even whispered that he could have the nomination for alderman. But, somewhere in the back of his head, was something that had never surrendered to prunes and kippered herring. Dobbett was a dreamer; he knew that—now that he could not dream. Morning after morning found him unrefreshed. And all through the day, while everything went with miraculous smoothness and success, he was haunted by the thought that he had lost the garden of delight.

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Sometimes, behind his desk, after making quite sure that everything was safe, he would take out the token and gaze at it. He began to think that he would like to send it back.

One day Rafferty came in and held a gigantic hand across the counter. Dobbett surveyed it with interest and winced as his own fingers were engulfed.

"I'm riprisintin' the electors av th' Young Progressive Parrty," said Rafferty, genially, "an' the byes instthructed me to offer yez th' nomination f'r th' ilivinth warrd. It'll be the divil's own fight," he added cheerfully, "but the byes has decided that you're th' only man in the warrd whose ricord'll sthand invistigatin'. Are yez wid us ?"

Dobbett blinked at him. It had come at last. He turned and saw his wife at the back door of the shop. Her eyes were sparkling, her bosom heaving. He felt a sudden surge of ambition.

"You do me a great honor," he said, with a pinkness in his cheeks, "but I don't know that I have any decided platform in this election."

Rafferty grinned. "Rest aisy wid yure platform. The byes will fix that all right. 'Tis yure ricord we're afther. There's lashin's and lavin's of platforms down at headquarters."

Dobbett hesitated—then glanced at his wife. He could afford to be generous. He had a vision of the years through which she toiled beside him, and besides he had not got up first now for what seemed a long time.

"Well," he said, his fingers closing again over the token in his pocket, "I'll join you."

In a few days the streets of the eleventh ward were placarded for Dobbett. His soul quivered at the sight of his name in letters a foot long—his virtues heralded in a large redness. "Dobbett—the friend of the people." His wife regarded him with a mixture of awe and pride,—swinging his heels on the counter, discussing the tax rate. Then, one evening at headquarters, when Dobbett communed with the great ones of the ward, they took him into their confidence absolutely.

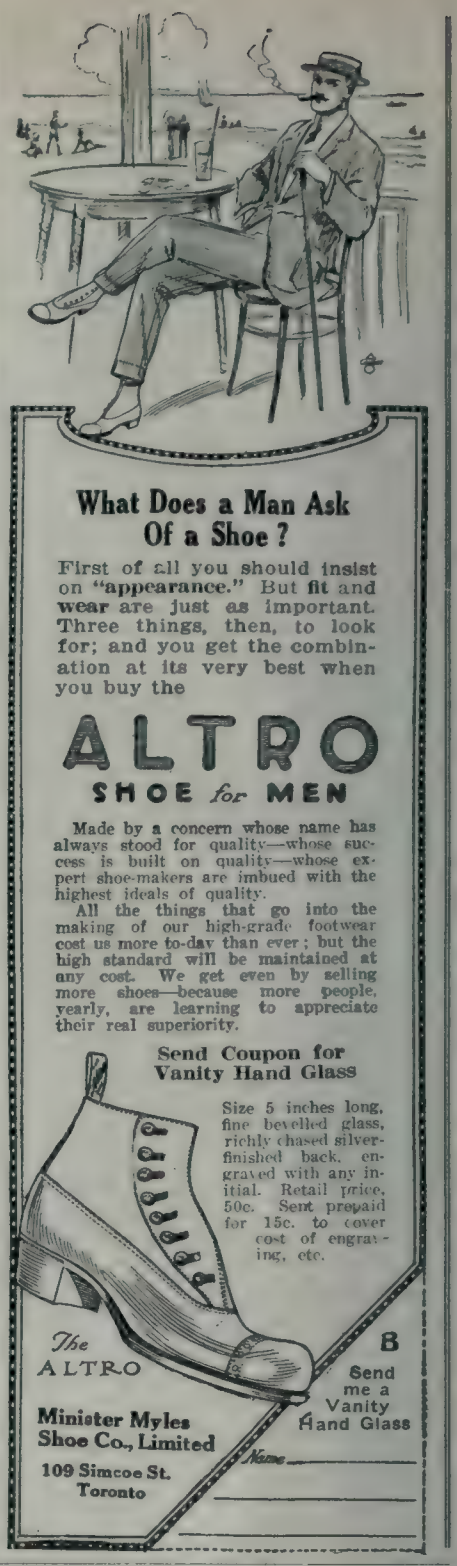
The Young Progressives were out for a park—such a park as would make the other wards tired. Its location was chosen. It would occupy the whole block in which was Dobbett's grocery.

"But, gentlemen," he expostulated, "what am I going to do ?"

"Ye'll sell out, like Murphy and Blake and Henessy there," said Rafferty. "Man alive, don't yez think we're goin' to take care av our own candidate ?"

"But I don't want to sell." Dobbett was conscious that his business was increasing rapidly.

"Phwat is your business worth ?"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First of all you should insist on "appearance." But fit and wear are just as important. Three things, then, to look for; and you get the combination at its very best when you buy the
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came in Rafferty. He was smiling.

"It will be worth three thousand a year at the end of the year." Dobbett spoke with a thrill of pride.

"Three thousand ! Well now, think of that ! On a foive per cint basis—'twould make sixty thousand dollars. Wud that satisfy yez ?"

The little grocer suddenly flushed. "It isn't worth it," he said sharply.

"Phwat's ailin' yez ? Who sez it is ? All I'm asking is will yez take sixty thousand dollars ?"

"Where is it coming from?"

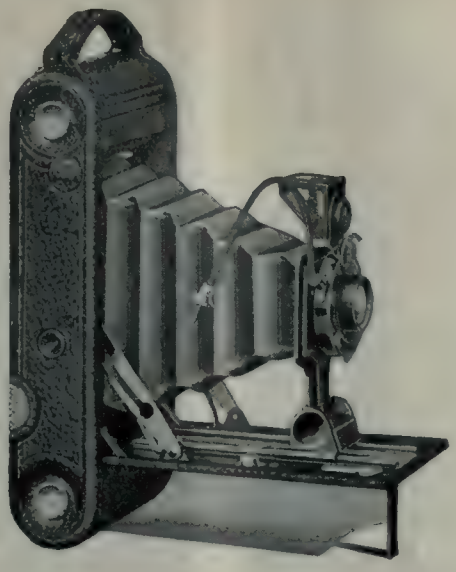
Rafferty lay back and laughed. "From under th' Progressive platform. Man, it's the chance of a lifetime."

The more Dobbett thought of it the less he liked it. They had kept this up their political sleeve till he was committed to his friends and the public. The little grocer had his own ideas of theft—but to break away now would ruin him. He played for time.

"Let me think it over," he pleaded, and walked home in a maze.

In the sitting room above the shop he tried to work it out. He had a curious sensation that this was the culmination of something, and his decision was enormously important. Sixty thousand dollars was a lot of money. He felt the ability to double it shortly. After that nothing was impossible. Then he thought of Maria and the children. A great change had come over them both of late. Maria was better tempered. She did not scold, and that was a relief. But for all that he always felt tired. One thing had led to another, till he began to be frightened at his own imagination. He was much better off, but was he any happier? One part of him seemed dead—the part that had lived such a wonderful existence every night—and he doubted whether there was in the every day world anything that quite made up for that loss. He tried also to determine what else there was beside money in this new life that the former one had lacked. For one thing he knew much less of himself. His days seemed to be more the reflection of other people's. As to the children, Maria had now decided that they would never work. There had been no question about it before. He took out the token and stared at it long and earnestly. It seemed alive with soft green flame, and almost blazed in his palm. What would Rafferty say if—The thought of Rafferty brought back the question he must answer to-morrow. Must he pocket his principles and sixty thousand dollars? The weight of it followed him to bed, where he lay listening to Maria's audible slumbers.

Presently he smelt the odor of flowers and a long garden path opened ahead. He walked happily along, feeling that it was good to be here. There were indistinct memories of former visits and a more distinct impression that he had just arrived from a much less attractive place. It all heightened his enjoyment. Then coming toward him he observed a beautiful woman with sea green eyes. There was something familiar about her. She stood in front of him and smiled and held out her hand. Automatically he dropped the token into it. It was quite natural and the only thing to do.



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Choice of meniscus achromatic or Rapid Rectilinear lens; has new Kodak Ball Bearing shutter with cable release, for time and bulb exposures, and speeds of 1/25, 1/50 and 1/100 of a second; improved back for quick reloading; automatic focusing lock; collapsible reversible finder and two tripod sockets. Uses Kodak Film cartridges of six and twelve exposures, loading and unloading in daylight.

Price, with meniscus achromatic lens,	$ 9.00
Ditto, with Rapid Rectilinear lens,	11.00

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The beautiful vision smiled again, then vanished. He stared about. There was no one but himself on the garden walk.

Dobbett sat down to think it all over. In one way he seemed to have had that token for a long time. In another he seemed only to have looked at it. He lay back in the grass and wrinkled his brows.

Presently he felt vaguely uncomfortable and opened his eyes. He was in bed. The morning light was stealing in. He could just see the budding leaves outside. The gas bracket was distinctly visible. A sharp elbow projected into his side. "John Henry! Aren't you ever going to get up?"

The little grocer blinked rapidly. How did those leaves get there? To-day he had to see Rafferty and give his decision. The election was next month. But that was the first of January. He felt giddy and slipped his hand under the pillow for the token. It had disappeared.

He slid out of bed and stood for an instant, speechless. He gazed at the

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rounded hummock that marked his prostrate spouse—then at the leaves that swept the window panes. Slowly his face broadened into a smile. He seemed about to burst into chaotic laughter, then glanced at the bed and checked himself. The hummock heaved up vertically.

"John Henry, if you think I'm going to light that gas you're mistaken."

Dobbett reached for a match, a drab little man in a drab little night-shirt.

"No, my dear. I'll light it." Then he chuckled under his breath. "Just to think of your doing it."

Fortunes Overnight

Continued from page 241.

at once formed and placed stock on the market, but when it was learned that the strike was apparently a pocket and that no "gusher" has been tapped, agitation subsided and finally again became normal.

Meanwhile, all winter, the Discovery Well sank quietly deeper and deeper. The rate was about twenty or twenty-five feet a day with frequent stoppages to bail out the mud and oil. On Thursday, the fourteenth of May, when at a depth of 2,718 feet, the bore penetrated a small gusher which threw oil some sixty or seventy feet into the air and deluged everybody and everything within striking distance. White oil testing 65% Baume very much the same character as that found in October rapidly filled the well until there was measured 2,000 feet in the ten inch bore with a heavy escape of gas estimated at two million feet every twenty-four hours. During that and the following day the well gushed several times. Every available receptacle was filled to overflowing and still the oil rose in the well, and as it was unnecessary and impossible to bore further under existing conditions, the well was capped. Such a pressure is continuing from the escaping gas however, that it is found necessary to relieve it by opening the pipes whenever the pressure reaches 400 pounds, and as this is frequent, a man is stationed there day and night for this purpose. It is impossible correctly to estimate the daily production but it is stated by those in authority that it will not be less than two hundred pounds per day. The present output has been bought up by a local firm at the price of nineteen cents per gallon at the well's mouth.

Calgary went quietly to bed on the evening of the day before, apathetically and with business dull; she awoke in the morning with a start to hear the newsies screaming the "strike," and business booming. Then she promptly went crazy. Oil! Oil! Oil! Nobody thought or talked of anything but oil unless it were oil leases. All other business was absolutely at a standstill. The City Hall was abandoned; public buildings emptied; shops deserted. Cooks left the kitchens; maids the tables; clerks their offices. All flocked to the streets and hotel lobbies. Promoters quick to take advantage of their opportunity promptly opened offices and did a roaring business selling stocks. Stocks at five, ten, fifteen, twenty, fifty cents and a dollar went like hot cakes with the

SEAL BRAND COFFEE

Often Imitated
Seldom Equaled
Never Surpassed

Packed in one and two pound tins only.

CHASE & SANBORN
MONTREAL

public a seething, clamoring, hungry mob, calling "more and more" and struggling to "get in" in time. The issue of certificates was an impossibility; they were neither ready nor was there time to fill them out; all the public asked was to have their money accepted and be given some kind of a receipt, and the promoters were graciously willing to meet them more than half way. There are but few occasions in life when the public deliberately and insistently clamors to be relieved of its hard earned gold, but this was one such occasion. Every real estate office in town became an oil agency, and every agency an oil exchange or brokerage. Curbstoners did a flourishing business until put out of commission by over-night made municipal laws, when they simply moved to hotel lobbies. Depositors rushed the banks at opening, drawing out savings which were promptly re-deposited in bulk by the oil manipulators at closing hour. Thousands of dollars changed hands and then changed hands again. Soon the news spread abroad and incoming trains were crowded to capacity. Money flowed in from Vancouver, Winnipeg, Toronto and Montreal, and telegrams and cables kept a big staff of operators working day and night. 16,000 telegrams was the record at the local office in two days' time.

All hotels were filled; all automobiles busy. Before the "strike" some 700 motors were registered on the city books; a few days after it, the registration jumped to 1,600 with a strong demand for more cars which dealers were unable to supply. Holes in the wall rented for unheard of rents, and bootblack parlors and shop fronts in desirable locations were in strong demand. Restaurants did the business of a metropolis while printers worked twenty-four hours a day to produce the desirable certificate. Sign painters saw riches knocking at their doors and newspapers refused advertising for lack of space, then increased the size of their publications to take in all advertisers.

Between eighty and ninety companies have been formed with a total capitalization of one hundred million. Some fifteen of these have drilling outfits at work in an area extending 100 miles north and south of Calgary, one of them already down 2,500 feet, four of them over 1,000 feet and the balance at varying depths. In the vicinity of Olds, forty miles north of the city, the Monarch Company, approximates 800 feet, while at Okotoks, twenty miles south, "Discovery" rests on its laurels, with Black Diamond, United Oils, Western Pacific and others feverishly digging.

This work of exploration when taken into consideration with the first discovery of oil and reports from experienced engineers like Cunningham Craig, B. W. Dunn and others, give justification to the expectation that commercial oil fields will be developed to add to the already great coal and natural gas resources found throughout the Province of Alberta.

The new Canadian Pacific railway Hotel Palliser, which was nearing completion, opened its doors to over a hundred waiting patrons who rushed in and registered eagerly. Business was stimulated; enterprise encouraged. What the outcome will be time only can tell, but the natural optimism of the Westerner is ever to the fore, and Calgarians are confident that the precious fluid will be discovered in its crude state. Certain it is that the city of Calgary and the Province of Alberta has benefitted up to the present, through increased population and the influx of money.

Mineral and oil rights (oil comes under mineral) are the property of the

Oily skin and shiny nose

How to correct them

That bugbear of so many women—an oily skin and shiny nose—has various contributory causes.

Whatever the cause in your case, proper external treatment will relieve your skin of this embarrassing condition.

Begin this treatment tonight

With warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

This treatment will make your skin fresher and clearer the first time you use it. Make it a nightly habit and before long you will see a decided improvement—a promise of that lovelier complexion which the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their first cake. Tear off the illustration of the cake shown below and put it in your purse as a reminder to get Woodbury's today and try this treatment.

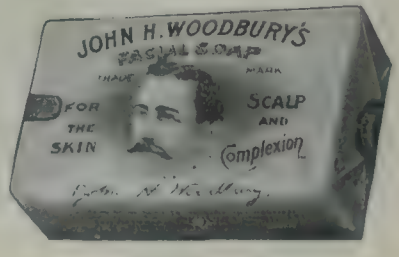
Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast, including Newfoundland.

Write today to the Canadian Woodbury Factory for samples

For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder.

Address **The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd.,** *Dept.* 111-S *Perth, Ontario.*



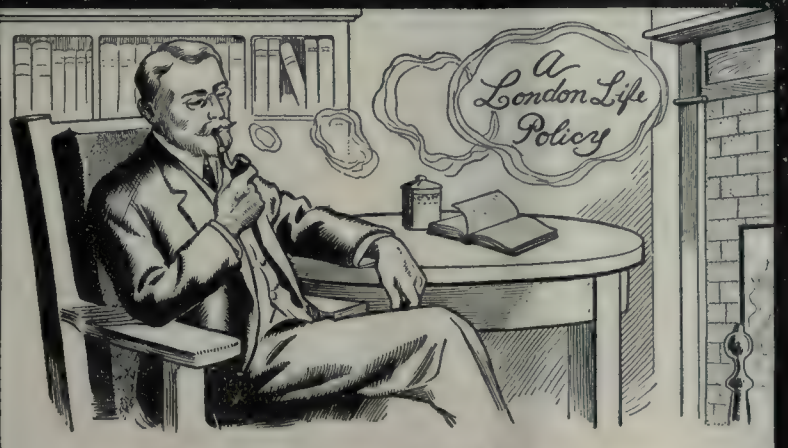
CLEAN---No dust or flying ashes. Ash chutes guide all ashes into convenient pan.

McClary's

Sunshine

Furnace

No ash shovelling necessary. See the McClary dealer or write for booklet. 33



A Father's Soliloquy--
No. 4.

My Best Investment

"Life has been a pretty strenuous game all through for me. Winning one day—losing the next, but on the whole, bettering my position all the time.

Some of my ventures were positively silly, but I didn't know that at the time they were made. Others were wiser moves than I knew, and the wisest of all were my investments in London Life Policies.

Those which have matured have surprised me greatly: The profits amount to considerably more than the Company promised. How easy it would be to write business for The London Life—if the public only knew!"

The London Life Insurance Company is one of the financial world's stablest and most dependable concerns. Its methods are amazingly effective as well as economical. A London Life Policy, judged purely and simply as an investment, is just as "Good as Gold."

Write for particulars! This places you under no obligation.

POLICIES "GOOD AS GOLD"

The London Life
Insurance Company
LONDON - CANADA

54

crown except in the case of the Canadian Pacific Railway (the largest individual land owners in the west) and the Hudson's Bay Company. If you purchase land, city or farm, from the government, Canadian Pacific Railway, or Hudson Bay Company, you secure surface rights only, the crown reserving for separate sale the mineral rights. Any adult can acquire a mineral right on any piece of land if it is not already sold, by applying for it to the local land office and paying a filing fee of five dollars and a rental of twenty-five cents an acre for the first year and fifty cents the second and ensuing ones. When, however, such permanent work as drilling etc., is being prosecuted on the land, the government encourages exploitation by remitting the rental.

Each applicant is entitled to file on four sections of government land and one section of school land.

When a homesteader complies with the regulations he obtains a patent to his land, which as above explained, covers surface rights only, and any one can secure the mineral rights on his homestead (provided it is not already filed on) by paying the proclaimed fee. The holder of that mineral right however, cannot go on to that land and execute his right until he has entered into an agreement with the owner of the surface rights, on whose land he would otherwise be trespassing, and many disputes have occurred and are occurring in this connection. It is certainly not agreeable to the homesteader or farmer to find a big, unsightly derrick erected in the middle of his vegetable garden or farm yard over-night, nor is it just or right that it should be. In cases where the owner of the surface rights and the holder of mineral rights cannot agree, the courts are at hand to setttle disputes.

Crude petroleum produced in Canada during the past year, according to the Department of Mines (Division of Mineral Resources and Statistics) amounted to 228,080 barrels or 7,982,798 gallons confined to old established Ontario fields with a few barrels from the New Brunswick wells.

The British Columbia division of the Canadian Pacific Railway use oil in their locomotives and Pacific Coast steamers, while the extensive use of automobiles all over Canada and traction engines in the west, cause an increasing demand. During the past year, the total importations of oil amounted to 222,779,293 gallons valued at $13,230,429. Many pounds of other petroleum products, candles and wax, were also imported; in fact, in 1913 there was an increased importation of all classes of oil with exception of gasoline.

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CANADA MONTHLY

LONDON
SEPT.

Canada and the Empire

I desire to express to my people of the Overseas Dominions with what appreciation and pride I have received the messages from their respective governments. . . I shall be strengthened in the discharge of the great responsibility which rests upon me by the confident belief that in this time of trial my Empire will stand united, calm, resolute, trusting in God.—KING GEORGE'S MESSAGE TO CANADA.

The Motherland is confronting a necessity of national existence. We come to her aid in determination to ensure the safety of this Empire and to defend our flag, our honor and our heritage.

R. L. Borden.

I have often declared that if the Mother Country were ever in danger, or if danger even threatened, Canada would render assistance to the full extent of her power.

Wilfrid Laurier

Britain's Word is Britain's Word

IT'S the real thing, this time.

To the last hour, the British Empire set its face against this war. To the last hour, Britain strove to keep the peace. When other nations trampled their treaties under foot and broke their sworn promises—when rulers stripped the scabbard of civilization off the sword of war—when the day dawned, flaming red, over Europe, "The Day" that German officers have toasted for years, England stood for peace, if peace might be kept with honor.

On that memorable Tuesday night, Trafalgar Square, fluttering with the colors, aflame with loyalty, waited for the answer.

Then—the drums!

For Britain's word is Britain's word, and though other nations may make and break their promises lightly, Britain's word, once given, must stand. The Empire seeks neither port nor lands, flies at the throat of no hereditary enemy, revenges itself for no long-treasured grudge. The war is a war of the Empire's honor, and Canada stands with the Empire to the last man, the last dollar and the last loaf of bread.

And it's the real thing, this time.

No longer are our sons and brothers only the lads we have known. They are soldiers of the King. The message comes for Neil to join his regiment in Winnipeg—our Neil, who was going to settle down and peacefully practice himself into a family physician one of these days. All along the quiet, tree-shaded street the young men are turning out, the old service men are drilling the recruits, the women go about with set faces.

Few of us have with our own eyes seen a field of battle. But we have heard about it, and we have read in books what a battlefield looked like in South Africa, and as though with our own eyes we have watched the shrapnel whirl and burst, tearing human bodies to pieces. Comparatively speaking, South Africa was an affair of out-posts, guerilla-work. But now, in this war of race against race, of Teuton against Gaul, we have seen the pictures of the German ordnance; of the deadly-accurate French Turcos, we have read of the line of battle two hundred and fifty miles long, millions of men lying face to face out in the turnip-fields of Belgium, in the trampled grass of Alsace-Lorraine, waiting the brazen-throated bugle's *Charge*!

Somehow, the business of life, the routine of the office, must go on. We come in from the street, with its flaring bulletins. The morning's mail lies as the postman tossed it on the desk, unsorted, unopened. Yesterday, it was one of the vital things in life. But to-day somehow it doesn't seem so important whether they've given that contract to us or to Competitor & Co.

This won't do. We start opening the envelopes. Half-way through the pile, the letters drop of themselves from our hands, without having left a single impression on our brain. We sit at our desk, idle, mechanically turning over the cigars in the accustomed box, absently judging, selecting. This one is an even brown, well-rolled. Those poor devils out in the trenches! As if he were within a hand-breadth. we see a young soldier lighting his cigarette from a comrade's match. The lean brown face looks up towards us, the lips move in a gay jest, the hand tosses away the stub of the carefully treasured match in a familiar gesture. . . But there is a look in his eyes. . . a look . . . . and we leave our cigar in the box.

An enemy, that lad. Neil has gone to fight him. An enemy. What is an enemy?

Listen to the words of a German, written long before this day of war. The German government suppressed his story, because it made people think. Yet it crept into print in spite of the all-powerful kaiser, and instantly had a circulation of 100,000 in Germany among the very people that

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to-day are on the French frontier with guns in their hands.

"Again I see myself on that glorious morning of my holidays, at a railway station, and again I am gazing curiously out of the window. A foreign country, and a stranger people. It is France—Nancy. The moment for departure has come. The station master is just giving the signal. Then a little old woman extends her trembling hand to the window and a fine young fellow in our carriage takes the wrinkled hand and strokes it until the old woman's tears course down her motherly cheeks. Not a word does she speak. She only looks at her boy and the lad gazes down at his mother. Then it flashes upon me like a revelation. Foreigners can shed tears. Why, that is just the same thing as it is with us. They weep when they take leave of one another. They love one another, and feel grief. . . . And as the train rolled out of the station I kept on looking out of the window and seeing the old woman standing on the platform, so desolately gazing after the train, without stirring. I could not help thinking of my own mother. It was I myself who was saying good-bye there, and on the platform yonder my poor old mother was in tears. Pocket handkerchiefs were floating in the breeze. I waved mine, too, for I, too, was one who belonged to her."

The man who wrote that is perhaps to-day out with the Uhlans, and if he chances to face the soldier-lad of Nancy, he must make the old mother childless if he can.

An enemy! How many sore hearts in Germany to-night feel about their lads as Neil's mother feels about Neil? How many in France? How many in veiled and mysterious Russia? In how many peasant kitchens does the mother stand staring at the smoky wall, forgetting to stir the soup, now that Karl or Jean or Ivan has gone to war? What does old 'Poleon Belcoeur think about, standing at the door of the little shop that young 'Poleon was making do so well—the little shop so pitifully empty of customers now?

It is not a *volkskrieg*, this war, they say in Germany. There is nothing about it to bring the Bavarian farmer shouting from his plow and the Bohemian blacksmith from his forge. Somewhere, far above their heads, in Berlin, in Vienna, the makers of war lean together over the maps, the grim and wrinkled faces weigh advantage against advantage, the Word goes out, the yellow notices flutter through the streets, calling the men to the colors.

Somehow we do not realize that these people are alive and have no quarrel with England, except as the war lords bid them fight and die. France is wiping out an ancient wrong, and from Normandy to the Midi there is not a man holding back. The little Montreal waitress, serving our coffee and eggs this morning, whispered "Vive la France" over our shoulder as she set down the toast. Canada is a solid mass behind the flag. All we feel is that Britain's word is Britain's word. We must fight for the honor of the Empire—fight to win.

Men have already been shot down for interference with our own Canadian wireless stations and railways. The Grenadiers have been told off to guard the aerials that bring news out of the sky, and there is much laughter over the prospect of their sharing meals with the nurses at the hospital, the Queen's Own displaying elaborate jealousy. Winnipeg packs Carlton Street to the car-tracks, singing, and when the Ninetieth—"the little black devils"—march by to the rollicking tune of "Solomon Levi," Winnipeg goes absolutely mad with joy. Valcartier is a humming hive.

Loyal to the backbone, Canada stands behind the flag. And it's the real thing, this time. There's no half-measure. Britain's word is Britain's word.

What the Little Grey Lady Saw

By Betty D. Thornley

SHE was a little grey lady with a white silk shawl over her shoulders. Never before in her well-ordered life had she appeared down town gloveless and without a hat.

But nobody noticed her.

Her eyes were raised to the big circle of light, mid-height of the department store on the other side of the street where the scrawled bulletins of the tired pressman etched themselves on the white sheet, one after the other. The first night of the grey lady's watch, the printing had been draughtsmanlike. Now, packed streetful, curb to curb, who cared?

For it wasn't baseball that the quick sentences talked out. And it wasn't elections. It was War. And the grey lady's youngest son had volunteered.

Up at the Armouries where the other end of the big crowd made its headquarters, there was music. Last week, the phonograph across the street had tinkled about the girl in the heart of Maryland. Now the regimental Band thundered "O Canada," crashed through "The British Grenadiers" and hit the top lights with the high notes of "Rule Britannia."

In the centre, between bandplaying the recruits drilled, not in the flashing scarlet or the trim blue of their parade uniforms, but in earth-colored khaki as became men who were now on the dollar-a-day-and-ten-cents-allowance granted to His Majesty's troops in Wartime.

As the officer commanding barked the orders, the files wheeled and turned and pivoted. They didn't do it with the dizzying, playtoy regularity of the show regiment, marching before cheering, peanut-eating crowds at an Exhibition. They were so new to their rifles, their uniforms, their orders, these clear-eyed boys, that they brought the tears smarting to your eyes.

The drill came to an end, and the crowd moved about during the bandplaying. A girl with a blue crepe blouse and a fifteen-cent pearl chain walked arm in arm with a curly headed volunteer. She chewed gum with the regularity of last week's carefreeness. But she carried his service cap in both hands. And she wasn't smiling.

A little old man stood so close to the band that his gesticulating arms almost touched the tall leader. Last week he would have been laughed at. Now someone whispered, "He's a veteran!" and eyes kindled as they looked at him.

When the time came to repeat the "Rule Britannia" that finished every playing, the draggle-skirted Liverpooler with the two babies raised her voice, cracked but triumphant. The youngster at her skirts stared wide-eyed, the tow-head in arms hid her pink bows against her mother's neck. But the woman caught the little hands and raised them in her own as she kept time.

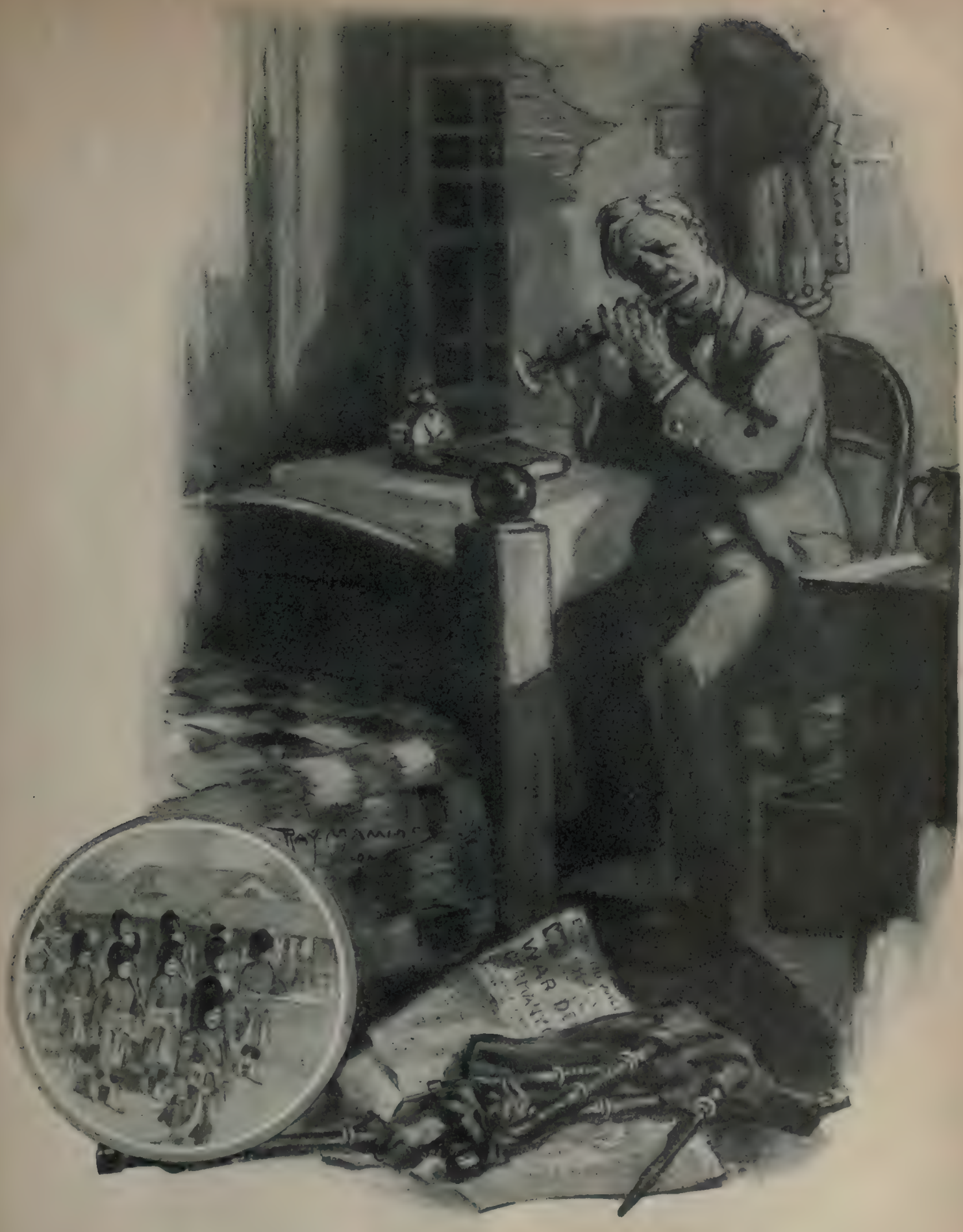
"Her father was a soldier," said the crowd.

And then, all at once, the girl in the corner who had come to watch, to write, and to analyze, felt herself caught into the circle with the rest of them. It wasn't the Liverpooler, nor the poor whiskey-brave veteran. It wasn't the gum-chewer with the service cap. It wasn't even the elemental urge of the music, tom-tom-ed soul-deep by the crashing drum.

It was just an Idea, a stupendous, all-levelling Idea.

Once before it had swung insolently down the routes of trade as a red-marked map on a postage stamp, and once it had flamed, solemn as doom, in Kipling's Recessional—the dream of Empire, the thought that God had planned and put us there, and that we had a Trust.

This was no War of aggression, the chastisement of lesser folk, as many



TOO OLD TO GO

had felt the Boer trouble to be. This was a mighty Empire—the vastest that has been—marching mayhap to coming doom, head up.

And we, from the Mackenzie to the Line, from Vancouver to Halifax, Grit, Tory, Protestant, Catholic, Hindoo immigrant, Liverpool dock-rat, Glasgow bum, Toronto millionaire—*we were in it*!

When the Sunday stillness of August second was broken by the little newsboys shrilling extras in the hot Canadian streets, something was dropped into the cauldron of public life that changed Dominion history.

Only the day before the papers had carried echoes from the last session of Parliament, echoes of the navy squabble and the patriotic philippics—or quick-lunch grand-standing, as you chanced to look at it—heard when the member for Calgary ran amuck anent the C. N. R.

Ontario and Quebec wouldn't eat from the same saucer if you mentioned Bilingual Schools. The Orange Sentinel and the Catholic Record transplanted the Irish question to Canadian soil, where it flourished like a tiger lily. And Vancouver threatened to come to blows with Ottawa if the

Continued on page 367.

"I'LL TELL HIM," CAROLINE SAID, "BUT I'M SURE HE'LL KEEP IT. IT'S A LOVELY BABY"

Gentleman Born

WHEREIN CAROLINE UNCONSCIOUSLY PLAYS A TRICK ON FATE AND BRINGS A CHILD TO AN EMPTY HOUSE

By Josephine Daskam Bacon

Illustrated by B. J. Rosenmeyer

CAROLINE sniffed her way luxuriously through the dusky paneled library.

"I think it smells awfully good here, don't you?" she inquired of her hostess.

The lady's wonderful velvet train dragged listlessly behind her. Her neck and arms were dressed in heavy, yellowish lace, but all around her slim body waves of deep-colored, soft velvet held the light in lustrous pools, or darkened into almost shadows. It was like stained glass in a church, thought Caroline, stroking it surreptitiously, and like stained glass, too, were the lovely books, bloody red, grassy green, and brown like autumn woods with edges of gold when the sunlight struck them. They made the walls like a great jeweled cabinet, lined from floor to ceiling; here and there a niche of polished wood held a white, clear-cut head. From the ceiling great opal-tinted globes swung on dull brass chains; they swayed ever so slightly when one watched them closely.

"This is my favorite room, Duchess," said Caroline; "isn't it yours?"

"Do you really think I look like one?" returned the lady; "the only Duchess I ever saw was fat—horribly fat. It is a very handsome library, of course."

"Then *she* didn't look like a duchess, that's all," Caroline explained. "What I like about this libr'y is, it's so clean. And you can pull the chairs out and show those big, shiny yellow ones on the bottom shelf."

"Of course; why not?" said the Duchess, dropping into a great carved chair with griffins' heads on the top.

"Why, you can't do that at Uncle Joe's," Caroline confided, sitting on a small griffin stool at the lady's feet, "because General gets at the bottom row and smears 'em. You see he's only two, and you can't blame him, but he licks himself dreadfully and then rubs it on the backs. He marks them, too, inside, with a pencil or a hat pin, or even an orange-wood stick that you clean your nails with. Yours is made of pearl, you know, but most—a great many, I mean—people have them wood. And so the chairs have to be all leaned around against the walls to keep him from the books."

The Duchess drew a long breath. "And your uncle objects?" she said between her teeth.

"Uncle Joe says," Caroline returned, patting the griffin heads on her little stool, "that if Colonel Roosevelt had General in his library for half an hour he'd feel different about race suicide."

The Duchess laughed shortly.

"That is possible, too," she agreed. "You said Cousin Joe was well—and Edith?"

"Oh, yes, they're well—I mean, they're very well indeed, thank you," said Caroline. "Uncle Joe says they have to be, with the General's shoes two dollars and a half a pair! You see he has quite thick soles, now—he runs about everywhere. Aunt Edith says he needs a mounted policeman 'stead of a nurse."

"Did Edith get rested after the moving?"

"Oh, yes," Caroline answered, absently. She was watching the opal globes sway. "Aunt Edith says before she was married she'd have gone south with a trained nurse after such an experience, but now she has to save the nurse for measles, she s'poses, so she just lies down after lunch."

The Duchess moved restlessly half out of the griffin chair, but sank back again.

"And you have a trained nurse all the time," Caroline mused, stroking the glistening velvet; "isn't that funny? Just so in case you *might* be sick. . . ." The sunlight peeped and winked on the gold book-edges.

"It amounts to that," the Duchess said, adding, very low, "but she is not likely to be needed for measles."

"No," Caroline assented. "you and Cousin Richard are pretty old for measles. It's children that have 'em mostly. I never did, yet. But you don't seem to ever have any children. And such a big house, too! And

you're very fond of children, aren't you? It seems so queer that when you like them you can't manage to have any. And people that don't care about them have them all the time. It was only Christmas time that Norah Mahoney—she does the extra washing in the summer—had another. That makes seven. It's a boy. Joseph Michael, he's named, partly after Uncle Joe. Norah says there don't seem to be any end to your troubles, once you're married to a man."

The Duchess turned aside her head, but Caroline knew from the corner of her mouth that her eyes were full of tears. She stroked the hands that clenched the griffin's crest.

"Never mind," she urged, "maybe you'll have some. 'Most everybody has just one, anyway."

The Duchess shook her head mutely; a large, round tear dropped on the griffin.

"Well, then," said Caroline, briskly, "why don't you adopt one? The Weavers did, and she was quite a nice girl; I used to play with her. She sucked her thumb, though. But prob'ly they don't, all of them."

"I wouldn't mind if she did," the Duchess declared. Already she spoke more brightly. "I wanted to adopt one—one could take it when it was very little. But Richard won't hear of it."

"Not a bit?" Caroline looked worried: she knew Richard.

"Not a bit," the Duchess repeated, "that is, he says he is willing under certain conditions, but they are simply impossible. Nobody could find such a child."

"There are lots of 'em in the Catholic Foundling," said Caroline, thoughtfully, "all kinds. Aunt Edith went there to sing for them and she took Miss Honey and me. They're all dressed differently and they look so sweet. You can take your choice of them. Aunt Edith cried. But you must let them be Catholics."

"Richard wouldn't let me take one from an institution," the Duchess said, "and somehow I wouldn't care to, myself. But there is a woman I know of who is interested in children that — that aren't likely to grow up happily, and she will get one for anybody, only one can't ask any questions about them. You may have all the rights in them, but you will never know where they came from. And Richard won't have that. I suppose he's right."

"I FEEL THAT IT MURDERED HER. TAKE IT AWAY"

"But there are plenty of people who would let you have one if you would give her a good home and be kind to her," Caroline began, lapsing for the moment into her confusing, adult manner.

"Yes, but Richard says that no people nice enough to have a child we could want would ever give us the child, don't you see?" the Duchess interrupted eagerly. "He says the father must be a gentleman—and educated— and the mother a good woman. He says there must be good blood behind it. And they must never see it, never ask about it, never want it. He says he doesn't see how I could bear to have a child that any other mother had ever loved."

Caroline sighed.

"Cousin Richard does make up his mind, so!" she muttered.

"He is unreasonable," said the Duchess, suddenly, "unreasonable! He must know all about the child, but the parents must not know about us! Not know our name, even! Just give up the child and withdraw—why, the poorest, commonest people would not do that, and does he expect that people of the kind he requires would be so heartless? We shall never be able to get one—never. And yet he wants one so—almost as much as I!"

The Duchess had forgotten Caroline. Staring at the opal globes she sat, and again the tears rose, brimmed and overflowed.

Caroline slipped off the little stool and walked softly out of the beautiful room. The books glowed jewel-like, the four milky moons swayed ever so little on their brass chains, the white busts looked coldly at the Duchess as she sat crying in her big carved chair,

THE DUCHESS HAD FORGOTTEN CAROLINE. AGAIN HER TEARS ROSE, BRIMMED AND OVERFLOWED

and there was nobody that could help at all.

Through the dark, shiny halls she walked—cautiously, for she had had embarrassing lessons in its waxy polish—and paused from force of habit to pat the great white polar bear that made the little reception room such a delightful place. More than the busts

"WHAT HAVE YOU IN YOUR ARMS, DEAR ?" SAID THE DUCHESS. "NOT A DOG, I HOPE"

in the library even, he set loose the fancy, and wiled one away to the enchanted North where the Snow Queen drove her white sled through the sparkling glades, and the Water Baby dived beneath the dipping berg.

Miss Grundman, the trained nurse, appeared in the doorway.

"Did you care to go out with the brougham to-day, dear ?" she asked; "Hunt tells me he has to go 'way down town."

"Yes, I'd like to—can you take care of babies, too ?" Caroline returned, abruptly.

Miss Grundman started.

"What an odd child you are—of course I can !" she said. "All nurses can; it's part of the training. Have you any you're worried about ?" she added, pointedly. Caroline flushed.

"You're making fun o' me," she muttered; "you know very well only grown people have them ! I don't mean if they're sick, but can you wash them, and cook the milk in that tin thing, and everything like that ?"

"Bless the child, of course I can !" Miss Grundman cried; "you bring me one and I'll show you !"

"Oh, I b'lieve you, Miss Grundman, if you say so," Caroline assured her, and slid carefully along the hall for the stairs that led to her hat and coat.

They spun smoothly down the avenue with an almost imperceptible electric whir, Caroline bolt upright on the plum-colored cushion, Hunt and Gleggson bolt upright on the seat outside. It was a matter for congratulation to Caroline that of all the vehicles that glided by them none boasted a more upright pair than Hunt and Gleggson.

The tall, brown houses were gradually changing into bright shops; the carriages grew thicker and thicker; the long procession stopped and waited now almost every moment, so crowded was the brilliant street. Once a massive policeman actually smiled at her as Hunt stopped the brougham close to him, and Caroline's admiring soul crowded to her eyes at the mighty wave of his white, arresting hand. They drew up before a great window filled with broughams and victorias displayed as lavishly as if they had been hats or bonbon boxes—it was like a gigantic toyshop. Hunt dropped acrobatically to the pavement and was seen describing his mysterious desires to an affable gentleman behind the plate-glass; he measured with his knuckles and illustrated in pantomime the snapping of something over his knees; the clerk shook his head in commiseration and signaled to an attendant, who darted off. Soon Hunt appeared with a small package and they started on again, turning a corner abruptly and winding through less exciting streets.

The shops grew smaller and dingier; drays passed lumbering by and street cars jarred along beside them, but vehicles like their own were noticeably lacking. It was plain that they attracted more attention, now, and more than one group of children dancing in the street to the music of the hurdy-gurdy lingered daringly to provoke the thrilling, mellow warning of their horn. At last they stopped at a corner and Hunt dropped again to the pavement, lingering for a short consultation with Gleggson, who pointed once or twice behind them to the small occupant of the brougham. On this occasion he took with him a mysterious and powerful handle, and Caroline knew that this was precisely equivalent to running away with the horses. He hurried around an unattractive corner, and Gleggson sat alone in front. Five, ten minutes passed. They seemed very dull to Caroline, and she reached for the plum-colored tube, and spoke boldy through it.

"What are we waiting for, please, Gleggson ? Where is Hunt ?"

" 'E just stepped off, Miss, for a minute, like. 'E'll be 'ere directly. Would you wish for me to go and look 'im up, Miss ?"

Gleggson spoke very cordially.

"We-ell, I don't know," Caroline said, doubtfully. "If you think he'll be right back—I can wait——"

"Pre'aps I'd better, as you say, Miss," Gleggson continued, "for 'e *'as* been gone sometime, and I think I could lay me 'and on 'im. You'll not get out, of course, Miss, and I'll be back before you know it."

He clambered down and took the same general course as Hunt had taken, deflecting, however, to enter a little door made like a window-blind, that failed to reach its own door-sill.

"Hunt didn't go there at all," Caroline muttered, resentfully, and, deliberately opening the door of the brougham, she stepped out.

She had followed Hunt's track quite accurately till a sudden turn confused her, and she realized that after that corner she had no idea in which direction he had gone. She paused uncertainly; the street was dirty, the few children in sight were playing a game unknown to her and not playing very pleasantly, at that; the women who looked at her seemed more curious than kindly. The atmosphere was not sordid enough to be alarming or even interesting; it was merely slovenly and distasteful, and Caroline had almost decided to go back when a young girl stopped by her and eyed her inquisitively.

"Were you lookin' for any particular party ?" she asked.

"I was looking for Hunt," said Caroline; "he went this way, I think."

"There's some Hunts across the street there," the girl suggested, "right-hand flat, second floor. I seen the name once. I guess you're lost all right, ain't you ?"

"Oh, no," Caroline assured her, "I'm not lost. I can go right back. I'll see if Hunt's there."

The threshold was greasy and worn, the stairs covered with faded oilcloth, the side walls defaced and overscrawled. At the head of the stairs three dingy doors opened in three different directions, and a soiled card

Continued on page 370.

The First Lady of the Yukon

NOT ONLY A GRACIOUS LADY, BUT A GOOD SPORTSWOMAN AND A "SOUR-DOUGH" WHO EARNED HER RIGHT TO THE TITLE ON THE TRAIL OF NINETY-EIGHT

THE GOOD SPORT

THE GRACIOUS LADY

By John F. Langan

Illustrated from Photographs

SPEAKING of *rapprochements*, the *entente cordiale*, or even of the good, old-fashioned Saxon affair of friendly understanding between Canada and the United States, one might find an interesting sidelight in the study of the Empire Day celebration at Dawson, Yukon Territory, last May.

The address of the evening was made by Mrs. George Black, who, since she is Madam Commissioner for the territory, might perhaps well be called the first lady of the Yukon.

Yet Mrs. Black was not born either in the Yukon or anywhere else in Canada. In point of fact, she is an American. But as wife of the Commissioner, she spoke with enthusiasm of the loyalty due to the British flag and the debt of gratitude which she owed to her adopted country. At the conclusion of the address, she presented prizes offered by the George M. Dawson Chapter of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire for the best essays written on the subject of "Patriotism." And nothing but patriotism could be ascribed to the Commissioner for Yukon Territory, who himself is an American by birth; but loyal to the Empire in heart and soul.

Mrs. Black is, in Yukon parlance, a "sour-dough," meaning an old timer, or pioneer. She went to Yukon with her brother, George M. Munger, Jr., in the great stampede of gold seekers in 1898. In those days the old timers and newcomers, or tenderfeet, were distinguished by the respective names of "sour dough" and "cheechako," the former arising from the practice of those versed in camp life who used a decoction of sour dough instead of yeast in making bread, and the latter being an Indian word meaning "stranger" or "newcomer." To be entitled to the name of "sour-dough," one must have spent a winter in the territory, have seen the ice form in the Yukon river in the fall, and run out in the spring.

It was before the days of the railroad and the parlor car that this interesting Yukoner made her way on foot across the Chilkoot pass, then teeming with struggling thousands putting forth superhuman effort to convey foods from the seaboard inland to the lakes at the head of the great waterway to the golden Klondike.

Narrowly escaping destruction in the great snow slide that buried numbers of unfortunates on the pass, her experiences included the exhilaration and the danger of running Miles Canyon and the Whitehorse Rapids in a small boat. Many outfits and not a few lives were lost that year in those treacherous stretches of water, which year after year have continued to take toll of the lives of even the most experienced boatmen. In these days, travellers to Yukon view these interesting points from the observation cars of the railroad traversing the pass and skirting the Yukon river.

Mrs. Black is the daughter of Mr. George M. Munger, a man of large means and for some time president of a big business combination in the United States. His daughter inherits his business ability. After arriving in the Yukon country and becoming a unit in that wild population of forty thousand souls who thronged the banks of the Yukon at the mouth of the famous Klondike river, she began to cast about for something in the nature of a career. Possessed

A GOOD SNAPSHOT OF COMMISSIONER GEORGE BLACK, TAKEN BY MRS. BLACK ON THEIR LAST YEAR'S HUNTING TRIP

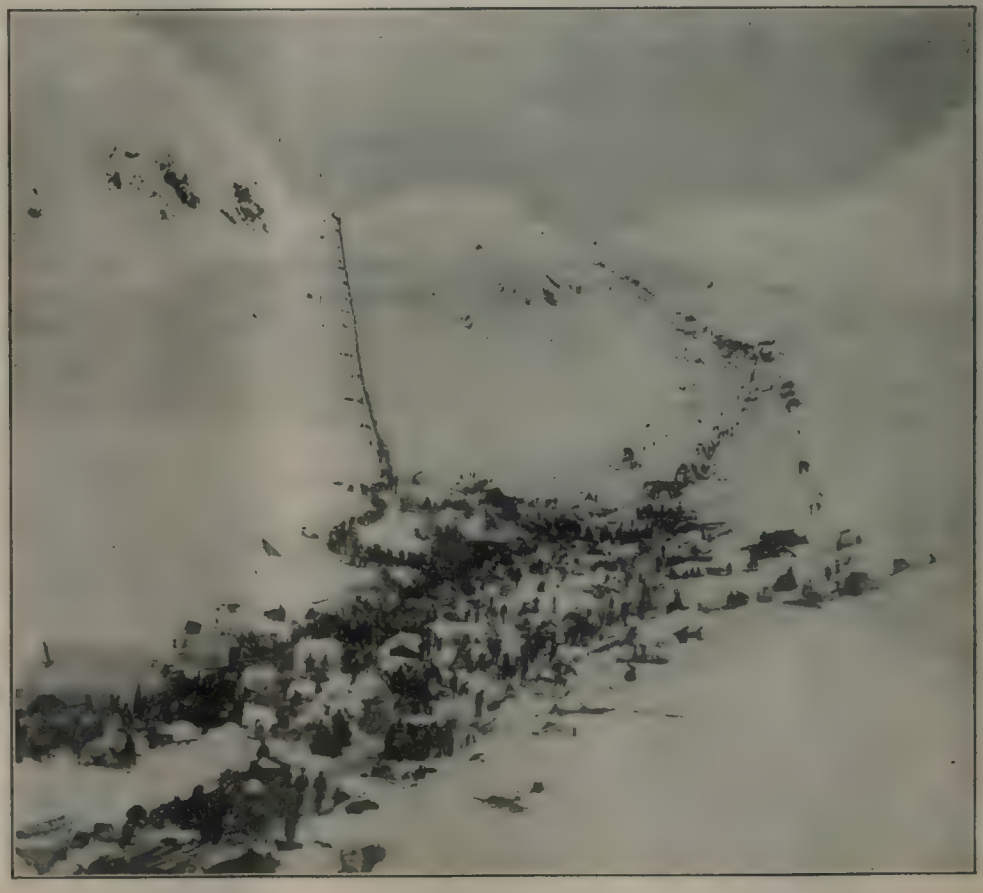
naturally of good business instinct, with all the energy of a man and better business judgment than some men showed, she undertook one or two lumbering and mining ventures, partially financed by the aid of her father. At one time she ran a mill all of her own, and had to fight disgruntled labor and envious competition as well. In this venture she was successful. But yet she was a woman, and in 1904 she left business to marry George Black, a lawyer and politician of Dawson, leader of the Conservative Opposition to the then Liberal government.

The government of Canada maintains an official residence at Dawson for the Commissioner of Yukon, and since Mrs. Black has been the hostess there, many visitors to the territory and her wide circle of Yukon friends have been welcomed and entertained there most charmingly under her capable and artistic management, the place has been made most attractive, and her cheerful and gracious manner has won popularity, not only for herself, but for the administration. She is an active worker in church and charitable undertakings. Both the senior and junior auxiliary of the Church of England are under her direct patronage, and enjoy the privilege of meeting at the Residency.

A lover of out-of-door life, Mrs. Black finds time to accompany her husband, who is an enthusiastic hunter, on many trips into the woods and the mountains of Yukon. Nor is there the slightest pause on her part when undertaking these expeditions in the open. She has the love of the out-of-doors in her soul, the love of hill and sky and bird and flower.

Perhaps there is not in all the Dominion of Canada a better botanist. Perhaps, also, no one person has done as much as Mrs. Black towards dispelling the once almost universal idea that Yukon is only a land of snow and ice, and in demonstrating in a most unique and convincing manner that in summer Yukoners are bountifully supplied with sunshine and flowers. In 1908, Mrs. Black prepared a collection of Yukon flowers containing over four hundred different varieties beautifully mounted under glass and sent it to the World's Fair at Seattle, where it attracted wide attention. Shortly after this, the Canadian Pacific railway employed Mrs. Black to prepare a similar display of British Columbia flowers which grow in the vicinity of their mountain resorts. This collection is now to be seen at Banff.

So extensive and thorough has been her botanical knowledge since her youth that at one time she was offered an important commission by the government of Belgium. She declined it, and instead became a Yukon "sourdough" and wife of the commissioner of the territory, in which capacity, it may be parenthetically remarked, her one particular pride is her ability



CHILKOOT PASS, AS IT LOOKED IN 1898 WHEN MRS. BLACK CROSSED IT WITH HER BROTHER AND THREW IN HER FORTUNES WITH THE YUKON

MADAM COMMISSIONER AND HER ARTISTIC DRAWING-ROOM AT DAWSON MRS. BLACK IS AN ENTHUSIASTIC AMATEUR GARDENER, AND KEEPS THE RESIDENCY FULL OF FLOWERS AND PLANTS ALL WINTER LONG

to make fine bread not built on a sour dough basis.

One day last August, I wandered, camera in hand, through the streets of Dawson, an absolute stranger to the place and all its inhabitants. A little ahead of me, I observed a large and well built residence of more distinction than any others in the town. Moreover, it was noteworthy for the exquisite beauty and neatness of the lawn and flower beds which lay between the street and the entrance stairs. Fresh from a wilderness where few flowers grew, this spot, so full of color and fragrance, so full indeed of the feeling of civilization and home, held great appeal to the stranger. It seemed necessary to make a picture of these Yukon flower beds, and so, with the purpose of asking permission, I rang the front door bell of the mansion, quite ignorant of the fact that it was the official residence of the government of Canada's most northerly territory.

Consent was readily given, although neither the commissioner nor his wife was within at the time—indeed Mrs. Black was absent in Vancouver. But that was the beginning of the very pleasant personal acquaintance which prompts this little history.

It may be of interest to Canadians and Americans alike, this story of a plucky woman who went into the Yukon stampede with the strongest and roughest of men, who came out of it unsullied and successful in every way, and who, by sheer womanliness, reached a woman's happiness as well as the highest social rank possible in her chosen home. For Mrs. Black is not only Madam Commissioner, not only a skilled manager of social functions, but also an efficient housewife, and above all a happy woman of infectious good nature and kindliness of heart. She is an example of that curious civilization which has no counterpart anywhere else on the earth. For her, we may wipe out any national lines, and say that she is a product of the West. That means, she would do for any East.

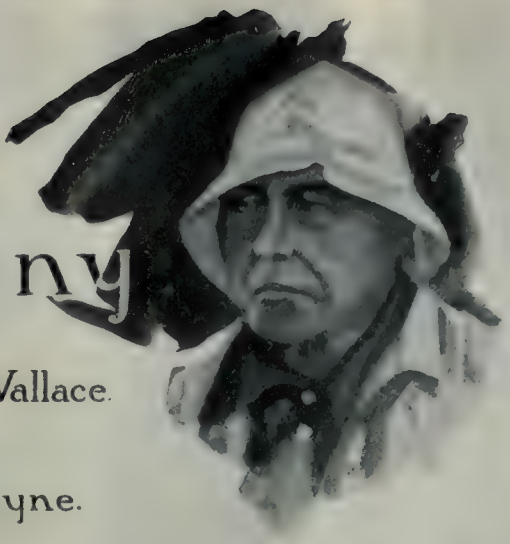
As a young girl, she attended a seminary in Chicago, then for five years was under the tutelage of the Sisters of the Holy Cross at St. Mary's Academy at Notre Dame, Indiana, where she graduated with high honors and was a gold medalist. She does not like to sew, and would rather run a sawmill; but nevertheless she is a fine needlewoman. It has been set down that she can make bread, and one suspects also that she could fabricate excellent pie, were that not an undignified procedure on the part of a governor's lady.

In her beautiful home at Dawson, Mrs. Black reads much and writes not a little. She is a good walker and an ardent dancer. She rides and drives and shoots. In short, it may be said of her in perhaps as large measure as of any woman in official life in the Dominion that she is no more dignified patroness than she is large-hearted woman and good human being. Which is as much praise as may fall to any woman in any rank of life and in any land.

Slush and Parsimony

by

Frederick William Wallace



Illustrated by J.A.Bayne.

PERHAPS I am doing Captain Ezekiel Smith an injustice when I say he was a mean man. He was only inordinately careful of incurring expenses. If you were a friend of the skipper and he met you somewhere with a saloon close aboard, he would buy the drinks just as freely as the next man. But if you were a poor devil of a fore-mast-jack on his Bluenose bark *Trade Wind* you'd say he was too parsimonious even to scrape the verdigris off his sextant for fear he'd lose some of the brass.

"Luggy" Watson, steering at the bark's wheel, thought so, and as he was first trick, it was up to him to size up the calibre of the bark's afterguard and report to the crowd for'ard. With this object first in mind, he kept an eye on the compass, another on the weather leach of the main-royal, and an open ear for quarterdeck conversation between skipper and mate. Watson's auricular appendages were large and receptive, and protruded to starboard and port of his unhandsome bullet head like studdingsails, and his shipmates were wont to say that the ship made a knot an hour more when running with square yards during Luggy's trick at the wheel. However that has nothing to do with the story but it will serve to show that most of Captain Smith's loud conversation, vibrated on Luggy's tympanums.

The bark had just dropped a towboat outside of Newcastle, N. S. W., and the price exacted by the tug's skipper for pulling the heavy, coal-laden vessel to sea caused the tight-fisted Nova Scotian to exude perspiration and profanity when he thought over it.

"Sink me !" he rumbled to the mate as they paced the weather alley. "I hope I'll never see that cursed place again. What with a dock strike, two months in the fifth tier alongside the Dyke and the price them blasted crimps screwed me for a crew of no-sailors and sojers, I've had a session and no fatal error. Then this blamed tug sticks me for as much in towage as his kettle is worth. Lord Harry ! it's been the very devil, but I'm through with it after this. As soon as this craft gets to Frisco, she goes to the cannery companies. Then I go back east and lay up."

"Then ye've decided t' sell her, Cap'en ?" queried the mate.

"Aye ! She goes to the Alaska Cannery Company as soon as we get the cargo out of her. They've offered me a fair price, and as windjammer freights have gone to hell these days, I cal'late I'll take it."

This part of the conversation hardly interested Mr. Watson. He didn't care a continental what happened to the bark after she arrived, and he was engaged in correcting the flapping leach of the main t'gallan's'l, when more momentous talk floated in his direction and caused him to strain his auditory nerves.

"Spruce her up—" it was the skipper talking—" she's got to look her best when we arrive. . . . . crew. . . paid forty dollars blood money for them. . . . work 'em up good . . . . . beachcombers and Sydney larrikins. . . . . haze 'em. . . they'll cut and run soon's we strike Frisco Bay. . . . leave it to you'n second mate. . . . ."

"Th' nawsty brute," commented Watson, and his spirits fell like the barometer in a West India hurricane when he saw the chief blower smack a horny palm with a heavy fist in anticipatory glee of planting said fist on some poor flatfoot's physiognomy in the near future. When the wheel was relieved, Luggy and the port watch went below, and to an apprehensive crowd he retailed the skipper's conversation. Comments were naturally lurid and blasphemous.

"The 'orridest kind o' skippers t' sail wiv is the ones like our ol' man. 'E's a bleedin' Bluenose t' begin wiv, an' 'e's so cussed mean that 'e'd swipe th' pennies from the eyes of a corpse. 'E probably owns a part o' this soft wood hooker an' 'e'll sure to' be an 'oly terror for savin' expenses. An' ye

WHEN LUGGY WAS RELIEVED AT THE WHEEL HE WENT BELOW AND RETAILED THE SKIPPER'S CONVERSATION TO AN APPREHENSIVE CROWD

sh'd 'ave seen th' nawsty wye th' bloomin' myte smacks 'is bloomin' mitts togevver when th' ol' man told 'im to sock it to us. Hidjious, I calls it. Sye, 'oo's Peggy ? Go aft an' git th' grub."

When the ordinary seaman brought in the hookpot of tea, the bucket of pea soup and the mess kit of salt pork and potatoes, Mr. Watson was cursefully indignant.

"Look at this truck !" he cried. "Shore grub's finished now, an' we've got t' fill our insides wiv this. Look at this bucket o' bullet soup—salt water an' gravel, I calls it. Tea—water bewitched an' tea begrudged,—an' this 'ere pork—Lord ! reg'lar Lizzie McGuire for sure. No bloomin' wonder th' police couldn't find no bloomin' trace of her," And he cut his whack with evident disgust.

Then the cook ambled in, full to the back teeth with portentous information. "What d'ye think o' th' grub, boys ?"

"Rotten !" snarled a chorus of surly voices.

The cook nodded. " 'Tain't nawthin' to what's comin' though. Th' beef fair stunk as me'n th' stooard opened up a cask, while th' pork an' biscuit 'ud make a limejuicer sick. Th' stooard said he never laid eyes on sich rotten truck in all his life. He had to lay down in his bunk for a spell arter breakin' out th' stores—th' butter an' pork fair turned his stomach—"

"Th' hell ye say," growled the port watch resentfully, and Luggy hove his pannikin down and spoke prophetically. "Yus ! we're in for it. 'Twill be nigger-drivin' frum here to Golden Gyte an' look up an' stand frum under the 'ole bloomin' v'y'ge."

A British colonial ship is not a "limejuicer," and though both fly the same ensign, yet the laws which govern both have different interpretations. Strike a seaman aboard a British vessel and he will have you "logged" and heavily fined for violating the articles of the merchant shipping act as soon as he can enter a complaint with the first consul.

If the vessel is a Bluenose, Mr. Consul will make a deprecatory gesture and inform you that he has no jurisdiction over Canadian ships.

"Very sorry, y'know, but you'd bettah send youah complaint to Canadaw. The authorities theah will look into it foah you." If you are in Valparaiso, the recommendation is likely to be acted upon.

The *Trade Wind* was a Bluenoser; the master was Nova Scotian; the mate was Downeast Yankee, and the second greaser was an Aberdeen Scotchman who had "bumped up against" the odious merchant shipping act so often that he gloried in being able to break most of its regulations with impunity. With such a combination in authority, the bark's foremast crowd had a hot time.

THE BARK HAD JUST DROPPED HER TOWBOAT AND THE PRICE EXACTED BY THE TUG'S SKIPPER CAUSED THE THE TIGHT-FISTED NOVA SCOTIAN TO COME FORWARD, EXUDING PERSPIRATION AND PROFANITY

It was hotter still when they drifted into a calm belt in twenty south, and the mates had both their watches over the side in boats and on painting stages daubing the bark's topsides with a mixture of lampblack and kerosene. The sea stretched in a huge plain of silent glassiness, and overhead a copper sun literally scorched the perspiring men working in the torrid heat. Under the grateful shade of an awninged poop, lolled the mates superintending the work—irritable with the heat and savage with the feelings induced by stagnant calm.

The skipper had been leaning over the taffrail, and, flopping in his carpet slippers, he came for'ard to the two mates.

"Say," he said. "There's a power of good looking slush floating on the water hereabouts. See those two lumps there ?" And he pointed to a couple of chunks of greyish grease floating near the bark.

"Must be dumped from the galleys of those Australian liners. They're very wasteful, but we can use it for slushing down the masts. Send one of your boats after it with an empty barrel. See, there's several pieces around."

And the mate hid a smile as he called out to the men painting in the quarter-boat, "Git a bar'l'n scoop up that slush ye see floatin' around. Stow it away in th' paint room."

"Auld man is grreat on savin'things," remarked the Aberdonian second mate lazily puffing away at his pipe.

"Aye," returned the other. "He'd b'ile his father's body for th' tallow. Mean as hell."

The calm lasted long enough to get the bark's hull painted to the waterline. Then as they box-hauled the windjammer through the doldrums and across the equator, the overworked crew were kept busy rattling down and setting up the rigging in the sweating heat. In the tropical rainstorms they worked around the decks chipping rust and scraping cable, and the mates spent the best part of their time planning work-up jobs.

"Remember," the skipper had said, "those sojers have got to skip out when we make port, so make it hot for them. They're signed on for a return voyage to Australia again, you know, but, as no return voyage is going to be made, I want them to jump the ship. See that they do." And the mates did their best to see.

Dutch Willy had four of his front teeth knocked out by coming in violent contact with a jib hank—said hank being over the greaser's doubled up fist. Willy's crime consisted in dropping a margarine can full of tar over the side. Luggy Watson was fanned to sleep for a whole watch with a greenheart belaying pin skilfully manipulated by the downeast mate. Luggy's offence was dozing at the wheel one night and getting the fore-royal aback. Captain Smith put the port watch "on allowance" because they came aft and complained of the food, and the luckless shellbacks merely existed on the religious prescription of diet *a la* Board of Trade. Altogether both watches had an exciting time, and the Maine mate was thinking of qualifying for a "white hope" with the amount of pugilistic exercise he had been putting in on the *Trade Wind's* crowd. So you will understand that the bark was not exactly an ocean Valhalla.

Seaman Watson, being a man of a little more spirit than the spineless creatures who made up the rest of his watch, made up his mind that he would "get" the mate sooner or later. He made a very fair try one day while aloft on the mizzen fitting a new main-topgallantsail brace lead block, but unfortunately the officer stepped away just as the heavy article struck the white planks of the deck and made a visible dent. As the Yankee mate did not believe in accidents, Luggy was received at the weather rigging and

Continued on page 365.

The Town That Wouldn't Wait

WAITING FOR THE LUMBER

By Edwin Balmer

Author of "Via Wireless," "Surakarta," "Counsel for the Defence," etc.

Illustrated from Photographs

ACCORDING to the map in my atlas, barely five years old, there appeared to be nothing where we were going. Central British Columbia showed as a bare pink expanse broken only by the wavy lines of rivers, the globular or oval shapes of lakes. Sparsely—very sparsely—names of a few forts were printed on the page. Fort George, Fort St. James, and one or two others, reflected the ancient Hudson's Bay Company and the romance of the fur trade. Except for here and there an Indian village, the atlas proclaimed no other settlements from the Yellow Head Pass through the Rockies on the edge of Alberta west and north to the old Indian traders' town of Hazleton where the cascades of the Bulkley rush into the Skeena river some hundred miles above the Pacific tidewater.

I turned to a certain timetable map for later information, which if not dated down to that day of May, 1914, on which I was seeking information, at least would be only a few months old.

Across that empty pink space ran a heavy black line recording the route of the continent's newest rails, and dotted with white points beside which were printed names denoting towns, no less than one hundred and six of them between Mount Robson and Prince Rupert on the sea. And though it was plain that my five-year-old atlas told of antiquity—as antiquity is appreciated in western Canada—it was evident that the second map must look at least a little into the future. In one of those white-dotted towns about midway between

the Alberta-British Columbia boundary and the coast, I had a sentimental interest. Which map, at that moment, told of it more truly?

From Winnipeg west there were four of us. We "roughed it" in the luxury of steel trains, compartments, dining car and hotels unexcelled in Chicago. Writing for Eastern Canadians and Americans south of the international boundary, it would be necessary to stop to tell of Winnipeg. I thought I knew it, having been there five years before; but now I was a stranger in its streets. It's going ahead altogether too fast to be photographed except by a moving picture concern releasing at least a reel each day. Two hundred thousand people yesterday. Today, who knows? We could not count them as they poured from the gates of the stations of the three transcontinentals on that sunny day of May.

ONE OF THE REASONS

Yet look at the Manitoba page of an atlas only a generation ago, and what was there? A trading post. We left the hospitality of the great chateau, white and towering, which watches the way of the newest line to the western coast here beginning to turn more to the north as it passes the prairies. We took the train for another night and another day and were in Edmonton. It was a dot, denoting a traders' post, little more than a decade ago. Now? A capital city stands on the heights above the Saskatchewan river. A conservative citizen estimated that the present population was seventy thousand; but a couple of hundred more must have come into the city the day we did.

Many of these were bound for those dots along the railway further west; and some hundreds of those who had arrived before us were also waiting for service to take them further. But just then they could not go on.

When we left home, we were cheerfully certain of getting through to Prince Rupert. Our friends nodded politely and wished us a pleasant trip. They didn't know anything at all about it. If we intended to go and had tickets from one point to another, doubtless there must be trains running between those points. If there was a line from Winnipeg to Edmonton—about as definitely known to the average inhabitant of the United States as Denver is to the average Englishman—and if beyond Edmonton there was still more rail to a hitherto absolutely unknown point yclept Prince George, why should there not be trains running still further? Beyond Edmonton to them was unknown, a wilderness.

THE WALLS OF THE FIRST BUILDING

It is a strange commentary upon nationalism that this was so. For the route of the new line from Edmonton west to the coast clings about as closely as a railroad can to an imaginary line once famous about the world as "Fifty-four Forty." To make that line a northern boundary, and to win the wonderful domain below that line, the United States once was ready to go to war. But the British knew too much to grant that domain away and the international boundary finally was fixed far to the south; so since the time of "Fifty-four Forty or Fight" that country, in the opinion of the American, has become undesirable, a wild waste. You may recall that the fox took to entertaining some similar sentiments towards those grapes which hung too high. At any rate, no one in the States seemed to know and few were more than politely curious as to whether a railroad now was running along that parallel once claimed by the United States for its boundary.

Winnipeg, of course, was more than concerned. Besides being interested, Winnipeg also knew—enough to give us our first grave doubts of ability to "get through" over the line. At Edmonton, a day and a night nearer to the front, we began to meet men who had been further west just recently, and our doubts of getting through doubled.

As far west of Edmonton as the east bank of the Fraser river the road was in operation. At a new town called McBride, we were to lie overnight. Beyond McBride, a hundred and thirty miles to where the Fraser river meets the Nechaco and turns south toward Soda Creek, a tri-weekly train would take us westward.

So a pullman train took us out of Edmonton in the night for McBride, and in the morning the mountains were about us.

It had been my fortune before this trip to encounter the Rockies in Mexico where they shut off Chihuahua from Sinaloa, to cross them at two different points in the United States and to meet them also on the southern edge of Canada. Each crossing of this mighty mountain range was widely different from the others, and here again were new scenery and experiences.

You do not know the Rockies of the Yellow Head merely because you may have crossed mountains of the same name elsewhere on the continent. The Yellow Head Pass—Tete Jaune still clings as the name of a station there—shows strange delights and stretches of scenery all its own. It is an interesting but yet a minor matter that Mount Robson, which towers above the track of the new railroad, is the giant of the mountains of Canada.

It is not the few hundred feet of superiority in height which adds so greatly to the grandeur at that point; nor is it entirely the circumstance that the new transcontinental road was found a pass of so slight elevation that the traveller on the train is treated to almost the entire height of these Titanic ranges. There is a breadth and sweep to the slopes below the snow-capped summits about Tete Jaune something like the mighty mountains rising above Mexico City.

And beside the track here at Tete Jaune, as the train runs through these mountains of the north, long lakes lie shimmering in the sun, mile after mile as the cars speed by. Beside them, the grade is level; beyond them the track does not seem to climb. And as you view these scenes of the wild unpeopled mountains strange to you, you receive the sense that these views are new to others—that few have been through that pass before you. Here and there now, you see the log sides and roof beams of the shacks of construction camps just recently deserted; one or two of them still hold a few tenants, as the canvas roofing, still remaining, tells; and clothing is on a line, blown by the mountain breeze.

A little after noon we stop at McBride, a tiny, straight-sided, unpainted town, arraying itself in squares beside the track. A station stands there of the type marking the end of a railroad division; long lines of cars wait on the tracks of the yards opposite. Somewhere between McBride and Prince George, another divisional point away to the west, is the single train which attempts the hundred and thirty miles of road where, although it is in operation, the ballast train is still at work. The train is bound east now, returning from the hither bank of the Fraser, opposite Prince George. If it gets in this evening, we will start out on board it at five in the morning, for the return trip. Sometime after we had gone to bed in the sleeping car which brought us from Edmonton, it got in. We

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"Motherer"

ALTHOUGH AT EIGHT YEARS JACK WAS AN OLD, OLD PLAY-GOER, THE IMMORTAL GLORIES OF THE WILD WEST AND ITS INDIANS BETRAY HIM TO A FALL

By Clara Morris

Illustrated by V. C. Forsythe

HE was the son of my good friend, the actress who played old women in the company of which I was a modestly hopeful member. I had not then, for all my burning eloquence, attained the dignity of long skirts; and the short frocks I wore seemed to differentiate me from his mother and sister and the sex generally, and to create a bond as of despised youthfulness between us.

A slender little chap he was, with large eyes, in color the intense blue of a June sky. He had been christened John Brandish, but of course he was Johnnie to the members of his immediate family, just as he was "Jack" to the "gang"—the moderately disreputable collection of street boys whom he called his friends—and to me.

He was a solemn little creature in the house, and among the members of the company; but on the street, freed from the weight of his professional dignity, he was a veritable little imp of mischief. In every lad's being there are two boys—the whooping, yelling, go-a-swimming, hang-on-behind, hit-him-again, small scalawag is one, and the other is an ambitious, when-I'm-a-man dreamer of dreams—mother-loving, sensitive, and dumb.

Little Jack Brandish would have been precisely like a thousand other small males of his age had it not been that his mother's profession was acting. As a baby he slept on her dressing shelf amidst the paints and powders, cold cream and wigs, and all the paraphernalia of her craft. Later he was securely tied in a chair in the dressing room while his mother was on the stage; and finally, as a very little chap, he had been allowed the run of the theater during rehearsals. At eight he was an old, old playgoer; and, quite incidentally, as clever a critic of play or players as I have ever met. But his theatrical side was never shown to anyone outside of his small home circle. By no possible chance did he ever

speak to landlady, boarder, or street boy, of his relation to the theater. He was not ashamed of it, but his mother thought it was vulgar and ill bred to talk shop.

Jack did not get on well with his tall sister who, ten years older than himself, was one of that large body of people who would gladly welcome a second Herod and a new edict that would sweep all small boys from the face of the earth. For me, Jack had a sort of frisking, blundering, puppy-dog affection. Secretly I sewed up many a small jacket or shirt before his mother saw them, and in return he would pat my shoulder and sympathize with my own great trouble: "Say, I'm awful sorry your mother won't—but I'd think you'd like short skirts better'n draggy-tailed dresses. When you got 'em you wouldn't be any good any more, but just like Blanche, full of airs."

Though his relations with his mother were often strained and her manner toward him was generally one of chill dignity and reserve, still, in a sort of surreptitious way, they loved each other tenderly. She was a woman ponderous and of amazing girth, whose movements reminded me of the solemn advance of an iceberg.

Jack in his character of street gamin mortified his mother cruelly. On these occasions I did not know which of the two to be sorriest for.

Once, when we were all on our way to rehearsal, we turned a corner to find ourselves in the heart of a crowd of ragamuffins yelling "Clear the way!" In the middle of the excited throng, Jack, bareheaded, in shirt sleeves, with perspiration pouring down his pale little face, was straining to the harness of a reeking garbage cart—the owner of which ran by his side holding Jack's coat and hat and the penny demanded for the sweet-scented privilege.

Mrs. Brandish came to a full stop, quivering as a mighty jelly quaking to its fall, and in a voice choked with passion she commanded him to leave the gutter and his unspeakable occupation and wait her coming at home.

"Yes'um," was the only answer Jack vouchsafed. But his eyes were big and troubled, and he turned homeward without a backward look.

But behind us, as we resumed our walk, we had left a sudden tornado of discord. As we had proceeded, Mrs. Brandish's great size and peculiar movement, aggravated by the dignity of her state of mind, provoked the sarcasm of one of the "gang," who pointed after her yelling:

"Say! Get onto the haystack! Ain't she the biggest thing on ice?"

The words were scarcely uttered when little Jack, with the fury of a young beast, had dashed his puny fists into the offender's face, and in return he was beaten and battered almost out of shape. But before he was seriously injured the other boys intervened. "Hey, Bill, hold on there! She's his old woman—that's Jack's mudder. Let up, I say! He's all right, she's going to lick him herself for hauling Paddy's cart."

All this I heard long after. When we came home that afternoon after the fatigue of an unusually trying rehearsal,

"MOTHERER'S SICK, PLEASE CAN'T YOU HELP ME"

there sat little Jack on the steps, very pale about the lips, with a cut forehead, and a blackened eye that had been treated to a cold-meat application by a kindly Irish maid who still hovered in his vicinity.

Jack had two peculiarities of speech. He invariably added a syllable to the word mother, making it "motherer;" and instead of saying, "I shall never forget," he ever and always exclaimed, "Oh, I shall never remember the time." Now as his mother stopped, looking down on him with the curled lip of contempt, expressive of her loathing for fighting, he put out an unsteady hand to touch her skirt and stammered in a deprecating way: "Motherer—now you see, motherer—!" But she pulled her skirt away. "No, sir," she said, "there are two settlements to make! Go on up stairs!"

Her meaning was unmistakable, and I throttled an impulse to intercede—but the excitable Irish girl broke out with, "Sure, mum, you'd never be so cruel as to strike the poor bruised body of him that's only been fighting boys big enough to ate him, becaze they insulted you, mum, on account of your size." I could not see that the implacable bulk of Mrs. Brandish was affected, but Jack pointed to the girl with a face red with anger "Aw—what do you want to tell her that for?" he snapped. "If motherer wants to lick me—let her. I belong to her, don't I?" And he limped painfully after her up the stairs.

As I paused at their door a minute, I saw Mrs. Brandish remove her gloves, bonnet, and wrap, while he watched her with big, anxious eyes, his little thin legs trembling from their upward climb. She did not speak for a minute and when she did, it was only to say, "Come here, Johnnie!" Then she took his hand and led him, still in silence, to the wash basin where she bathed his cut head and bruised face. In my room I heard several "ouches" but nothing indicating a thrashing—for Jack was apt to be fairly noisy over these heart-to-heart interviews with his mother.

I slipped into the hall again presently. Mrs. Brandish's door was still ajar. Jack was kneeling before her as she placed the last bit of plaster over his wounded eye. As I looked he rose, and in rising turned ghastly white and reeled against his mother. The child had fainted. I flew to the rescue, found a bottle of salts and opened the window, while Mrs. Brandish gathered her son's fair head to her breast. I saw her face was working painfully as she ministered to him. As last the big blue eyes opened and he smiled a slow faint smile. As she stooped to kiss him she said:

"I'm sorry, Johnnie, your mother is so much bigger than other women."

"I'm not, motherer! I like you bigger," and slipping an arm about her neck, he cuddled his aching head closer, and closed his eyes again.

At a very tender age, Jack, as is generally the case with actresses' children, had been pressed into service, and had played all the Shakespearean small-fry; Fleance, the Duke of York, the Prince, his brother, et cetera. In "temperance" plays, which he hated, he had been wept and prayed over and put to bed before the audience to slow music; while in Indian plays he had been "bloodily avenged" by the brave frontiersmen in coon-skin caps, and as

often had been "treacherously murdered at his innocent sport" by the savage redskins. He always showed a most commendable attention to all directions, standing patiently at his mother's knee, learning by ear the lines she read and reread to him.

That was the theatrical side of him; but whenever he acquired a penny and his freedom, he uttered an ear-piercing whoop and hurled himself into the street, where he could find the gang and indulge his wild passion for marbles.

Jack brought his favorite alleys and agates to me, as my admiration, which was genuine, was grateful to him. Thus it was to me he came, shaking with excitement, to gasp triumphantly: "I've got it! I've won it! Patsy Grogan's great agate—see!" And he held out the spiral red-and-white beauty.

That same night he played the *Prince* in "Richard III." and a very charming figure he made, his delicate features and blond head rising effectively above the dense darkness of his black velvet suit, his slender limbs encased in black silk hose. He was an ideal young Plantagenet. Waiting for his cue, he drew forth the wonderful marble and was gloating over it when the prompter called for the Prince. He had no pocket—his jacket was tightly closed—so he made his entrance upon the stage with the big marble tightly clutched in his right hand, but he kept his wits about him and gave the familiar line, "I want more uncles here to welcome me—" with such winning grace, that quick applause followed. As he extended his hand to his savage uncle, Richard of Gloucester, to kiss, the star caught it so roughly to his lips that the strained little fingers lost their grip and that big marble shot out, struck the slanting stage, went rolling, rolling till it finally brought up at the very footlights. And then the storm broke. That bit of red and white glass, blinking in the glare of the footlights, had knocked the play into a cocked hat; sent Shakespeare higher than Gilderoy's kite; put out the star in one round; and sent Jack's mother into a rigid, black-velvet-and-jet fit in the first entrance.

After his thrashing that night I slipped into his room. I knew nothing to do for him but to apply some camphorated oil to the welts on his thin shoulders. "You see," he explained, twisting his wet little face at the smart, "she got me to-night 'cause this time I couldn't yell loud enough to stop her, like I mostly do. I'd have waked up the boarders, and that would have shamed poor motherer awful."

It was during the next season when I was still at the old stand, and the Brandishes playing in another and distant city, that one day the manager received a telegram asking tersely:

"Have you seen my Johnnie in Columbus?

Jane Brandish."

And this again was followed by the message from a brother manager.

"Spare no expense—fear for little chap's mind. Ran away, perhaps after Indians—hunt up former boy chums. Things bad here.

R. M."

We were all shocked—all sympathetic. I gave the names of Patsy Grogan, Blindy Pete and big Jim Moran; but their aristocratic addresses were unknown to me. I could do no more.

Next day Hattie, my roommate, and I sat in sad silence in our dull boarding-house room, glooming over the missing boy and his frantic mother. I heard a tap on the door and a possibility flashed in my mind. I opened the door very quietly, and there in the dingy hall, poised on one foot, the other extended ready for an instant flight, stood little Jack Brandish. With one swift glance he swept first the room beyond, then turning to me gave a little startled gasp and shrank violently away. But my hand was on his shoulder, while I laughed: "No, Jack, no you don't! Draggle-tail dresses have not changed me one bit! But come in from this freezing hall and let us talk a while; I'm so glad to see you!"

When I had drawn him into the better lighted room, his appearance shocked me. So I had to turn my face aside to wink away the tears, while he rather stiffly received the greeting of Hattie, who at once donned hat and cloak.

"Where's she going?" he asked suspiciously, as he tried to edge toward the door. "To the theater?"

"Oh, no," responded Hattie, lightly, "I'm only going down to Bains, to try to match this ribbon," and she snipped a bit off a piece lying on the table.

As she left I sprang after her and under cover of a laughing wrangle about her habit of leaving the door open, "Find the manager—send him quick, but tell him not to let Jack know I sent for him." Then I closed the door and turned to find my guest almost holding the small stove in his arms in his eagerness for warmth; for the cold seemed to have penetrated the very marrow of his quaking little body. As I busied myself mending the fire, I asked: "Whatever brought you to Columbus, Jack?"

"Oh," said he, passing a chapped and inflamed hand across his brow in a careless man-about-town manner, "I—er, I just came up to see the boys and enjoy a little skating."

A lump rose in my throat, for his fair hair, decently smoothed in front, at the back treacherously betrayed him, as there were tangled in it wisps of straw and hay. Poor little runaway!

Turning to me, he said, 'You used to know lots of things! I want to know if the men lied to me the other night, riding along in the caboose; they said that the wild Indians of the plains were farther away from Columbus than Columbus is from Cincinnati—but that's a bounder, ain't it?"

"No, I'm afraid not, Jack. The Indians are days and nights farther away to the West, and besides they are not wild; there are only tame Indians now."

"Who tamed 'em—Sunday-school teachers?"

"No, not exactly. Uncle Sam's soldiers labored with them earnestly, and his cavalry is still coaxing them to keep off the war path, and do a little farming."

"Have they stopped destroying the gently nurtured white women with babes in their arms?"

I tried not to smile as I recognized that speech from a wretched border drama.

"Yes, the gently nurtured are perfectly safe now."

"Well, it they've cut out the war dance, the scalps, and the slaughter of women and babes, why, that busts up the Indian business, and I s'pose it doesn't matter so much about Blindy Pete being a back-down and turncoat. Why, last season he wouldn't ever let me rest, he was so crazy to go hunt redskins. He wanted me to hook two coon-skin caps from the property man, and said he'd rip the fringe all off the window shades, so we could sew it down our breeches legs, like hunters do. And he stole his father's hatchet for a tomahawk, and his mother licked him for trying to take a blanket for us to sleep in. And then when I come back here, all ready to go West with him, he began to back down!"

As he had talked I noticed how he had pressed first one arm and wrist, then the other, hard across his stomach, moving restlessly in his chair. Then at a smell of cooking coming from the kitchen, he ceased speaking and there was a quivering about his colorless lips that aroused a certain suspicion in me—yet I dared not speak out plainly, lest he should take sudden fright. Instead, I asked:

"Have you seen anyone besides Blindy Pete yet?"

"Well, I went over to big Jim Moran's house"—he paused.

"Yes?—he was rather a decent boy. You saw him?"

"N-n-no, not to speak to. I looked in at the window, and they were all just sitting down to supper, and—(his voice sank very low)—and I was

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THE WOMAN OF IT

By Alan Adair

Author of "THE APOSTACY OF JULIAN FULKE." "JOAN." *etc.*

Illustrated By Katherine Southwick

SYNOPSIS.

This novel of English society opens with a prologue showing Robert Sinclair as a boy in Rome. He angers his father, a cashiered captain, by wanting to become a singer, and is brutally beaten. Mother and son leave Rome that night, the boy regretting only his parting with his playmate, Denzil Merton.

The scene changes to London. Lord Merton is giving a box party at the opera for the family of a Canadian railway man, with whose daughter, Valerie Monro, he is deeply in love. When the new tenor who is to make his premier in the role of the Knight Lohengrin comes on, Merton recognizes him as his boyhood friend, Robert Sinclair. Valerie is strangely impressed by the tenor but chides herself for being as silly about him as the other women of the party. Merton tells her he is going to call on Sinclair the next day, which he does, and finds Sinclair eager to renew their boyish acquaintance. Merton tells him that Valerie wants to meet him, but he laughs and intimates the Lohengrin's armour has dazzled her a little. Merton disclaims this, saying, "She is not like that," and when Mrs. Monro sends the singer a card for her next ball, Merton persuades him to accept. Valerie perversely snubs him. Later in the evening a lighted candle falls on her, and Sinclair puts out the fire, burning his hands. Valerie attempts to thank him, and ends by a gust of hysterical tears which washes away the coldness between them. They start afresh on their acquaintanceship, and she invites Sinclair to come and see them. However, their next meeting is at the Duchess of Northshire's musicale, where Sinclair is a lion. She promises him three dances at Lady Merton's ball. Feeling intuitively that Merton will ask her to marry him, she tells herself, "To-night I will be happy. After that, the deluge!" She coquettes with Sinclair, and provokes him until at last he takes her in his arms, and admits that he loves her. Then, coming to himself, he puts her away, saying, "There is Denzil, my friend—and yours." She tells him, "He will ask me to marry him, to-night. What shall I say to him?" Sinclair grips her by the shoulder and says fiercely: "You aren't going to marry him! Do you hear me?" Then, coming to himself, he puts her away. He will not take Denzil's beloved away from him, and he tells Valerie he loves her too much to marry her, that he would not make her happy, that he loves his work more than any woman. Valerie cannot understand this altogether, but he forces her to accept the fact that he will not marry her; and later in the evening she accepts Denzil. When Sinclair reaches home, his father is asleep in his rooms, having come to beg for money on the strength of the fact that he is the next heir to the baronetcy of Abbott's Wood, and Sir Fulke Sinclair is a very old and feeble man. His son settles two hundred pounds a year on him, and tells him that it is only on condition that the captain never show his face near his son again, never write to him or communicate with him. The elder Sinclair consents, borrows all the gold the son has in his pockets at the moment, and goes off with a pitiful attempt at jauntiness, leaving the young man alone. Valerie, as Denzil's fiancee, goes with the Mertons to Barranmuir, for the shooting. After much persuasion, Sinclair comes for a few days, and is shocked to find how thin and white Valerie has grown. Diphtheria breaks out in the village, and Denzil is anxious about her, but she laughs it off. Captain Sinclair turns up, and demands more money from his son, which Robert refuses to give. In a rage, the captain threatens to ask Lord Merton for a loan. Meantime Valerie, noticing that Robert is amused by pretty Dolly Brent, believes that he is falling in love with her, and cannot endure it. She meets him, and for a moment both lose their control over themselves. He takes her in his arms, and kisses her passionately, but swiftly realizes his treachery to Denzil, and sends her back to the house. As he waits in the coppice for the shooting party to come up, he hears something or somebody stealing off through the woods, and it suddenly comes to him that perhaps it is his father. He is right, for the captain, after a vain attempt to get money from Denzil, spits out the story of their meeting in the coppice. Shielding Valerie, Robert tells Denzil that he has always loved her, but that she is indifferent to him, and decides to leave Barranmuir the next day, saying to himself that he will never come back.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

His heart contracted at the words. Valerie's only safety, and his own, lay in his keeping away from her. But he was a simple soul, though a great singer, and it hurt him keenly to think of leaving Denzil and Lady Merton. They were like brother and mother to him, and his friends were few. Yet he never questioned that he must cut himself off from them. "There must be no half-measures," he told himself. "Have I not got enough?" Yet his heart ached in spite of his philosophy, as hearts have a way of doing. He walked on swiftly—he was in the village now—looking carefully about him lest his father should step out of one of the houses and accost him. At this moment he felt that he could not bear a meeting with the captain.

Two figures some distance ahead of him were the only ones in sight, and after a second glance, he noted that they were Denzil and Valerie. He could catch the characteristic swing of her free walk. It was raining briskly by this time, and they were walking rapidly; but at his pace he gained on them nevertheless, and he checked himself. What was he to do? He could not pass them nor walk beside them. Besides, he did not want to obtrude himself upon them after his talk with Denzil this morning.

Suddenly the rain changed its tempo, and from a steady patter became a driving pour. Valerie and Denzil took shelter under the porch of a cottage. Sinclair saw no other way of escape than to ask for shelter in one of the cottages near by.

A woman opened the door to him when he knocked. She looked untidy and as if she had been crying. When he asked her if he might take shelter out of the rain, she said doubtfully, "If you want to."

"Just for a few moments," he explained.

She still stood by the door, looking at him in a perplexed way, and then her perplexity found voice.

"My little girl is ill," she explained.

"Is she? I'm sorry," said he sympathetically. "What is wrong with her? Have you had the doctor?"

"It is this catching complaint in the throat," said the woman. "We were to be very careful not to let strangers or any one from the great house come in."

He understood now why she had seemed so inhospitable.

"I am staying at the great house," he said, "but I will not go near the child. It will not hurt if I stay here by the window, will it ? I don't think I could carry any germs away with me."

"We were told not to let anyone in," said the woman again. "However, sir, I told you."

"Yes, you warned me," he reassured her. "I will stay only a few moments until the rain ceases a little."

At the window he kept a wary eye on Valerie and Denzil, and when he saw them gather up their umbrellas and move away from their shelter in the porch he followed them at a distance.

He wondered how the day had passed with them. Whatever had happened, they seemed on their usual terms now. Valerie had thrust her hand through Denzil's arm, so that his umbrella was sheltering her, a thing which must have been irksome to her as she was much taller than he. But she did it as she did many things with the thoroughness and courage that characterized her.

The day had left its mark on Denzil and Valerie had asked him once or twice if he were quite well. He had remained in the study for about an hour after Robert had left him, shattered by the emotion that he had gone through. Then he had captured his mother and asked Lady Merton to beg of Valerie to go out with him that afternoon instead of the morning —he had, he told her, a great deal to do.

"DENZIL WOULD NEVER WEAR ANYTHING YOU KNITTED," SAID LADY MERTON. "HE WOULD WANT TO PUT IT INTO A GLASS CASE"

After lunch he was able to meet her almost as usual and they walked. Valerie electrified him by saying, "I want to go to Japan, Denzil—we were going this year, you know, so you will have to take me instead of father !"

"I will take you to the ultimate ends of the earth," he said.

"I know," she laughed, "but Japan will do. When are you going to leave this, Denzil ?"

"Why ?" he asked, "are you tired of Barranmuir, Valerie ?"

"No, I could not be tired of it—but I want to have a month or so quietly with Dad. You cannot tell how much I am to him !"

"Can't I ?" he asked in an amused tone of voice.

"No, you can't. You see, you love me in a different fashion. I am just the woman to you. Dad sees in me only the little girl, grown up, but still rather wilful and naughty."

"I often wonder what sort of a little girl you were !"

"Horrid," she said. "Now you know, Denzil !"

He laughed and she laughed and they walked on under the one umbrella. Denzil felt a sense of peace and security creep over him. Nothing had happened after all. This morning he had thought to see Hell open under his feet and now he knew that it had all been a mistake. True, he knew that Robert loved Valerie, but then so many men must do that ! And somehow Denzil did not believe that it was in his friend to care very deeply for any woman.

"He is different from the rest of us," he said to himself, "he has his voice and his art—and I have Valerie !"

So gradually the effects of this morning's scene wore away and he could laugh when she told him, that she had been a horrid little girl.

"It seems a long time ago," she said, breaking upon his quiet musing.

"That you were a little girl ?"

"That I was a girl at all ! In fact it seems a long time since I saw Dad. Denzil, tell me how long do you intend to stop up here this autumn !"

"I want to see the people through this epidemic of diphtheria, first," he said, "and we must begin rebuilding at once—those cottages, you know, whose plans you liked—" and then he began to talk to her of details.

That was just the delightful part of her—she was such a good companion. Everything interested her, really—but when they had finished talking technicalities she said, "But, do you know, you have not really told me when—and I have to get my little bits together !"

"Your little bits ?"

She laughed. "Mother has decided that no one shall have more fascinating

garments than I when I am your wife, Denzil," she said.

"My dearest," he said. To hear her talk of herself as his wife was exquisite.

"Father is back in London," she went on, "and as I am so soon to leave him altogether, I feel I ought to go to him."

"Very well, we will go in ten days' time."

In ten days' time, Robert Sinclair would have gone to Paris, but Denzil did not think of this. When Denzil trusted, he trusted thoroughly. There was no niggardliness about him.

So it was settled between them that in ten days they should go to London together. Valerie was still feeling more at peace with the world than she had done.

To-night would be the last time they would sit at one table, would be under one roof-tree. Robert was going out of her life for good and all. Lady Merton had never been a patroness of opera—neither had Valerie, as a usual thing. Therefore it was unlikely that they would see him often, even on the stage.

She was seated next to Denzil as usual—and opposite Sinclair. But she did not steal a look at him until nearly the end of dinner and then his pallor rather appalled her. He was certainly looking shockingly ill—and she dared not betray the slightest interest in him.

"It's cruel, cruel," she said to herself. "I can't bear it !"

When they had reached the drawingroom, she came up to where Lady Merton was seated and sat down beside her. Lady Merton took up her knitting. She generally knitted in the quiet half hour after dinner before the business of the evening began. "You will have to do this, presently," she said to Valerie, holding up an unfinished silk sock which she was knitting for Denzil.

"You will have to teach me," said Valerie, who was not at all proficient in any form of needlework.

Lady Merton laughed. "I don't believe it would be any good," she said. "Denzil would never wear anything you knitted—he would want to put it into a glass case !"

Valerie laughed too. "I think on the whole it would be wiser," she said. "I don't believe I could produce a sock that would be wearable."

"I knitted some for Bob, too," said Lady Merton.

Valerie saw her opportunity. "Don't you think Mr. Sinclair looks shockingly ill ?" she said.

"He told me he felt chilly before dinner," said Lady Merton. "It is a nuisance for him—he is always afraid of his throat. Lady Killoe is hoping that he will sing again, but I don't think he has any such intention. He is leaving to-morrow morning early !"

SHE HAD SEEN HER LAST OF ROBERT SINCLAIR, AHD SHE FELT AS IF HER HEART MUST BREAK

Valerie made no reply, but began playing with her rings. Lady Merton looked at her in a dissatisfied way. "I tell you what it is, Valerie," she said, "your father and mother will be down on me. You have grown shockingly thin, child—your hands are like claws!"

Valerie laughed, "Poor little things!" she said, holding one out. "What an unkind thing to call them. Denzil never calls them that !"

"I dare say not—but he is distressed at your thinness. He worries over it. I shall be glad when you two are married and he can wrap you in cotton-wool if he likes !"

"I shall protest," said Valerie.

But that was what he, or rather what marriage, would do for her. She would be wrapped in cotton-wool, so that she would not see or feel or hear. "I shan't die of it," she said to herself grimly. "My body will live on—my soul, too. For he is too good a fellow and too noble to stifle me. Some day when we have been married quite a long time, I shall tell him about Robert."

And then the men came in—but not Robert. Denzil asked her whether she would come and tell Colonel Sandays something about a hotel in Montreal that she knew, and she stayed talking in the little drawing-room until it was time to separate for the night.

"I shan't see Robert again," she said to herself. "Never again, never again—he will not wish me good-bye !

That would not be like him. He would rather have me believe that he does not care."

But as she crossed the hall on her way to the staircase, she saw him with Lady Merton and Denzil. Denzil detached himself from the other two.

"Valerie," he said. His voice was quite grave. "Come and wish Robert good-bye, he is going early to-morrow morning."

He had schooled himself to say those words quite evenly, quite quietly. His generous heart had revolted from the idea that his friend should not have an opportunity of saying good-bye to the woman he loved. Of course he was quite ignorant that saying good-bye would cost Valerie any thing.

"Very well," she said, and went back with him to where Sinclair and Lady Merton were standing.

The good lady was giving advice. "You ought not to go, Bob," she said, "and you ought to keep yourself warm. Take a hot drink in bed to-night. How will you like it, if you get to Paris and cannot sing a note ?"

"I shan't like it at all," he was saying.

And then Valerie came up. She held out her hand, "Good-bye," she said. "Good-bye, Mr. Sinclair. I wish you all manner of success !"

"And I wish you all manner of happiness," he said gravely. "I think you will have it," he added.

"Yes," she said lightly, "and I am sure you will have all manner of success—good-bye—are you not coming to carry my candle, Denzil ?" For that was the manner in which Denzil used to cloak his desire to wish his beloved good-night without any onlookers. But his heart ached for his friend—the man who loved and was not beloved.

"You spoke quite flippantly, Valerie", he said to her.

"Did I ?" she asked and looked at him. If he could only have guessed one hundredth part of what she was suffering, when she touched Robert's hand. It had been burning too.

"Yes, you sounded so—you did not mean to, sweetheart, but I know he feels saying good-bye to all of us."

"He is only going to Paris !"

"But we shall be married and gone before he comes back. Valerie, you don't mind my saying this ? Heaven knows, it is not that I want to make myself a judge ! You are always perfect, dearest !"

"Of course I don't mind. Good-night, Denzil !"

He kissed her as he always did, with passion and wonder that he should be allowed to touch her at all and she went slowly up the staircase. Just at the angle, she looked back as she always did. It was a little thing, but she knew he loved it.

But when she got into her room, her self-command gave way. "I shall never, never see him again," she said to herself. "He goes out of my life to-morrow, but he will never go out of my heart. Why is he so pale, I wonder, and his hand so hot ? Is it because he is leaving me, or is there any other reason ? Somehow, I feel that he is ill." She lay tossing all that night, hardly sleeping at all and always waking with the sense of some unhappy coming thing, from which she could not escape. The slow dawn came creeping in stealthily as if ashamed of its sober grey coloring. The dawn was ushering in the day upon which love was to go out of her existence ! She rose, wrapped herself in a warm gown and seated herself by the window.

There was a sound, a movement in the house. Early travellers had to be expedited. Lady Merton's servants were always well up to their work. After that, the motor snorted up to the foot of the terrace, and then after a little waiting, Denzil appeared in his motor-coat. He was going to drive Robert to the station, then.

Valerie retreated behind the blind and hated herself for doing it. She could see although she could not be seen. She wanted to look at Robert once more—only once more ! He seemed a long time coming. Then suddenly he came and she could see his crisp short curls round his motor-cap. He held his head down, though, and he did not walk as briskly as always. He seemed to drag himself a little.

Valerie held her hand tightly against her heart to stop its wild beating. In this grey light, Robert looked a wreck. Either he was ashy pale or it was the light. She could see too, that there was sympathy on Denzil's face. But it was not Robert—the Robert who had walked through life so triumphantly, so blithely, who crept into that car ! The only thing that was like him was the fact that he never once looked up although he must have known which was her window.

And then the motor began to vibrate and in another moment it had driven off, past the coppice, where he had clasped her in his arms, and so from view. She had seen her last of Robert Sinclair and she felt as if her heart must break !

CHAPTER XVI.

THE house seemed dead to Valerie that day; and every one in it, lifeless. Robert had gone and her heart felt like lead in her bosom. It was an effort to smile, even to speak—that grey face of his haunted her. Why had he, her knight, her bright and chivalrous knight, worn that look ?

Denzil too was quieter than he ordinarily was. His tender heart was touched by the thought of Robert's loneliness, by the knowledge that he loved hopelessly the one woman in the world.

But all this had to be kept in the background. It was only on the third morning after his departure, that Lady Merton commented on the fact that she had not heard from him.

"Give him time, mother," said Denzil, "It was only three days ago that he left us. It takes the whole day for him to get to London and a whole day for the letter to reach us. There is only one day not accounted for."

"Yes, but the boy looked ill," said Lady Merton.

Denzil made no remark. He had knowledge, which his mother had not, of quite sufficient reason why Robert should look ill. Before he could speak, he was startled by an exclamation from Valerie.

"What is it ?" he asked—she was sitting beside him trying to make him believe that she was eating breakfast.

"Dad has met with an accident—sprained his ankle rather badly, he says. Mother is away, staying with Lady Fustle and organizing a big suffrage or antisuffrage meeting—dad says, he can never remember at the time, which she is. He wants me, I think."

"Does he say so ?" asked Denzil. His face had fallen.

"Not in so many words—dad never does—but he says the days are long. I must go to him—to-morrow. It is too late for me to get ready to-day."

"I suppose you must," he said reluctantly.

She smiled as she turned to him. "It will only be for a few days, will it not ?" she asked. "You will be coming to London soon ?"

"Yes, I think we have got the epidemic under. There are a few isolated cases, that is all. It's all owing to Moffat, too. He is a splendid doctor."

"I think a little of it is due to your prompt measures," said Valerie.

"My measures ! I did nothing ! Not half as much as I should like to have done, for they are my people, you know. Valerie, how shall I get through the days without you ?"

"I don't know. You will get through—somehow" she said in a low voice. She was thinking of these last three days, that she had got through "somehow." She was only half alive it is true—but that half had emerged.

"Oh, yes," he said disconsolately, "and you will write; and I can write to you."

There was some little compensation in that. When with her, he often felt

that he could not say the thousand and one things that he wanted to. On paper he could give rein to his heart.

So the next morning he drove Valerie to the station and put her into the train, taking all the care that a very precious thing requires. Valerie, who had been accustomed to being independent and to looking after herself, did not know why she did not resent this ultra care and fussiness. The fact remained that she did not—and that at parting her face reflected some of the pain on his.

"Take care of yourself—keep well—and don't forget me," he cried to her as the train steamed out. She leant out of the window as far as she could, leaving her hand in his, until the movement of the train parted them. He touched her so horribly. As he stood there in his big motor coat from which his little face emerged rather grotesquely, there was nothing in him to fascinate any woman. And yet he stood to Valerie for solid goodness and manliness and with all his rather fussy care of her he never got on her nerves.

She never remembered the details of that journey south. Perhaps she slept—anyhow she dozed. She seemed to see Robert before her often. She was going to be nearer him. The papers would tell her of his movements, but in a confused way she had got it in her head that some one had said he was ill.

She felt strangely excited when she reached London and found their own chauffeur waiting for her at the station.

"The master told me to say that he was sorry he could not come, Miss," he said.

She nodded and jumped in. Her maid would see to the luggage. There was a big bunch of violets lying on the seat opposite, with her father's writing on a piece of paper. "Greetings to Valerie from Jonathan" he had written.

She grew impatient to see him as soon as she saw his handwriting and the motor had scarcely stopped when she sprang out and was up the steps.

"Where is Mr. Monro?" she asked the man who opened the door to her.

"In the study, madam," said the butler officiously. "You know that Mr. Monro can't abide the Louis Fourteenth rooms."

Something quaint in his tone made Valerie laugh. She did not know why her father should have any particular feeling of hatred against the Louis the Fourteenth period, but she was willing to believe it. She found the millionaire lying on a comfortable, ugly, leather couch of the early Victorian period with which he was evidently at peace. The room was full of tobacco-smoke. It was thus she recognised her Jonathan.

And when she made her way through the untidy heaps of books and papers to the sofa and felt her father's arms round her, she felt that she had come home.

"Oh dad, dad," she said and a sob broke from her.

He held her to him and patted the sleeve of her fur coat.

"Come, come, child," he said, "and then he added, "I am not really bad, you know."

She freed herself from his arms, looked at him and shook her head. "It is not that," she said and two large tears slowly rolled down her cheeks.

He looked at her quietly for a long time. "You are unhappy, Val," he said. "I have known it all the time!"

"How?"

"By your letters that have never told me anything. I have never seen you in any word you have written."

"No," she whispered. "I did not dare let you see *me*."

"But I would have done something. I would not have allowed it!"

"You can do nothing, Jonathan," she said striving to speak lightly, "there is nothing to be done, Denzil is happy, and Robert would not marry me if he could. Sometimes, I think that he does not want to enough."

"You mean he does not love you?"

"He loves me as much as he can love any woman—but he loves his voice more. I don't mean that he has the artistic temperament — because I don't believe he has. But he loves his life, I think—" She broke off and then burst out suddenly, "Dad, I am sore all over, because I think he can live without me and I live so badly without him. I am sore too, because he seems to put Denzil and his honor before me. He has never understood quite what he is to me."

"Perhaps not Valerie, his manner of loving you is just the man's way and you are a woman."

"I suppose so," she said sadly.

"Then all is at an end between you and Denzil?"

"At an end? No indeed! I am fonder of him than ever! I shall never have that feeling for him that I have for Robert. Oh dad, you don't know, you don't know! It is the feeling of horrible, deathless pain and of utter ecstatic joy, so great that it too is deathless—oh, I am a fool, am I not?"

"Are you?" he asked. "I suppose I like fools."

"Denzil has been so good, that I have not seemed to have missed you," she said after a pause. "Some day when we have been married a long time I shall tell him—about Robert. I shall never feel at peace until I have told him!"

"Where is Sinclair now?"

"In London, I think, on his way to Paris. I shall never see him again dad. We have said our good-bye!"

"That is well," said Martin Monro. He was moved by Valerie's story. She had left the leather couch and was kneeling by the fire, holding out her hands. She was cold and very tired.

"Val, you have changed," he said.

"I know—I am no longer pretty!"

He laughed. "You are lovely," he said, "but you look older, and thinner. You have found your womanhood, I think!"

She nodded. "That is it," she said.

She was kneeling by his side and he was holding her hand in his. He looked at it with whimsical concern. "It is too thin," he said.

"Not so pretty as it was?" Valerie had never made any pretence of not loving her beauty.

"No," he said definitely.

Then there was a pause and he sat up on the couch and looked at her.

"Val," he said, "I can't bear it. You may have the courage—but I have not. I can't bear to see you shorn of anything. I can't bear that you should go through life with its light dimmed."

His deep eyes were looking at her, but his weak mouth was strangely tremulous. Valerie did not answer for a moment and when she did her voice was strangely calm.

"Dad," she said, "how do you know, that after all, that which has happened to me, is not the best for me? Do you think it hurts one to suffer a little when it is the right thing? If I cannot be as gay as I was, I can at least feel at peace, and I can rest in Denzil's love. Dad, I was not meant to be dazzlingly, radiantly happy—it is not in me. Robert himself gives me more pain than joy. Can you understand—when I am with him there seems always to be a closed door which I cannot open. And sometimes, I have a horrible feeling that if I did open it, there would be nothing behind—that is, nothing that would content me."

"You may be right," he said.

And that evening spent with her father and the next day, when she and he were alone together never quite faded from Valerie's memory. She could talk to him straight from her heart—as she could have talked to Denzil, if there had been no Robert. Denzil's letters when they came satisfied her entirely. They were so like himself, so passionate and so loving, yet it was always the letter of the adoring to the adored. She wrote to him in return, long letters reflecting her peace and content, but letting him see that he was necessary to her.

"Your mother is coming home in three days," Martin said to his daughter when she had been with him two days

"Is she ? What has become of Miss Searle ? Is there a new Miss Searle ?"

"Miss Searle has too good a memory! She *will* remember that your mother was an "anti" once and a suffragist now—or is it the other way about, Val ? However it is, she is not adaptable enough for your mother. There has been found a new Miss Searle, who is called Jones, who is equally precious to your mother. We had a very good time together, though ! We were just plain Mr. and Mrs. Munro and we had a sort of wedding-tour when we led the simple life. And we both enjoyed it ! I insisted that her maid should have a holiday."

"Poor mother ! How did she get on?"

"I think," said Martin, looking into the fire as if he saw pictures in it, "that she rather liked my doing everything for her. Of course her hair was not quite so elaborately done, but she looked all the prettier, I think."

Valerie looked at him. There was a revelation of intimacy in those few words. She had always known that her father and mother loved each other, but this brought it home to her as nothing else could have done.

"Did you love her very dearly when you married her ?" she asked.

"As Denzil loves you. I loved her passionately."

A pause and then Valerie asked in a whisper, "And she ?"

"She loved me as well as she could. In marriage, Val, there is always one who gives the most."

"Yes," said the girl thoughtfully.

She had never thought of herself as Robert's wife, but it came to her that if she had married him it would have been she who would have given the most, and as she wanted to give—to spend herself in giving, she knew where her loss would be in her marriage with Denzil. She would always be the one who would receive most !

She drove out that day and began to do some shopping and then came back and dressed herself in her prettiest evening dress to please her father. It was one that she had had made to go to Barranmuir, a soft, clinging pale green with iridescences of pearl round her lovely shoulders. The dress gave her something of the look of a sea-nymph. Martin had never seen it before.

"That's pretty, Val," he said.

"Denzil likes it," she answered.

"No wonder." He looked at her whimsically "Val, you seem made for costly garments. Everything you wear, your furs, your laces, and your jewels seem as if they had been created on purpose for you—yet when your mother and I married, she had never had a silk dress ! Lord, I remember the pride with which I gave her her first !"

"I can imagine it," said the girl—she always encouraged her father's reminiscences.

His man came and wheeled him in to dinner and after dinner, he had himself taken back to the ugly study which he loved better than any other room in the house. She seated herself on a stool by the fire at his side and the room was beginning to fill with tobacco-smoke, when suddenly a bell pealed through the house.

Val looked up. "Who can that be ?" she asked. "We are not supposed to be in town, are we ?"

"Some one in a hurry," said Martin, for the bell pealed again.

"Who can it be ?" Valerie turned pale and held her breath to listen. She knew by some strange instinct, that some evil thing had happened and that it had something to do with Robert.

"They have opened the door," said Martin—he had seen the look on Valerie's face.

She strained her ears and heard nothing until the footman knocked at the door. Then she rose from her stool and straightened herself. Whatever it was, she would meet it standing up. Monro, too, sat up and the footman coming in, impassively faced the questioning gaze of two pairs of eyes.

"Lord Merton is below and would like to see you, madam," he said to Valerie.

She turned to her father "It is Robert," she breathed.

It seemed to her afterwards as if invisible wings carried her down the stairs, for she remembered nothing until she felt the grasp of Denzil's hands on hers and looked at his white, tearstained face.

"Val," he said hoarsely, "you must come, my darling."

"Come ?" she asked. "Where do you want me to go, Denzil ?"

"Robert is dying," he said hoarsely. She gave a cry that startled him. "Dying ?" she asked. "Dying ? My God, not that !"

"He is dying," he repeated, "and you must go to him ! You *must*. Valerie, you never knew it, but he loves you !"

She looked at him for a moment—her eyes were full of a horrible remorse. "I did know it, Denzil," she said under her breath. "I have known it always—and Denzil, forgive me, forgive me, but I love him, too—have always loved him ! Take me to him, my dear !"

CHAPTER XVII.

DENZIL stared for a moment as if he did not understand. "You love him," he repeated. "You ! You !"

"Take me to him," said the girl.

He looked at her still in that vague fashion. He did not understand. It seemed as if for the moment, he could not think of anything but Robert.

"Let us go," she said. "Don't let us lose a moment, Denzil."

Then for the first time comprehension seemed to come to him. "You, you !" he said to her, "you love him. Val, what does it mean ?"

"It means that Robert is dying," she answered. "Does anything else matter now ?"

"No," he said dully, "come, dear."

He put his hand through hers. At the contact with her bare arm he shivered and looked round. "Ring for a wrap," he said. "You must not take cold." He himself sank down on a chair and covered his face with his hands. Valerie pealed at the bell.

"My cloak," she said breathlessly, "and be quick !"

The maid ran in and Valerie thrust her arms into its sleeves.

"I'm ready, Denzil," she said and held out her hand for him to take. He walked unsteadily, but she piloted him and when they had reached the motor, he was himself again.

"Drive to Hanover Square as quickly as you can," he said, and jumped into the motor after Valerie. She did not even notice that he did not sit by her side.

Neither of them spoke a word. The houses and the people seemed to fly past them—it was like the swift movement that one has in a dream. Denzil could not have spoken. Agony itself was dead for him. Only there came to him four words which hammered themselves incessantly on his brain, "Robert dead, Valerie lost." He did not articulate them, but he heard them all the while.

Valerie's white face was set and stern. It seemed to her that she was travelling for hours—surely it was hours ago, that she had first heard that Robert was dying ? She could have asked no question—what did it matter what the cause of it all was ? Robert was dying and the sun was going out of a world which should be bereft of him !

"He is in there," said Denzil, when they had climbed the stairs. Into the long, bare room with its marble bust and its picture of his dead mother, they had taken Robert. The bed was in the middle of the room. They had brought him here for more air and greater space, so that he might breathe the more easily. The disease that had attacked him had been dealt with, but the antitoxin that had been given him had been too much for his heart. He lay there now, gasping, breathless, with the mark of death stamped on his beautiful young face. He looked up as he heard the door open. The room

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The Love of Man

DID YOU EVER HAVE A REAL FRIEND—A FRIEND THAT WOULD CINCH HIS BELT TIGHTER TO STOP THE GNAWING AND GIVE YOU HIS LAST STRIP OF MEAT? THIS IS THE STORY OF SUCH AN ONE

By T. A. Tefft

Illustrated by C. L. Baldridge

THE sick man, who lay in the corner of the stuffy room, groaned and raised himself upon his elbow.

"Lizette! Lizette!" he called in a thin, querulous voice.

A woman of the Blackfeet tribe, who sat by the fireplace staring into the flames, turned her stolid face upon the sick man.

"Here I am; what do you want?" she answered, speaking the tongue of her people. "Do you want some more broth?"

"No, no," whined the man weakly fixing his sightless white eyeballs upon the woman. "'Tain't grub I'm hungry for. You know it ain't grub. I want some of my own people. It ain't that I'm not satisfied with you, Lizette. You've stuck to me like a good dog, and I've used you hard. God knows I ain't complaining about you. But I ain't for long now, and I've got some things to say to a white man before I snuff out. What's that? Is the sun shining?"

"It's night," said the woman. "That's only the firelight on your face."

"Night!" whimpered the man whom fever had weakened. "Night! O hell, it's been night for a year already! Ain't it ever going to get day again? Look outside, Lizette, and tell me if there ain't a thin white streak over in the east."

"Night has just fallen," said the woman; "you know you're blind."

The man groaned again and dropped back among the furs. The heavy silence of a mid-winter night in the wilderness came back into the room—like a palpable thing—and the woman went on staring into the flames.

"Lizette!" called the sick man at length. "Did you sure enough tell your people that passed here bound for Brasseau's to send a Blackrobe up and see me through? Did you sure tell 'em?"

"I told them."

"Do you think they'll forget?"

"One was my kinsman; he will remember."

The man raised himself feebly and sat up.

"It's four days now, ain't it? And it's only two to Brasseau's for a good traveler. The Blackrobe ought to be here now. Go outside, Lizette, and look off southeast toward Brasseau's."

The woman got up and went out.

"Was any one coming?" whined the sick man, when the woman re-entered.

"YOU'VE COME AT LAST, FATHER!" HE GASPED. "I'VE BEEN A-WAITIN' AND A-PRAYIN' FOR YOU, SEEMS LIKE A YEAR NOW"

"Did you hear the crunching of snowshoes? Tell me what you saw and heard."

"Heaped snow under the sharp stars," replied the woman, "and a coyote trotting on the ridge."

She sat down before the fire again and stared stolidly into the flames.

After a long lapse of silence the man spoke again.

"You don't give a damn !" he cried peevishly to the woman. "When I snuff out you'll just scoop out a hole and dump me in and pack off my stuff to your people !"

"My people do not groan when they suffer."

"But it ain't the fever nor the blindness, Lizette," went on the man in the thin voice. "I'm a ha'nted man ! That's why I ain't game. Did you ever hear me whine before ? I used to could drive 'em away and laugh 'em down; but I know I ain't for long now, and the damned ha'nts has got me down—Lizette !"

With a spasmodic effort he lifted himself to his elbow. A faint sound of crunching and whining as of snowshoes on the crusted snow came in from the great starlit silence outside.

"The Blackrobe!" he cried. "Quick, now, Lizette! Throw open the door ! Don't you hear the snowshoes ?"

The woman had risen and stood listening. She went to the door and threw it open.

The great muffled bulk of a man, with his face veiled in the fog of his own breath, muttered a word of greeting and heaved through the doorway. With a glad cry the sick man tried to get up, but fell back exhausted with his effort.

"You've come at last, Father," he gasped. "I've been a-waiting and a-waiting and a-praying for you, seems like a year now! And you'll see me through, and I can die easy. You come from Brasseau's ?"

The newcomer, keeping his face hidden in the shadow, removed his great mackinaw coat, took off his snowshoes and stood against the wall. Then he sat down on a bench beside the sick man, taking the limp, feverish hand in his.

"I came all the way from Brasseau's," he said, "to see you through. The Blackfeet people told me."

"Thank God for it, Father," said the sick man. "But you've walked far, and you're hungry."

"I've eaten," said the newcomer quietly. "What would you say to me?"

"I'm ha'nted, Father," began the sick man, clutching the big hand that held his. "I'm ha'nted, and I'm about to pass in. Maybe it's the fever—but—did you ever see ghosts, eh ? Ever since my gun busted and spit powder in my eyes and made me blind, I've been a-seeing 'em plainer and plainer ! Been seeing nothing else day and night. And then the fever come and the ha'nts got me down; and I'm scart to be awake and scart to go to sleep; 'cause when I sleep they chase me through millions of miles of nothing till I wake up all in a sweat. O God, if dying was only going sound asleep, I wouldn't care. Do they foller a man when he's dead—the ghosts ?"

"It's only because you're sick," said the stranger soothingly. "It's the fever. There isn't any such things as ghosts."

"But ain't I seen 'em, Father ? Oh, it ain't with your eyes that you see 'em. It's when you're blind; and then all the damned mean things you ever done turn into ghosts and dance about you and poke their bony fingers into your brain and laugh till you're well nigh crazy with 'em."

"IT'S ONLY BECAUSE YOU'RE SICK," SAID THE STRANGER. "IT'S THE FEVER"

"Tut, tut," said the stranger, stroking the hot brow of the man.

"Oh, let me talk, Father; they sort of grow dim when I talk. I've done a heap of mean things in my life. Guess every man does 'em. But there's one bigger'n all the rest." He breathed heavily for some time, while the stranger kept silence.

"Did you ever have a real friend, Father ?" he continued. "A friend that'd cinch his belt tighter to stop the gnawing and give you his last strip of meat ? I knowed a friend like that. His name was Jules Vaux. Big man he was, outside and in. A big lover and a big hater he was; and them's always good men. You can tie to 'em. Saved my life in the Aricara fight. Packed me on his back a whole day once, when I got a hard fall up in the Teton country; and it was bad snowshoeing, too.

"Used to call me 'Jamie, my boy'—just like that, soft like. And I used to call him 'Dad,' 'cause he was old enough for that and watched after me like as if I was his own. O God, if I could only hear him call me that again, just like he used to !

"You're a better hand at praying than me, Father. Takes practice. Won't you pray hard for me and tell 'em up there to tell him what I said ? Won't you, Father ? Tell 'em to tell him I said, 'If he could only call me "Jamie" again.' Won't you ?"

The stranger moved uneasily.

"Yes, yes," he said.

"That's right," went on the sick man; "hold my hand tight like that. I don't feel scart when you hold my hand like that.

"We was in the Aricara fight together, me and Jules. And after that we went with Henry's men on the Yellowstone trip. You mind when that was, Father—seven years ago last fall. I says to him: 'Dad, I'm going along with Henry.' And says he: 'So'm I, Jamie, my boy, so's to look after you a bit.' That's the way he was—always looking after me.

"He was a dead shot, and so he signed with Henry for a hunter. And one day he was going ahead of the party looking for game, when he come up on a grizzly all of a sudden. And when we come up, there he was on the flat of his back and the bear a-standing over him growling. And when we shot the beast and went to Jules, I saw something that'll foller me all the way through hell ! He had his knife tight in his big right fist. Not having time to shoot, he had fought with that like the man he was. My heart seemed broke.

"And his face ! O God ! All the ghosts that ha'nt me has got that face ! The bear's paw had swiped down across it and took off the nose and ripped up the cheeks. His head looked like a chunk of fresh bull meat, and one of his legs went wobbly when you lifted it.

"But he wasn't dead. Men like him don't die easy. But we could see that he was done for. Breathed snatchy and kind of sobbed when he breathed, like a man that's run a long ways.

Surgeon said he couldn't live through it. But all that night he went on a-wrastlin' with death and trying to live. And all the next night he went on, scrapping for every mouthful of wind he got and a-muttering cuss words like he always did when he was fighting mad.

"So Henry gave me three men, and the four of us was to stay behind until the old man did what he was going to do. Three days and nights went past, and every minute of the time we thought his next breath'd be his last. And then the others began to grumble about taking the old man so long to die, and the party getting further away all the time. 'He can't live through it,' they said. 'Can't you see he's done for? We might just as well go on!'

"But I wouldn't listen to 'em. O God, I wish I hadn't listened to 'em! And then another day went round, and another night; and still the old man hung right onto the ragged edge and wouldn't let loose. And then the others said: 'We'll wait one day more. It's foolish to stay in the Indian country for the sake of a dead man. Ain't four live men worth more than a dead one?

"I was weak, and so I agreed I'd go in one more day. But when the time had come, the old man was still hanging onto the raw edge, though he was quieter—just like they get before they let go. So we covered him up with his blanket and took his gun and his fixin's and moved on after the main party.

"It was like tearing my heart out to do it; but I done it. For, after all, it did seem like the others was right.

Continued on page 379.

De'ils to Fecht

By John Patrick Mackenzie

"AULD BONEY micht tak' Proosia—ay, or e'en Roosia; but he'll ne'er tak' Scotland, for they Munroes are de'ils to fecht."

Peggy's hearers all laughed, as they usually did whenever she spoke—as much at her concise humour as at her broad Doric.

Like all Highland Scots of the younger generation, they prided themselves on speaking English as it is spoken in England, but it is an open question whether they or Peggy really spoke the truer Anglo Saxon.

A well-meaning man has recently published what he calls "a translation of Robert Burns' poems from the Keltic dialect into English." Far from having anything Keltic about it, any Ayrshire man will tell you that Burns' spoken and written language was purer English than is now used in England. And Peggy came from Ayrshire.

They were in the parish schoolhouse at the annual cockfight. The schoolmaster, worthy man, elder of the kirk and skilled physician, presided, robed in scholastic camlet gown.

While his parish alone was left to observe this ancient custom, he maintained to his dying day that the bravery inculcated by these combats still persisted throughout the land and gave the nation its fighting spirit; so his colleagues of the kirk session refrained from enforcing the ban which the kirk had placed upon the practise and awaited his passing away for its final abolition.

The birds were brought by the scholars, and "Munro's boy's" game cock was winning. "Munro's boy" was son of the hereditary chief of that clan and his youthful clansmen sat by his side, eager-eyed and bent on winning; and their evident joy in victory inspired Peggy Maxwell's remark.

Peggy had come to Rosshire a mere child. Her family's presence in the fertile valley, where Sandy Maxwell's thorough farming was a continual marvel to his Keltic neighbours, was due to the public spirit of the landlord, Munro of Strathconnan, who had brought the Lowland family to his estate to demonstrate the possibilities of the soil. However, the original inhabitants, whose progenitors regarded agriculture as a side issue and preferred marauding as a steady occupation, contented themselves with disinterested admiration and held to the ways of old.

If tenure of the land had depended upon fitness to work it, then the land-hungry "Sassenach" had possessed it ages ago: but the forbidding Grampians and the fighting spirit of the natives had, so far, saved the region from the fate of the Southland.

The cockfight ended in a complete victory for "Munro's boy." Peggy was accompanied to her home by Duncan Ross, to whom she said at the door in parting, "Ay, I'll meet ye at the fire the nicht."

As she entered the cottage, her father, who was seated at the table, brought down his fist with a mighty bang and exclaimed, "Ye'll no gang to ony heathen cantraps the nicht. A thousan' years o' Chreesteeaunity hasna eeradeecated paganism frae the hearts o' these Hielan'men. Saycreefices o' bulls to Mourie, ane o' their heathen gods, hae been offered in the Hielan's in oor times, an' noo they wad dare tae pass thro' the fire to Baal!"

It was generally whispered about, that a terrible ancient rite, was to be revised in mild form and a "devoted" person, selected by lot, was to leap through a bonfire three times as a symbolic sacrifice. In ancient days, such a ceremony had been performed in honour of one "Baal" to ensure the harvest, which was now endangered by unfavourable weather. Some held that it was as justifiable a proceeding as the celebration of the heathen Norse festival of yule-tide under the name of Christmas, while others insisted that it was Baal-worship pure and simple. By the young people it was regarded as a lark, but their elders took it quite seriously, whether in favour or opposed.

"The cursed fools!" exclaimed the hard-headed Maxwell. "They wad mak it oot tae be a Chreestian ceereemoony, wad they? Dinna they ken that the Lord gies success tae him wha works for it, an doesna' deelight in saycreefices an' burnt offerings?

"I'll warrant ye I'll hairvest a crop the year—an' for why? Juist a maitter o' deep culteevation, the lazy eejits!"

Peggy said nothing—but, "though feyther an' mither an' a' should gae mad," slipped quietly away after evening prayers to meet her lad.

The circle around the fire in the darkness was a weird sight, but the sensible Saxon maiden took no interest in the doings. She was intent upon a matter of greater importance to her

than the outcome of the crop, and, as for ancient customs, they meant nothing to her.

Duncan Ross had declared his intention of enlisting on the following day, when a body of recruits was to march to join Wellington's army, and it was to dissuade him that she had disobeyed her father for the first time.

"Young Munro," an elder brother of the boy who had won the cockfight, was to lead them.

Some of the most impressionable of his hot-headed clansmen were beginning to shout the inflammatory Munro slogan, "Castle Foulis ablaze !" which recalled the ancient rallying signal—the beacon fire of the clan. Though this did not carry any direct appeal to a Ross, Peggy was having all she could do to hold her Duncan. Time was when the Munroes had marched side-by-side with the Rosses, a thousand claymores strong, under the Earls of Ross, and strange stirrings of the old, wild, glorious days, lurking in his blood, were thrilling him through and through. Since the line of the chiefs of his clan had failed, what better than to serve in the ranks of their hereditary allies ?

"Margaret, I am no farmer nor ever will be," he said. "Let me go to the war and I'll come back to you a general yet." For had not Highland men done as much before ?

"I'll tak ma chances wi' you, Duncan," Peggy replied. "Stay, an' I'll marry ye an' teach ye how to earn an honest living. Promise me noo."

"Well, I will, Margaret," said Duncan, after a long silence. "But I fear you have undertaken a big contract."

And they sealed it with a kiss.

The bagpipes skirled and a hundred stalwart highlanders marched away, bravely clad in that beautiful crimson blaze shot with azure, gold, purple ; the Munro tartan, which an enthusiastic Gaelic poet must have had in mind when he penned, in utmost description of a glorious sunrise, the lines translated, "Every dye that's in the tartan o'er it grew."

With their pipers playing "Munro's March," they swung into Liverpool in as good order as when they started out, and were snapped up at once and mustered into the Forty-Second Regiment.

But, alas ! for poor Young Munro's dream of glory, the "food for powder" was too good a sample. The general in command wanted more such material, and, seeing that many of the recruits had but little English, packed him back home, in spite of the fact that he had been in action with the Rossshire Fencibles at Vinegar Hill in Ireland.

"Never mind about that," he said when Young Munro tried to explain that he was quite a veteran. "We have plenty of officers who are willing to stand up and be shot, and too many of them will be before we settle Boney ; but such recruiting officers are hard to find. Send me more men like those you have brought. You can speak Gaelic. Go back and take a captain's commission with you."

. . . . . .

Duncan and Peggy bided their time with a caution for which the latter was responsible. They had hopes of obtaining from Munro of Strathconnan the privilege of working a farm which would be worth while, but there were many applicants for every one that was available.

McGregors had come into the district long ago when their clan was broken up and they had to go far from home to even keep their own name; and, as ancient allies, they had to be provided for; as also had Munro's own clansmen. As for the Rosses, the whole countryside had once belonged to their clan, and they had always considered it their right to be taken care of.

At last the smouldering jealousy burst out in a faction fight. On the one side were the Rosses, still the most numerous clan in the district; and on the other were the McGregors, the Munroes and their friends the McCraes. These had the help of an interloper who was a tower of strength —a Caithness man from his weapon, for he wielded the old-fashioned quarter-staff—a stick grasped by the middle, with both ends of which he whacked vigourously.

The fight was going against the Rosses, when their women, inspired with an instinctive memory of ancient days, took off their stockings, gathered stones from the brook and, loading their stockings with the stones, sailed in to the aid of their men-folk.

Peggy was as much interested as anybody. The Saxon, in common with all Teutons, when he does fight, fights to some purpose and not for glory or for the fun of it. Which is probably the reason why he has usually accomplished something tangible in his wars, whether they resulted in the occupation of France and the wringing of a colossal indemnity from the thrifty people of that country; or in the ancient seizing of an English or Lowland Scottish county.

So Peggy, thinking the customs of the locality safe enough to follow when she had in view a common end with her neighbors, joined the stocking-fighters, and, being sturdy, did great execution. Then, the women of the opposing faction came to the rescue of their outnumbered men. Shouts of *Mac an Diabhol*—son of the devil,—the height of Gaelic profanity, were heard on all sides, and all was going merrily when the minister of the district rode into the melee on his horse, scattered the combatants and drove them off in different directions.

The outcome was that the McGregors left the neighbourhood and made more room for the original inhabitants.

. . . . . .

Duncan and Peggy were finally glad to secure a little hillside croft and they worked bravely side-by-side against the odds of poor equipment and restricted scope, a family of little Anglo-Kelts growing up about them.

But, one day, a bolt came out of a clear sky. Strathconnan had drifted into difficulties and the estate had to be sold. The new owner decided to turn it into a sheep farm, and notified the crofters that their tenure was at an end.

Most of them had counted that the soil belonged to them as they belonged to the soil. The ancient clan system had never contemplated such an issue. The land was loosely considered to belong to the clan and the clan lived, and died if need be, for the chief. But times had changed.

To these simple sons of the soil, it was a thing too dreadful to contemplate. To leave the bleak, heather covered hills; which gave the mind a tinge of sadness, but such sweet sadness —and the calm valleys with their birch trees, hazel groves, alder trees and bushes; their burns or brooks; the singing birds—the mavis and the linnets; the cuckoo and the lark; the robin-red-breast and the wren; and the noisy chaffinch or *break-a-beithe*; the blackbird, the starling, the yellow-yerling and the bull-finch—and the flowers that bloomed in the wildwood ! the primrose, the snowdrop, the violet and blue-bell; the daisies, the wild roses, the wild hyacinths.

Even matter-of-fact Peggy felt in every fibre of her being the grief which overcame her emotional neighbours.

Helplessly they refused to move, unable to think where they were to go.

Then the militia was called out under Young Munro, now the father of a family, fighting the battle of life among his boyhood friends on half pay and poor farming. His boys, clad in his cut-down red coats, had gone to school with the crofters' children, respectfully addressed as *Mac an Oifegeach* (officer's son).

But orders must be obeyed.

The men of the crofters had too much of the soldier in their nature to resist the King's troops and sat sullenly in their heather-thatched huts. Not so the women. It was whispered about that they were going to fight, and when Munro came marching up with

Continued on page 382.

A Sheaf of Asphodel

The Remittance Man

By Garnett Weston

ISOLATE, lone and despairful, these are the words that I write.
Memory's mazes beset me. Yesterday's dreams are alight.
Turret on turret, the castles, see how they splendour the eye,
Founded on pillars of dreaming, summits that sever the sky.

Seem I to wander in twilight, whip-poor-wills whispering low,
Pulsing the gloom of the swamp-land with an unutterable woe.
Red dies the day in the westland, scented with spring is the air.
Life is bewitching and golden, things are alluringly fair.

But only the years are constant, they follow the last year's tread,
Bearing on to the empty vasts, the slumb'ring harvest of dead.
They have taken youth and laughter, smothered the heat of their fires
And left in their place the ashes of unrealized desires.

Broad and far have I wandered. God, but Thou knowest it all,
The joy and pain of the rover, the gripping bond of his thrall.
Thou knowest the lights that beckon, stronger than love or a life,
The spell of the unknown peoples, the lust of a distant strife.

But oh, in the years that follow, when the friendly hours are dead,
Our very names are forgotten, absence has severed the thread.
We gloom o'er the things about us, we dream of the castled home,
That loomed on the years' horizon, ere we ranked with those who roam.

Turret on turret the castles, see how they splendour the eye.
Founded on pillars of dreaming, summits that sever the sky.
Isolate, lone and despairful, these are the words that I write.
Memory's mazes beset me. Yesterday's dreams are alight.

The Draught of Life

By Bertha F. Gordon

THE draught of Life—ah God—how sharp it is !
How deadly bitter—and how madd'ning sweet !
Oh pang of ice and fire, how you thrill
Through all my veins, and shake my very soul !
Divine intoxication glowing red
Within your jewelled chalice. Lo, I set
My thirsty lips hard to your cruel brim
And drink, and drink, and wring the dregs thereof.
I am of God, and shall I fear to quaff
To the last drop, the cup here set for me ?

Cupid's Wiles

By Frances Peck Savage

SOMEWHERE
In a garden fair,
In the land of dreams,
By palace rare,
A merry sprite,
And an armored knight,
Met and stood
In the fading light.

Now 'twas told,
In days of old,
The armored knight,
Was stern and cold,
That thoughts of fame
And mighty name
Were aught that kept
His heart aflame.

But
The merry sprite
With heart as light
As a drop of dew,
On a summer night,
Mayhap by chance,
Broke field and lance,
Of the armored knight,
With roguish glance.

And it befell,
So poets tell,
The merry sprite,
Wove love's sweet spell,
And charmed the knight,
From deeds of might,
Into the paths
Of love and light.

And
So you see,
Who e'er he be,
An armored knight
Can scarce be free
From Cupid's dart,
And wounds that smart,
Perchance, of course,
He has a heart.

Break o' Day

By Sara Hamilton Birchall

Somewhere, dawn pearls to-day. Somewhere night fades away.
Long is the hour before the breaking, love, of the day!
Fluting thrush on the spray! Paling stars in the gray!
Long is the journey without you, beloved. Dusty the way!

Fortunes Overnight

Part II.

THE SECOND OF THE AUTHOR'S ARTICLES ON THE SENSATIONAL OIL STRIKE AT CALGARY—CRUDE OIL AT THE MONARCH WELL

By Norman S. Rankin

Illustrated from Photographs

WHEN CANADA MONTHLY was going to press last month, the news of a strike of crude oil at the Monarch well flashed out. The Monarch well is located in the Olds district, about forty miles north of Calgary. This strike might properly be called Strike No. 3, for located the fluid, he called the watchers and in a moment of intense excitement the baler was again sent down. When it was once more brought to the surface and its contents dumped into the sluice-box, it was seen to be crude black oil. Those present could hardly contain themselves for enthusiasm. Drilling was stopped and an order for a special capping appliance wired to Medicine Hat, as the geologist feared that if the drill penetrated into the oil-bearing strata without this appliance a gusher would result, which it might be impossible to control.

THE BIG TEAMS THAT HAUL CASING TO THE WELLS

though there is yet, so far as is publicly known, one producing well, there have been two previous strikes, one on October 8th, 1913, in the Dingman well at a depth of 1,500 feet, and one on May 14th, 1914, in the same Dingman well, at a depth of 2,718 feet

On the evening of June 17th, President William Georgeson of the Monarch company brought in news that his well had struck oil. The well was immediately closed to all visitors except accredited representatives of the press, and official announcement was made by the company that the Monarch well had struck black oil at a depth of 808 feet.

Interviewed on his arrival in town, Mr. Georgeson said that the strike had been anticipated by the geologist and consequently some of those deeply interested in the project had remained at the well-mouth overnight in the hope that oil would be brought in during their presence. When the driller became convinced that at last he had

It was late when Mr. Georgeson reached town, but it did not take long for the news to spread. By 11.30 crowds who had retired home for the night began to swarm down to their offices, and by midnight the entire city was awake and on the streets ready for business. When the exchanges had closed that afternoon, Monarch stock had quoted: Dividend, $17.50; Ex-dividend, $8.00 with no demand. At once, of course, there was a sharp flurry, and curb brokers traded it actively up to $50.00 while others opened their offices and did a strenuous business in all shares. The news gave an enthusiastic impetus to stock selling. Hundreds were eager to buy. Hundreds were eager to sell—at a big price.

The demand of both geologists and the public had been for crude oil, and now here it was, common, crude and black. The excellent showing of the 90% gasoline product from the Dingman (Discovery) well, twenty miles south of Calgary, which has been steadily dipped out since its strike last May, and the discovery of oil in the old Pincher Creek well in the south, sunk and abandoned many years ago, was clearly insufficient evidence to convince the pessimist of the future of the Calgary fields. But with crude black oil in the Monarch well, and the oil-bearing territory extended both north and south, the public naturally begins to believe that here in Alberta exists a great oil field, stretching, no doubt, from the Sweetgrass country, on the international boundary, north to the very snow-limits of the province.

Investors crowded the fronts of brokers' offices where they were thrown blank application forms. They filled these in haphazard with pencil or pen, pinning their money to them and throwing them on the counters, when they dashed off to go through the same performance elsewhere. Clerks swept the blanks and money off the counters into waste paper baskets behind, and jumped on the contents to make room for more. The rotunda of the new

Canadian Pacific Hotel Palliser presented an animated appearance. Everybody wanted to buy; everybody had money to spend; everybody was convinced that at last the opportunity had come to make fortunes. Night slipped by and morning waned, but sleep, or the fact that they had forgotten to go to bed, never occurred to many of them.

But there is a "but" in everything. The find proved to be but a pocket, and drilling was resumed. Stocks dropped back to normal again. Excitement subsided and people went about their business as usual. The only noticeable difference was that further companies sprang up and additional oil exchanges formed. No abatement in oil interest, however, was apparent. At the time I wrote the previous article, between eighty and ninety companies had formed with a combined approximate capitalization of $100,000,000. To-day there are in existence over four hundred companies, whose combined capitalization is $400,000,000. Of these, twelve are actually drilling with shafts sunk from 300 to 2,700 feet. Eight oil exchanges have incorporated, and are actively engaged in stock trading.

The construction of a refinery to take care of the crude product is under serious consideration. It is well to remember that oil has between three and four hundred by-products.

The construction of a pipe line to Vancouver by operators from the Ohio and California oil fields, who have become actively interested locally is a future probability. Pipe lines are being operated to-day from Oklahoma (Tulsa) to Jersey City, a distance of 1,500 miles. The distance to Vancouver is only 680 miles.

THE WILD-EYED CROWD IN ONE OF CALGARY'S PUBLIC OIL EXCHANGES

A complete wireless service between the oil fields and Calgary has been installed, and already six or eight companies are taking advantage of the opportunity to keep in close touch with well-operations and eliminate false rumors. At each of the wells connected with the service, an elaborate installation has been made with power supplied by a gasoline engine driving a motor and generator, which also supplies sufficient power for lighting purposes. Operators are in attendance at each well and daily news bulletins are flashed to a central office at Calgary from which point messengers convey it promptly to the head offices of the companies obtaining the service. Operators are licensed by the government.

THE INTERIOR OF THE DINGMAN WELL

A factory for the manufacture of steel derricks and oil drilling equipment is being erected in Calgary, and a similar, smaller plant is under construction at Okotoks. Two oil exchanges are constructing buildings on valuable inside property, one on the site of the famous club of old timers, "The Ranchmen's."

At a depth of 504 feet, while boring for natural gas, the town of High River, 40 miles south of Calgary, had a small strike of oil of the same character as that discovered in the Dingman well at 1,500 feet. Quite a sensation was caused in the southern town over this discovery. The well had been drilling for several months and at 450 feet gas was encountered and the well capped. On July 6th, the directors, deciding that the quantity was insufficient for their purposes, uncapped the well and resumed work. When the baler was sent down, it came up half full of black oil to the astonishment and delight of the city fathers, and in a few minutes half the town's population knew of it and stood cheering around the mouth of the well. The drillers brought up fresh quanties of oil to convince the latest arrivals that they really had "the goods." It is the intention of the town to drive the well to a greater depth in the hope that the precious fluid may be encountered in commercial quantities.

Six or more companies, whose capital varies from $500,000 to $10,000,000 and whose total capitalization approximates $20,000,000 have formed an oil merger. The assets of the consolidated companies include areas in practically every district where drilling is now being carried on, 100,000 acres of leases and seven drilling outfits. The principal operations of the merger, it is announced, will be for the present on the Dingman anticline, where five separate properties are held.

Every available inside office has been taken over by oil brokers, and rents are high in consequence. There are over one hundred such offices. Oil signs, brazenly proclaiming the merits of the various oil companies, stare at

you from all sides. Bill-boards, wagons, sandwich men, handbills and daily stock quotations on street blackboards and in newspapers, testify to the intense oil excitement. There are many millionaires on paper; some with real money. Those who possessed and disposed of leases are amongst the latter class.

Many notable geologists have been attracted to Calgary in connection with the oil. The London Mining Institute has a representative on the ground. From every active and declined oil field in the United States they have come. It is reported that the British Mining Institute has commissioned Sir Trewatha James to make a detailed report on the entire field, which will eventually come before the British Admiralty. And finally H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught, Governor General of Canada, accompanied by the Duchess and Princess Patricia, has visited the oil fields in his last trip west.

Much controversy has arisen over the merits and demerits of crude black oil and the white or yellow oil that has been found and is now produced in the Dingman well. It seems to be the general opinion, and again and again it has been stated, that we cannot have a commercial oil field until crude oil is encountered. Speaking before the Calgary Advertising Club on the sixteenth of July, A. W. Dingman, after whom the discovery well is named, and a pioneer in gas and oil operations in Alberta, said:

"I have asked an eminent geologist why he should want to find black oil in preference to the white oil we are now producing, and when he got down to facts, he simply could not explain. If our yellow oil sells for $8 a barrel, why should we want oil that brings only 75c. a barrel, and that then has to be refined. Then again, people actually tell me that the oil is not where it is. They say it has seeped from five miles away. In my opinion, the oil we are taking out of the Dingman well to-day could not squeeze through five miles of that sand rock formation in ten thousand years. It is just a case of Mother Nature refining the oil for Alberta and some of her children still crying for milk when they could have cream. This district is a puzzle for geologists, and we must go slowly, but we are fortunate in having enough capital to finance the field in one-tenth the time that it would have taken ten years ago without the enthusiasm of the present and its mechanical equipment."

The oil business is a serious one, requiring large capital. After the land or lease has been acquired, about $50,000 is required to purchase and install the equipment. Contractors charge from $7 to $11 per foot to drill, but even this price does not include casing. A well may cost $25,000 to $100,000 to drill, depending on the depth at which oil is struck and the success met with in extracting or losing a casing. A well-known authority told me he would not attempt any well without a clear fund of $60,000 to do it with—all equipment being found.

Calgary is confident—absolutely confident—that in the end she will prove triumphantly to the world the legitimacy and extent of her oil field such as she anticipates—such as geologists anticipate—and this confidence is clearly manifest in both the speech and actions of her citizens. The optimism of the westerner is prevalent.

"Motherer"

Continued from page 328.

ashamed to go in just at mealtime, like I wanted something—so I went away."

"Oh, Jack ! where to ?"

"Oh," with his lightest manner, "I—er—you remember old gray Billy, the horse that hauled the wood ? Well, I just went down to his stable, by the river, and he was there, and he knew me, and he was so warm and the straw was real deep, and I guess I fell asleep there."

I caught the chapped little hands in mine: "Jack—Jack boy ! listen to me—be honest, dear, to your old chum ! You had no supper—have you had any breakfast ? Have you had any lunch?"

He lifted his head high, but it could not stay lifted. His white face drooped—his voice shook, as he admitted frankly, "I guess—I'm pretty hungry. Something keeps biting at me, and I get kind of dizzy when I walk."

I rushed from the room, turning the key in the lock as a precaution, and presently I managed to get some sandwiches and a bowl of coffee.

As Jack began ravenously on his food, I said to him: "Gently, laddie, not so fast !" and presently, as color crept into his cheeks, he offered me a string of beads from his pocket, that had been intended to reward some Indian brave, saying: "These may come useful to you when you're playing *Pocahontas* or something."

"No, Jack, your mother will have use for them when you go back."

"I'm not going back !" he answered, firmly.

"Not going back—why, are you here without your mother's permission ?"

"Yes."

"Why, what will she do ?"

"I guess she won't do much !" he answered, bitterly.

"But dear, I thought you loved her ?"

"Well, didn't I ? Didn't I get licked when big boys guyed her ? Didn't I learn all my parts right away so as not to worry her ? Didn't I stay in and go to bed, when I could have lied and gone with the gang, after she had started for the theatre ? Didn't I do all her errands, and when she sent me for her lunch after the play, did I ever take even a nibble or hook a penny ?"

"I don't believe you ever did—but think, Jack, how she loves you !"

"Yes, in holes and corners, where people didn't see her, she used to love me sometimes. Besides, people don't want thieves about them !"

"Thieves—why, Jack ?"

"She said it ! She said it !" he sobbed in a red fury. "My own motherer said it ! I wouldn't have cared if she had licked me to pieces for losing the money, but she said I stole it !" and he folded his thin little arms against the wall, and hiding his face, sobbed heavily.

I drew him to me: "Tell me about it, Jack." With nervous fingers, pushing the hairpins back and forth in my hair, he told me of the boy whose aunt kept a candy shop, and how he used to give the gang candy and chewing gum, claiming his aunt gave him the things. One day after filling Jack's pockets, he came back very frightened and admitted that he had stolen the things, but promised if Jack would not tell on him, that he would never do it again. Jack promised not to betray him. That same day Mrs. Brandish had given Jack money and sent him to buy some play books. He started, but being by way of learning to walk on his hands, had practiced a little on the sidewalks and while thus reversed had undoubtedly lost the money from his pocket. After vain search he went home and told Mrs. Brandish of his loss. She was angry, and turning out his pockets in her determined seeking, found the packets of gum, the candy, and some new marbles. She charged Johnnie with stealing and spending the money. Half wild, the child denied the charge. Then she said: "Account for your possession of these things ! A gift ?" She laughed at the idea. "What was the name and address of the generous one ?" He told her he had promised, had crossed his heart not to tell, and she curled her lip at him, and sneered:

"Ah, I see ! Honor among thieves !" and Jack had turned and left the house.

Suddenly he drew away from me. "Maybe you think, I took it, too ?" he said suspiciously.

"No, Jack, I know you didn't ! But go back to mother—she will be so troubled !"

"No—people don't trouble about thieves, not even motherers ! But I guess I'll have to go now. I'm going to see if anybody wants a boy for

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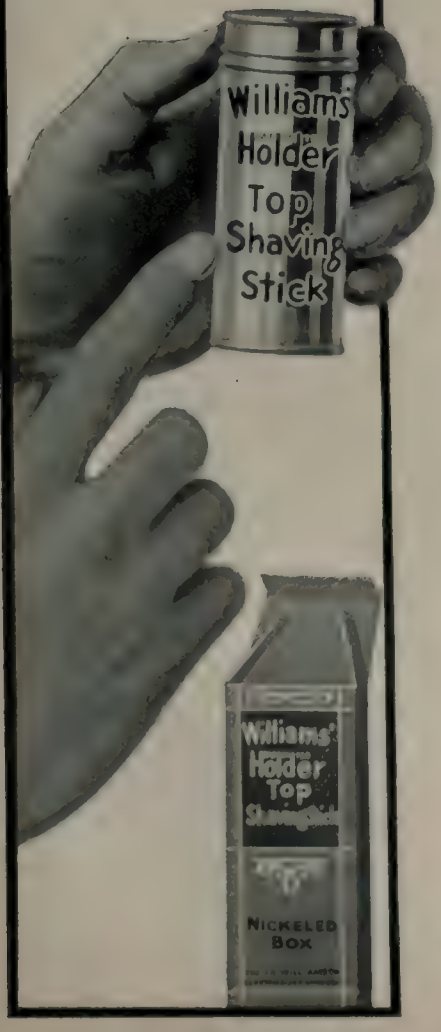

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for a miniature trial package of either Williams' Shaving Stick, Powder or Cream, or 10 cents for Assortment No. 1, containing all three articles.

Address: THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

Who Ever Forgot

His First Dish of Puffed Grains?

You have forgotten, no doubt, when you first tasted most things. But one always remembers the first dish of Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice.

Look back—you who know them. Note how well you recollect the first sight of them. What other food dainty in all your lives ever left such an impression?

Your Time is Coming

Your time is coming—if it hasn't come—when you learn the delights of Puffed Grains. Some day you will order a package. Out will roll brown, bubble-like grains, eight times normal size.

You will see crisp, airy, fragile morsels which seem too good to eat. You will serve them with cream and sugar, mix them with fruit, or float like crackers in bowls of milk. And you will find that these thin-walled, flaky grains have a taste like toasted nuts.

You will never forget that morning.

Puffed Wheat, - 10c
Puffed Rice, - - 15c

Except in Extreme West.

These are Prof. Anderson's foods—made by his patent process. Every food granule is steam-exploded for easy, complete digestion. Every food atom is made available.

So these are more than dainties. In all the ages, no other process has so fitted grains for food. That is the main reason why you should know them. Get a package of each—get them to-day—and see which kind you like best.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(653)

errands, or perhaps I can help in a stable."

Poor slender little chap, with great purplish half rings beneath his eyes, his services would not be in great demand. And as I puzzled over a means of keeping him longer, the awaited quick step came up the hall, the imperative knock followed, and then the manager was handing me a play book, and exclaiming in well-simulated surprise: "Why, halloo, Jack! Where did you come from?"

The boy made a spring to secure his cap, then, disarmed by the manager's manner, recovered his self-possession, shook hands, and for a time gravely discussed theatricals. Suddenly Mr. E. asked: "Well, what about your mother?"

"Oh, she's a big favorite, just as she was here. But she don't like the city yet, she's kind of homesick for this place."

"Humph! Have you sent her any letter yet?"

Jack's eyes fell: "Why, no sir, I've only been away such a short time, that——"

"Well," said the manager, sharply, "it's time for you to go back now! You've treated yourself to the wild sweet joy of running away, leaving your mother to pay the whistle! Now back you go!"

"No, sir, motherer don't want me, she thinks bad things of me!"

"And what do you think *she's* doing meanwhile?"

"Why, she's acting with Mr. Murdock, of course." The manager shook his head, and Jack's eyes opened wide with surprise. "She ain't had a fall? The doctor said her bones was too little for her weight." Another shake of the head. "They haven't engaged anyone else when she's such a favorite?"

"I guess they've had to, as she is broken flat down on her bed from worry about you."

Jack's lips quivered piteously. He crept to my side, and as if I had not heard, muttered hoarsely: "Motherer's sick! Please can you help me to go back to her?"

"Here, you read him this," and he handed me a scrawl in Mrs. Brandish's hand. It was an entreaty that if anyone saw her Johnnie he should be told that a Danny Pierson had been arrested for robbing his aunt's shop and had confessed distributing the spoils and that she, Johnnie's mother, had been cruelly mistaken, and was suffering for her boy.

But Jack paid no attention to me as I read this vindication of his boyish honor. He impatiently waved the note aside, repeating anxiously: "Can you help me, please, motherer's sick?"

The manager got him a thicker

jacket. I washed and brushed and then dined him, and when the time came to start he shook hands casually, but out in the dim hall, his man-about-town manner fell from him, his thin little arms went about my neck, his hot cheek pressed close to mine and he besought: "You think motherer will get well, don't you—oh, don't you?"

Years swept by and "Little Jack" was little no longer, but was known to his comrades as "Jolly Captain Jack Brandish of the Cavalry," who followed faithfully the "*guidon*," as a cavalry man should. Writing to me just after his promotion, he said:

And by the way, I used to have the most profound admiration for your astonishingly variegated knowledge. But I say, you did turn your imagination loose on me once! What a bounder that was about the Indians being all tamed. You wretch! That was years ago, yet "Old Gray Wolf Crook" with sweet persuasiveness is still taming Indians—a task that I've been able to help on a little bit. God bless him, for a rare good man and a mighty fighter!

Dear chum of days agone—ah, yes, you know already, for when did I ever come to you without wanting something. But will you, there in the East, secure for me the play books on inclosed list; also the wigs, beards, and box of make-up. Don't laugh, for let me tell you that about Christmas time, out here at the post, private theatricals are highly esteemed, and yours truly becomes quite the king-pin—in fact as stage manager I'm a far bigger thing than I'm likely to become as an officer. Will you send the things? Of course you will! So for the little fellow's sake, you will help out the long-legged Jack of to-day? Thank you, anyway, in advance!

Mother—Lord! how hard it is to this day to knock off that extra syllable! Hang'd if I'll do it now—being it is to you! Motherer is up in Canada now and only plays on special occasions. God bless her! She seems to believe that the welfare and fighting ability of the whole of Uncle Sam's army depends upon the valor and honor of her Johnnie: and it almost breaks her heart to use the bits of money I send her—because they have belonged to me!

(Excuse me—an orderly with a message.)

Oh! where's my head! The General himself—Old Gray Wolf—has expressed a personal desire to have me go out with his picked party to-night. This will be honor enough for me for a lifetime. There won't be any sounding of "Boots and Saddles," only after "taps" when all is quiet, we will slip out and away! The old General has the scent of a hound for trouble! And you—you could tell a trusting child that the Indians were all tamed long ago!

Take my hand, chum—wish me good luck! Good-by!

Yours ever affectionately,
Jack Brandish, U. S. A.

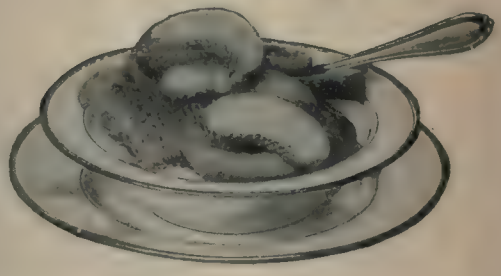
P. S.—I must send one word to motherer!

A young, recently married couple had been having the usual half pathetic and wholly amusing experiences incident to somewhat limited means and total inexperience. One Saturday there was a hitch in the delivery of the marketing, and Sunday found them with a practically empty larder. When dinner time came the young wife burst into tears.

"Oh, this is horrible!" she wept. "Not a thing in this house for a dog to eat! I am going home to mamma!"

"If you don't mind, dear," the husband exclaimed, as he visibly brightened and reached for his hat, "I'll go with you!"

A Five-Cent Banquet



The costliest banquet ever spread, with all the gastronomic concoctions that culinary genius can devise could not contain as much real body-building, digestible nutriment as two

Shredded Wheat Biscuits

the food that contains all the elements in the whole wheat grain steam-cooked, shredded and baked. It is what you digest, not what you eat, that builds muscle, bone and brain. The filmy, porous shreds of whole wheat are digested when the stomach rejects all other foods. Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits, with milk or cream and sliced peaches, make a complete, perfect meal at a cost of five or six cents.

Always heat the Biscuit in oven to restore crispness; then cover it with sliced peaches or other fresh fruit and serve with milk or cream. Try toasted Triscuit, the Shredded Wheat Wafer, for luncheon with butter, cheese or marmalades.

"It's All in the Shreds"

Made only by
The Canadian Shredded Wheat Co., Ltd.,
Niagara Falls, Ont.
Toronto Office: 49 Wellington Street, East.

When Motoring

slip a package of Ingersoll Cream Cheese in the luncheon basket.

Ingersoll Cream Cheese

has a distinctive flavor—much nicer than ordinary cheese. Wholesome and nourishing, too—you'll enjoy it.

In Packages
15c and 25c at all Grocers

Send for the Ingersoll Recipe Folder

THE INGERSOLL Packing Co., Ltd. Ingersoll, Ont.

"Spreads like Butter"

Neave's Food
FOR INFANTS
Will Bring Your Baby Safely Through The First Year

"We put our Maurice on Neave's Food when he was one week old, and he never tasted anything else until his first birthday. Hundreds of people have stopped me on the streets and in the stores to ask how old he was and what he was fed on. He has never had a day's illness and is one of the bonniest boys I have ever seen".

Mrs. J. W. PATEMAN,
133 Boultbee Ave., Toronto.

Neave's Food is sold in 1-lb. tins by all druggists.

FREE TO MOTHERS—Write for free tin of Neave's Food and copy of our book "Hints About Baby", to the

Canadian Agent — EDWIN UTLEY, 14W Front Street East, - TORONTO.

51

Mfrs. J. R. NEAVE & CO., England.

This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

WHAT marvels have happened in this round world since last we took the road, Pack on back! It was along a quiet country road, lined by fence and hedge. The smell of the hay yet lingered over the ground, and already the new grass was greening upward. There were flowers by the wayside to gather if one had a mind to, and carry gaily in a nosegay. There were birds chirping excitedly as they flocked preparatory to the long flight towards warm winter quarters; the road is the same, the grass still grows greenly though the scent of the hay has gone with the birds; there are yet wayside flowers sturdily blooming amid the haze of autumn, but just now a company of boys in khaki marched smartly through the city streets behind us and there is the sound of drums beating, and somewhere—afar off—the heavy thunder of guns.

THE SIGNS

IT was sometime in January, if you remember, that the Pedlar wandering into Scripture-land, filled his Pack with what are called the "Signs of the Times." The signs led steadily to where the guns are booming and men are marching to-day. This war of worlds which some men called Armageddon, cannot be that Armageddon of Revelations but a warning that the time draws nigh.

The increase of preparations for war in a time of peace was a sign. The repudiation of sound doctrine by the Church, is a sign.

That time is with us now.

Every holy day men stand in pulpits repudiating fundamental doctrines. We have been told by a professed minister, that God, being no stonemason (consider the profanity of this witticism) never wrote the law on tables of stone. We have heard college professors declare that there is no hell-fire, no punishment for sin. These men are but fulfilling the prophecy that the Church, that professed Christians, should be "lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God."

Christian Science is a Sign of the Times. Read what I. M. Haldeman, D. D., says in his wonderful books "The Coming of Christ" and "The Signs of the Times"—books written with such simplicity that a child may learn. According to this recognized authority Christian Science fulfills the prophecy:—"Who is a liar, but he that denieth Jesus is the Christ. He is Antichrist that denieth the Father and the Son."—John 2. 22.

"Christian Science is the shadow of the Antichrist, his forerunner and herald . . . Here is a false teacher coming in the name of Christ and with such power that, if it were possible, it might deceive the very elect," says Dr. Haldeman.

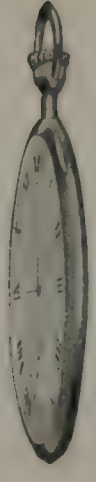
Emanuelism is another Sign and another shadow of the Antichrist. Millionaireism is another Sign. Socialism another.

But the greatest of all the Signs is the revival of Judaism. "They shall ask their way of Zion with their faces thitherward"—Jeremiah 50, 5. That movement has been stirring for more than a hundred years. Already thousands of Jews have returned to the land of their forefathers. The Jews are buying and selling land in their own country. The Turkish Government has invited the Jew to "become a participant citizen in the covenant land."

These are some of the Signs which he who runs may read.

Waltham Watches

Generally speaking, extremely thin watches are to be regarded with caution. But when Waltham places its name upon a watch, that watch is *right*.



The Waltham "Colonial" Watches are wafer-thin, supremely strong, supremely handsome. And they keep time as well as they look. These artistic timepieces satisfy the most exacting requirements of business, professional and social life. They give a lifetime—and more—of that kind of splendid service which is summarized in the word: "Waltham".

You can get an excellent Waltham "Colonial" Watch for as little as $29 and the full Waltham guarantee goes with it. Ask your jeweler to show you this watch.

Write us for booklet and general information.

Waltham Watch Company

Canada Life Bldg., St. James Street, Montreal

In making jams and jellies the least expensive item is the sugar

YET the sugar is the most important ingredient because if its quality is not right, your confections will ferment, spoil, not be sufficiently sweet or be flavourless.

With St. Lawrence Sugar results are always satisfactory.

St. Lawrence Extra Granulated Sugar is sold in 2 lb. and 5 lb. sealed cartons, and in bags of 10 lbs., 20 lbs., 25 lbs., 50 lbs., and 100 lbs.

Order a bag of St. Lawrence Extra Granulated Sugar Blue Tag—the Medium Size Grain—This size suits most people best; good grocers everywhere can supply you.

St. Lawrence Sugar Refineries, Limited, Montreal.

THE MYSTIC SEVEN

ACCORDING to certain chronological data, the month of October, 1914, sees the end of the seven times of power of the Gentiles. While the actual Gentile period is not definitely stated, students of the Scriptures agree that in the mystic number seven may be found the solution. The "Seven Times" of Scripture are symbolic. A year in symbol represents seven times 360, or 2,520 years. Based strictly on symbolical chronology, therefore, this 2,520 years (the Time of the Gentiles) beginning in 606 B.C., will end in October, 1914 A. D.

Before the universal peace there will be the collapse of the nations through a fierce strife, "a time of trouble such as never was since there was a nation." I am writing in the first week of the great European war. What may happen between now and the hour these words see print, no man may say. Germany may have fallen. The Kaiser may have been assassinated by one of his Socialists. Empires and monarchies may have been overturned and the world be settling into one vast republic. Or there may remain four great empires or nations which under the ten promised Kings may rule until the real Armageddon comes upon us. In any case we are in the time of strife and trouble in which "there shall be no peace to him that goeth out, nor to him that cometh in." Whatever may be the outcome after the shocking massacre of millions of men, it is a time now for humiliation of spirit, for prayer and for watching. Though Christ shall come upon us "like a thief in the night," He has undoubtedly given us many warnings, and he is but a fool who passes by with a laugh, unseeing with his dull eyes the fulfilment of the ancient prophecies which stare at him from every headline of the daily paper. The times teem with the Signs. They tell us that "the judge standeth at the door and bid us be ready—should the Bridegroom come."

CANADA'S WOMEN HELP

AT the moment of writing Canadian women are busy outfitting the Hospital Ship presented to them by that man of large heart and open hand, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Every Canadian woman should have at least a copper in it. And I think every one of us has gone as far as a nickel anyway. That she will be splendidly equipped we have no doubt. That her work may be light, we pray. We never hear the military bands, the beating of drums, the marching of many feet without thinking of the sorrow of women.

"Mary, pity women !"

It is the Taste, the Flavor of

BAKER'S COCOA

That Makes It Deservedly Popular

Registered Trade-Mark

An absolutely pure, delicious and wholesome food beverage, produced by a scientific blending of high-grade cocoa beans subjected to a perfect mechanical process of manufacture.

Made in Canada by

Walter Baker & Co. Limited

Established 1780

Montreal, Can. Dorchester, Mass.

Children Teething

Mothers should give only the well-known

DOCTOR STEDMAN'S TEETHING POWDERS

TRADE GUM LANCET MARK

The many millions that are annually used constitute the best testimonial in their favor, they are guaranteed by the proprietor to be absolutely free from opium.

See the Trade Mark, a Gum Lancet, on every packet and powder. Refuse all not so distinguished.

Small Packets, 9 Powders
Large Packets, 30 Powders

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND DRUG STORES.

MANUFACTORY: 125 NEW NORTH ROAD, LONDON, ENGLAND.

To stay at home quietly is not always the easiest thing to do. In women's breasts burn the same patriotic fires, the same desire to defend, to help, the same excitement and longing to be where the heart of the great world leaps at the moment, as stirs the soul of the fighting man; but our part is to stay behind and hold the Fort of Home. Not all of us are able to go out as the nurses go—giving active help—but every one of us has the desire to do so, and every woman who put one copper into the Canadian Hospital Ship has helped actively. Woman's share in wars has been the passive but terrible one of unutterable grief and loss. On her the burden falls heaviest. When we read of the dead and dying who lie piled before the gates of the beleaguered city we know that every lad lying there was somebody's son or father, or brother or sweetheart. There is no man so low in the human scale, so bereft of friends but some woman cares for him. And how that woman may suffer! Her cries of pain, her anguished entreaty must grieve the very Heart of God.

THE WANDERING BOY

THE writer remembers more vividly than many another gruesome incident, the death of a fair haired boy on the apparently abandoned ship that brought back to the United States some of the Boys in Blue who fought so valiantly in Cuba for Old Glory. He was a boy of the Michigan Rifles—or some Michigan regiment—and was far gone in fever. The night before he went away forever, he was crooning "Oh, Where is my Wandering Boy to-night—" as though the very soul of his mother were crying within him. It was a murky and hot and desolate night, and we were tramping heavily up from Santiago. The soldiers were lying three and two in a bunk, and the mate of the dying lad lay with his shoulder turned from him, asleep. There was hardly any light in the pit of the ship, and the heat and stench was sickening. Babbling his little song, the young soldier fell into his last sleep as the day broke and the shadows fled away. He had wandered far—poor boy who had never fired a shot, never laid eyes on an enemy, but had all the same died for his Flag. And I thought of his mother, as I wiped the death sweat from his face with a small American flag, and I felt a shadow of the inexpressible grief and pain that would fall on her— as one mother would for another. They buried him in the great sea at dawn, without cover or shroud—or weights— for all had been used for others, and there was nothing left for him. Over he went starkly in his stained blue uniform, the sun glinting on his fair head—and down a-wandering went he into the depths of the mighty ocean.

A-far wandering, O poor mother who was watching and waiting at home for the boy who marched away so gaily with his regiment but would return no more.

And this is why, perhaps—when I hear the throb of the drum, and the clear call of the bugle, and the sound of marching feet coming down the street—I think never of the glory of victory, the return of the triumphant troops, the adoration of the populace, but always of the women behind the closed doors who will be mourning for the touch of the vanished hand, and the sound of the beloved voice that will never be heard again.

QUEEN MARY

PERHAPS the most Christian woman in England is Queen Mary. She is undoubtedly a holy woman. They

In Spotless Town this teacher rules
The new Domestic Science Schools.
"A little loaf is good," she said.
"It helps to make us better bred."
We soften crusty natures so
By polishing with
SAPOLIO

TRY this on your dirtiest, greasiest pan:

Rub just the amount of Sapolio you need on a damp cloth. Scour the black surface of the pan.

Sapolio quickly drives the grease and grime

Sapolio keeps your hands soft and works *without waste.*

Out!

FREE SURPRISE FOR CHILDREN

DEAR CHILDREN:

WE HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU. A TOY SPOTLESS TOWN—JUST LIKE THE REAL ONE, ONLY SMALLER. IT IS 8¼ INCHES LONG. THE NINE (9) CUNNING PEOPLE OF SPOTLESS TOWN, IN COLORS, ARE READY TO CUT OUT AND STAND UP. SENT FREE ON REQUEST.

Enoch Morgan's Sons Company, *Sole Manufacturers,* New York City

JAEGER
Fine Pure Wool

Points About Jaeger Sweaters

EVERY man, woman and child in Canada needs a good Sweater for sports wear at all seasons and for warmth on cool evenings —one that will fit snugly, look well and wear well.

The points in a Jaeger Sweater include—pure wool, well knitted, well made, latest styles, with or without collars, and at moderate prices.

For sale at Jaeger Stores and Agencies throughout the Dominion.

Dr. JAEGER SANITARY WOOLLEN SYSTEM CO. LIMITED
TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG

Boys---Here's an Offer from Matthewson, the World's Greatest Baseball Pitcher

You do a little spare time work for Matthewson, and he will show you in return how to pitch his Fade-Away curve FREE

Now, boys, is the chance to show what you're made of. Here's Matthewson, the great Christy Matthewson, who is the idol and the hero of baseball fans, who has won five championships for the New York Giants by his superb pitching—willing to show you all the inside secrets of his famous "fade-away" curve and coach you into becoming the boy-wonder pitcher of your town, if you have the grit and gameness to work a little during your spare time.

But you've got to show Matthewson that your blood is red. "Matty" is one of the finest fellows alive and he'll show you how to just make all the other boys in your town look like monkey's when you're pitching; but you've got to work to make good. You never can be a good base-ball pitcher if you're not game, and if you're not game enough to sell a few papers and collect for them during spare time each week to get Matthewson's lessons in Pitching, why Matthewson doesn't want you.

But if you're a "live one," "Matty" will take you into his confidence, explain his secrets of striking out batters to you, and show you everything plain as A-B-C so the other boys simply can't have a chance against you, and in addition you have plenty of pocket money all the time.

Here Is Matthewson's SPECIAL FREE OFFER

To learn to be a real pitcher takes nerve and work. Boys with "yellow streaks" in them aren't worth Matthewson's time. If you want to be one of his boys, working and training under him, you have got to show him your gameness right from the start.

When you sign and mail the coupon, you will receive Matthewson's first lesson—FREE. You will also be sent a package of Saturday Blades and Chicago Ledgers. You are to deliver the Blades and Ledgers to the regular customers and collect the money for them. It is on the way you make good with the papers sent you that depends your future with the baseball lessons. Make good, boy, and you'll never regret it. Show Matthewson that you're a true blue boy who is deserving of his teaching. You can be the champion boy pitcher of your town. Just practice what Matthewson tells you.

Learn just how to grip the ball, how to place your feet, how to swing your arm, how to put the "fade-away" twist on it. You must work every day at it until you can fool every boy in your town. Matthewson will show you how to do it, but you must have the ambition and industry to practice it. Now, do you want to be one of Matthewson's boys? Only one boy in a town can be it. Are you ambitious to know the professional's method of pitching? Do you really want to master Matthewson's wonderful "fade-away" curve? Then make up your mind to get rid of every speck of laziness and start to work for the great Matthewson and learn from him.

FREE This Personal Instruction from Matty Is an Honor for Any Boy

It's an honor few boys can attain—to get personal instruction from a pitcher like Matthewson—the greatest pitcher the world has ever seen. Only one boy in a town may have it—write today. Send no money—simply sign and mail the coupon. The first great lesson by Matthewson on how to throw the "fade-away" curve will come by return mail. Go right to it—make good. Don't be an idler. Come along, boy, and get in with Matthewson. SEND THE COUPON.

SEND ME MATTHEWSON'S LESSON FREE.

Count me in as one of Matthewson's boys who wants to know how to throw his famous curves. Send along the Blades and Ledgers and I will sell them and collect the money.

Name _____

Address _____

Mail to W. D. Boyce Co., Dept. 42, Chicago

tell a pretty story—quite true and authentic—of how hearing a certain missionary preach in London when she was "Princess May" and was with her mother, the beloved Duchess of Teck, she got that lady to invite the preacher to the White Lodge there to give an address to a number of the great ladies of the Court. Driving with the missionary to White Lodge the Princess remarked:

"It is a great comfort to feel that one is almost assured of being saved." The missionary asked her how she came to feel that assurance, and she replied simply:

"Because of a little tract a poor woman sent me once. It came addressed to me without a word or name, and ever since I have felt the happy assurance that I was in the right way towards salvation." The name of the little tract is "Safety, Certainty, and Enjoyment."

The present King and Queen are indeed Christian people. You will hear persons say that King George is a weakling as compared with his much beloved father Edward VII. But the contrary is the case. King George is in every way the greater man. You will hear Queen Mary spoken of as "the knitting Queen." You will read about her in the American papers as old fashioned in manners, and dowdy in dress, and "bossy" in character, but she is really the Valiant Woman of the Scriptures—a greater woman than Alexandra, or even than Queen Victoria. She lives a perfect Christian life. Her heart—far from being narrow or unsympathetic—teems with charity and affectionate regard towards the weak or unfortunate, especially for poor mothers and poor children. She leans absolutely on God and the Bible and regulates her life according to all that is wise and good. She is so good and modest that the more frivolous Court ladies consider her humdrum and staid, and sometimes, in secret, laugh at her.

But—England has had no greater Queen.

FOOLISH PROPHETS

THE annual prophets missed a great opportunity. Not one of them foretold a great war—not even a little war. Old Moore, in fact, has been quite premature. He is out with the 1915 predictions already. A most peaceful year! A year worth waiting for! O wise Old Moore! A Member of Parliament in Westminster will pass over to the majority; likewise a painter of note, whereupon there will be joy in the studios. A regular-line, stock-size sort of year, 1915. There seems no urgent necessity for trying to remove to another planet. We think Old Moore must

have been prophesying in his sleep!

The pictures are the finest thing in placid Old Moore. They are the usual jumble of men and beasts, angels and the other sort, bagpipes and Noah's Arks. March celebrates the apotheosis of the Pig, and we hate to think that Old Moore had the seventeenth of Ireland in his eye when he drew it.

For there is a pig, an obese pig, seated in an armchair watching two cats—presumably from Kilkenny—fighting near by. In the May picture we see a burdened elephant—probably sent by Dr. Singh—a tent erected on his back, and, hanging on a sort of telephone transmitter which emerges from the tent, is a severed human head. "The tent," says the ancient Moore, "points to trouble not to say crime."

As a last word the venerable Sage tells us that important and talented people will find 1915 worth waiting for. Promotion is sure to come to some of them. A well-known actor is to have an exceptionally sad end—and a well-staged funeral in June.

This with a world-war raging in 1914.

LITTTE BIG MEN

YOUR little man is frequently very big. The smallest man, except midshipmen, in the British Navy is Vice-Admiral Sir John Rushworth Jellicoe, K. C. B. who is in command of Great Britain's North Sea fleet as full Admiral. He is a stout little man with a strong kindly face. You would never suspect him of being a martinet, but his men know him to be one of the strictest of commanders, and to him our navy owes its complete reorganization and immense improvement in gunnery practice. He is fifty-five and as hale and hearty as a boy. He has had many escapes from death. He was one of the very few officers saved when the Camperdown rammed the Victoria—a catastrophe that came like a bolt from the blue twenty years ago. In the Boxer War Sir John was shot through the lungs, but you would never know it if you saw him standing—his legs wide apart—issuing orders from his Admiral's perch—whatever part of a man-o'-war that may be. He is a darling little man all through, and was the bantam-weight boxer of his day and a dandy at football. The sort of man a fine, big, tall, healthy girl would go mad about, and did, and gave him three girls as pretty and as fine as herself. He lives in London, and it was the Pedlar's pleasure more than once to walk a pace or so behind him, and wonder at the amount of good dry powder that can be stored up in one small magazine-man.

A 25 Cent Size.

Quaker Oats is put up in both the large 25 cent package and the 10 cent size. The larger size saves buying so often—saves running out. Try it—see how long it lasts.

Study Time

Demands a Breakfast of Delicious Quaker Oats

With school-time comes the time for Quaker Oats—the finest form of Nature's choicest food.

It abounds in the elements which active brains require. One large dish supplies the energy for five or six hours of study.

As a food for growth, as a vim-producer, nothing else compares with Quaker Oats.

Don't serve as a dainty only—in little dishes just to start the meal. Children need an abundance. Begin every school day with a liberal dish. It will better the day.

Quaker Oats

Just the Large, Luscious Flakes

Quaker is made of just the big plump grains. They have the greatest food value, the most luscious flavor. We get but ten pounds of Quaker Oats from a bushel.

This extra quality means a delightful dish. It means rare aroma and taste. You can have it every morning at no extra price if you simply order Quaker.

10c and 25c per package
Except in far West.

(654)

The Greatest Motor Car Value Ever Offered

NOW, with pride, we announce our latest car—Model 80—the greatest value this factory has ever placed on the market.

Model 80 has a brand-new stream-line body. Its full sweeping stream-lines blend and harmonize perfectly with the balance of the symmetrical design. All visible lines are absolutely clean, unbroken and uninterrupted.

The new crowned moulded fenders, new rounded radiator, new hood slightly sloped, and flush U doors with disappearing hinges, contribute the additional touches of exterior grace and modishness which distinguish costly imported cars.

The new tonneau is much larger—both in width and depth.

The new cushioned upholstery is also considerably deeper and softer.

This model is equipped with the finest electric starting and electric lighting system. All switches, in a compact switch box, are conveniently located on the steering column. Thus, in the driving position, without stretching forward or bending down, you start the car, drive the car and control the electric horn and all head, side, tail and dash lights.

A Few of the 1915 Model 80 Features

Motor 35 h. p.
New full stream-line body
Instrument board in cowl dash
Individual front seats, high backs
Tonneau, longer and wider
Upholstery, deeper and softer
Windshield, rain vision, ventilating type, built-in
Crowned fenders
Electric starter
Electric lights
High-tension magneto
Thermo-syphon cooling
Five-bearing crankshaft
Rear axle, floating type
Spring, rear, 3-4 elliptic, extra long, underslung
Wheelbase, 114 inches
Larger tires, 34 inch x 4 inch
Demountable rims—one extra
Left-hand drive
Beautiful new Brewster green body finish
Complete equipment

Handsome 1915 Catalogue on request.
Please address Dept. 3

This car has left-hand drive and center control.

The tires are larger this year, being 34 inch by 4 inch all around. These tires can be quickly detached from the rims which are demountable. One extra rim furnished.

Ignition is high tension magneto, independent of starting and lighting system. It requires no dry cells.

This new Overland rides with remarkable smoothness, taking the ruts and rough spots with the ease of the highest priced cars.

There is the famous, powerful, speedy, snappy, economical and quiet 35 horsepower Overland motor; and a long wheelbase of 114 inches.

This car comes complete. Electric starter, electric lights, built-in windshield, mohair top and boot, extra rim, jeweled magnetic speedometer, electric horn, robe rail, foot rest and curtain box.

This new model is ready for your inspection in practically every city and town in the country.

Dealers are now taking orders. Make arrangements now for your demonstration.

The Willys-Overland of Canada, Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

Two passenger Roadster, $1390. *Prices f. o. b. Hamilton, Ont.*

Admiral Sir George Callaghan, K. C. B., was not born in Italy as you might at first imagine, but in good old County Cork. He commands the British First Sea Fleet, or Home Fleet, and is Britain's greatest naval adviser on fortifications. 'Tis what Betty would call "a quare brood of thim" they have on land and sea. Bobs of Waterford, K. of K.,—Kerry, as well as Khartoum,—Callaghan of Cork, Carson of Belfast, Redmond of Dublin, and every other mother's son of them from the top of Ulster to the last edge of the bog in Munster. Not all of them are little, as witness Sir Edward of Ulster, K. of K., and Callaghan of Cork, but two of them are, wee Bobs and Redmond, while Jellicoe, Englishman, and able British seaman, is king pin of them all.

? ? ? ?

WHAT will come out of the war? Will it be one vast Republic, the triumph of Socialism, of Peace, the swifter advance of Science, the uplift of Man to the very throne of God? Will there be a parliament of the nations, an assembly of ten kings or governors, a re-distribution of the nations with one who shall lead the rest, a king of kings and lord of lords? The universal clash has occurred—the map of Europe and Asia must be entirely altered. What will be the outcome?

Looked at from the spiritual side it is a time for humiliation and careful living. It is no time for gathering riches or power, for lusting after any of the so-called precious things of this world. Even a poor Pedlar, fond of his comforts though he most humanly be, has no desire to become a millionaire or try to travel through the eye of a needle. To wiser than he, must be left the readjustment of the things of this world, though, like others, he too, has visions.

THE TRAGEDY OF BOBS

ALL this time the Man at the Cross-roads is waiting to unload a peck of wares for our Pack—little wares, the needles and threads, the tapes and thimbles of gossip. Here he is, pipe a-light, leaning on the stile and watching a blood-red sun setting over a blood-red world.

"One thing," he says, "is sure—" (we will not tire you with too much brogue), "and that is that for once Ireland is united. I believe Boyne Billy and Dirty James would march shoulder to shoulder if they were alive to-day. There's only wan man living that I pity, and that is little ould Bobs, the biggest hayro of them all. He's eighty-two, and off the firing line, and his heart is broke entirely because he spent himself on

No-Rim-Cut Prices
Buy All a Tire Can Give

When you pay more—from $5 to $15 more—you waste that extra money. You lose, in addition, the four great features which made Goodyear the leading tire. Look at the facts—the records. There is no way known to build a better tire than Goodyears, measured by cost per mile. Not at ten imes our price.

18 Higher Prices

We make these facts emphatic, because 18 American and Canadian makes are selling now at more than Goodyear prices.

No-Rim-Cut prices have gone down and down, to one-half former prices. We have built new factories, installed new machinery, and multiplied our output. We have reduced our profits. And we are content with small profits..

Now, with the increased capacity of Goodyear plants, no rival can compete on an equal grade of tire.

That's the reason for those higher prices. They do not mean that others have excelled us.

What Extra Prices Never Buy

No extra price can buy a tire with our No-Rim-Cut feature. That has wiped out completely the costliest item in upkeep.

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And no price buys another tire with our All-Weather tread. This anti-skid, tough and double-thick, is as flat and smooth-running as a plain tread. Yet it grasps wet roads with deep, resisting, sharp-edged grips.

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Millions of Goodyear tires have been tried out on hundreds of thousands of cars. The result is shown by Goodyear sales—the largest in the world. And there was never a time when men came to Goodyears as fast as they are coming to-day, here in Canada as well as in the United States. Don't pay a higher price for tires with lesser records.

Almost any dealer, if you ask him, will supply you Goodyear tires.

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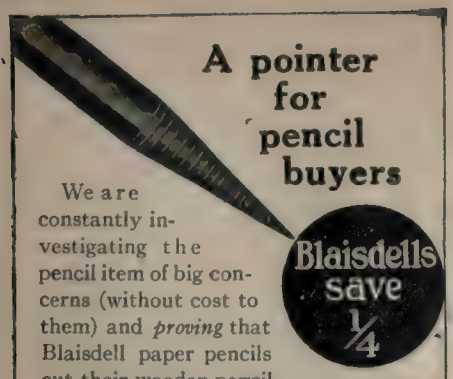

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Sold by all progressive Canadian Stationers.

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REGISTERED

The Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet Co., Ltd.

HANOVER, ONTARIO.

little wars. 'Here's me opportunity,' he sez, 'an' I'm beyant it.' There's a good dale of thradgedy in the world, Pedlar, me boy, but this is wan of the biggest of them. The poor little man an' the heart of him breaking to be at it wid big Kitchener and Callaghan. They took him into the Council chamber, they say, but the divil a wurrd the little man had to say, only sat twiddlin' his thumbs like a child. 'Tis too bad a man's body to be eighty-two while his heart is twenty-five. But what throubles Bobs most of all is that he hasn't chick or child to put his feet in his war shoes and trek it across to help little Belgium. Not that she needs help, the spunky crathur. The Bantam of the nations she is, and that reminds me of a game Bantam me father had that was never licked in any pit from Dublin to Derry. He lost every feather on him an' wan eye, in a battle with a big yellow and black roosther from the County Clare, but not till he killed the Clare man dead as a landlord. Naked and unashamed he stood up there and flapped what was left of his right wing at an admirin' augience. Its the same with Belgium, but me heart's heavy for poor little ould Bobs. By the way, over beyond the hill there we have two fine game chickens—Carson and Redmond, and what d'ye think they did when we set them for a round the other night? Lie down they did, like two ould broodin' hens, and that was before a war dhrum sounded, and while Home Rule was still in the ring."

And he spat disgustedly.

"Tis a story or two we were looking for from you, and not bletherings about the war," we told him, but with a shoulder-shrug he walked moodily away.

SHIPS OF WAR

ONLY the other day a test mobilization of the fleet was carried out, and the display of Britain's might—the greatest the world has ever seen—took place before the King and Prince of Wales. Let us look at it in this hour of war, as they saw it at Spithead a few weeks ago, and then only a part of it.

Eight battle squadrons of fifty-five ships. One battle cruiser squadron of four ships. Eight cruiser squadrons of twenty armoured and ten protected cruisers. One light cruiser squadron of six ships. One training squadron of seven old but protected cruisers. One mine-layer squadron of seven ships. Thirteen torpedo flotillas of one hundred and eighty seven destroyers and eighty-three torpedo boats. Nine flotillas of fifty-nine submarines. It was found impossible to moor four hundred and ninety-three ships at Spithead for which reason the King was unable to review the whole force on the one day.

This is what the King saw.

A double line—twenty miles in length—of mobile floating forts, racing battleship cruisers, gunboats, destroyers, torpedo-boats, and submarines, or £700,000,000 of war vessels manoeuvring in a half gale, flying the flags of twenty-five admirals. Never was there a more majestic parade of the world's greatest navy.

And to-day—when you read this—what shall have happened? As I write, we are in the beginning of things. Is it the beginning of the end of all things?

Editor's Note:—Since the above was written, it has been learned that a grateful country has placed Lord Roberts in command of the forces from the Overseas Dominions. We at once telegraphed the good news to the Man at the Crossroads, who lives somewhat away from the beaten track. His reply arrived a moment ago. We give it verbatim. "Dnaleri-La Maldeys. More power to th' bantam. He'll bate them yet!"

HARVEST

SEPTEMBER — the month of mystery! Good-bye, love songs and roses, and welcome, misty, beautiful landscapes!

The harvest moon of August has rejoiced the heart of the husbandman and his summer fallow is ready for his wheat. The stubble has been gleaned by the meadow lark, the bobolinks, and other migrants battening and fattening against the time for the flight south.

The wayside and hillside—those wild gardens of Nature—are ready to throw countless millions of seeds for the propagation and continuance of their species. The thistle-downs; the wonderful cornucopia of the milkweed, full of silky soft down, brown seeds fastened to each bunch of fine strands; the joepie weed, the wild asters and sunflowers; the wily burr which relies mainly on sticking fast so that it may be torn to pieces and its seeds dropped, —all animal and vegetable life is making harvest for continuance and resurrection after snows have come and gone, as we take ship in our small punt for our one holiday.

He was a Boston man and careful of his grammar and of other folks' grammar.

He asked for a man's comb.

"Do you want a narrow man's comb?" asked the clerk.

"No," said the careful grammarian, "I want a comb for a stout man with rubber teeth."

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THE UNIVERSAL CAR

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Lower Prices on Ford Cars

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Runabout 540
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In the Dominion of Canada Only

FURTHER we will be able to obtain the maximum efficiency in our factory production, and the minimum cost in our purchasing and sales departments **IF** we can reach an output of 30,000 cars between the above dates.

AND should we reach this production we agree to pay, as the buyer's share, from $40 to $60 per car (on or about August 1, 1915) to every retail buyer who purchases a new Ford car between August 1, 1914, and August 1, 1915.

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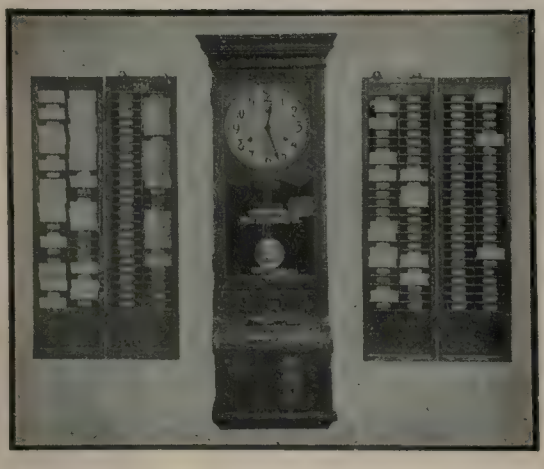

How do you know

that you are getting all the time for which you are paying wages?

Any system of recording the arrival and departure of employees that is dependent for its success upon the honesty and energy of a clerk is liable to go wrong.

Every timekeeper has his friends, his prejudices, and his weaknesses. He is only human.

A method of time recording which has made good is the

International Rochester Card Time Recorder
(Illustrated above)

This system is entirely automatic and is the acme of simplicity. It cannot err or be manipulated, and its records are absolutely indisputable. Can anything be more satisfactory? Write us for catalogue I which contains valuable pointers for every merchant.

International Time Recording Co. of Canada
Limited
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The Woman Of It

Continued from page 334.

was all dark save for the light of one shaded lamp. Its rays fell on the bed and on the marble face and gave to the latter a look of life. Valerie walked across the room swiftly and kneeling down beside Robert pillowed his head on her bare shoulder and put her arms round his neck.

For a moment he endured her caress and then characteristically he tried to move his head, so as to free himself. Valerie quietly laid the beautiful head on the pillow and rose and looked at him. He smiled and then his eyes tried to find Denzil.

"He wants you," said Valerie softly.

"Yes." He spoke in painful gasps. "I want you—good friend—always—I don't really mind, you know—my voice would have gone—anyhow—"

"Bob!" the old name which he had used when a boy, "Bob! You must not die, old fellow. I can't do without you! I can't."

He smiled faintly. "You've her," he said with an effort."

Valerie bent over him. "Have you not a word for me?" she cried. "Just one word, my darling. One word to give me courage. Robert, you love me? For God's sake before you die, say just this once that you do love me!"

"I have never—loved—any other woman—except just—mother," he said, and with that he turned to Denzil, smiled at him once more, and died.

. . . . . .

Robert Sinclair had lain in his grave for a week before Denzil had summoned up courage to face Valerie. He had put her into the motor and had sent her back to her father and had remained himself by the bedside of his dead friend. On that night of watching, he tried to put himself in Robert's place with regard to Valerie. And as he sat there alone with his dead, he began to see, dimly at first, but more clearly as he thought on, what the meaning of it all was. These two had loved and had sacrificed their love—to him. It seemed to the humble, loving, little man, as if it were impossible that these two dazzling ones should have put himself in the forefront of their lives, should have given up everything, for his sake.

He had known for some little time, that Robert loved Valerie—indeed it had been so that he should see once more the face of his beloved, that he had gone to bring Valerie to him. He had not dreamt that Valerie cared for the singer—had not thought it possible that any man or woman who loved each other could have behaved as these two had done.

"I could not have done it," he said, in his humility. And now it was all over. Robert was dead—dead in the full flush of his youth, dead almost before he had trod the winepress of life. He had just put his lips to the froth and had sipped it lightly—and now he was dead !

"I loved him, I loved him, I loved him," he said to himself with a sob. "He was always a hero to me. He is a greater hero still, now that I know !"

In that quiet room as he kept vigil, the little man's great soul expanded; there was not a small thought, a fretful regret. Robert Sinclair had stepped through life as a very perfect knight—a knight without fear or reproach, a man whom the gods had dowered with every good gift and whose gift had been crowned with death in his flower !

But he could not go and see Valerie. He said to himself that she must be steeped in her grief. Let her mourn, poor child ! But he could not mingle his tears with hers.

And when Robert had been dead a few days, Denzil took it upon himself to look through his papers. He found hardly anything except a letter to himself, which had been addressed, but never sent off.

"Dear old man," it said, "I feel most horribly ill, and I can't help thinking that I am going to die. I don't think I mind, very much—not now. Perhaps if it were in the springtime and I was walking through the parks with you, or sitting at Lord's with you, I should have minded it more ! And the shooting, too—and the moors—and the singing—but my throat hurts and I could not sing—perhaps never again and I don't think I want to live, if I could not sing ! I should always feel a horrid want. If I die, I want you and Valerie to keep that bust of my mother's and her picture as a wedding present —will you ? I should hate to think that my father should have it. He can have everything else I leave, but just not those two things. I can't forgive him, even if I do die, for being a brute to mother.

"The sun is shining as I write and yet I feel so horribly ill. Denzil, old man, is it not queer to think, that next year the spring will come and the flowers will bloom and the sky will be blue and the winds will be lusty and I shall not be there to see ? It makes one wonder a little bit what it all means—but I am sure it is quite all right !

"Anyhow next year, you and Valerie will be happy together—you must tell her I said so."

"I am sure it is quite all right !" He had said that and he must have felt it, for he never said what he did not believe. It comforted Denzil a little although when he brought back to himself the picture of last spring and of Robert walking by his side, it seemed to him as if his heart must break ! How he had enjoyed his life ! How blithely he had sung and had acted and had lightly walked his pathway of fame—and now he was dead ! And then the days passed and still he could not go to Valerie—she had sent a wreath of bays for the grave. He had died a conqueror. But she had not sent a word, and Denzil felt as if he could not even go to the house where she lived. He might have stayed away longer still than he did, if he had not by chance stumbled against Martin. The millionaire was hobbling along, leaning on a stick, and his face was almost as worn as Denzil's.

"Hullo," said Martin, as Denzil would have passed him. Denzil stood still, but could not say anything.

"Why don't you go and see Valerie?" asked Monro with some effort. "Are you angry with her ?"

"Angry ? I angry ? I do not come because she must hate the sight of me."

"I don't think she does," said Martin, pensively. "If I were you, I should go !"

"I dare not, Monro !"

Martin looked at him steadily for a moment and then he said very simply, "I think she wants consolation."

"I could not comfort her. If it had not been for me, she and he might have

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TORONTO

been happy—and he might have been alive !"

"The "ifs" are in God's hands," said Martin, quietly.

But still Denzil would not go, until one day, the longing to see Valerie again became so intolerable, that he said to himself, that he would be selfish as usual and would go.

But even then, when he sent his name up, he told the servant to be sure and impress it on his mistress that she should not see him unless she wanted to.

It seemed a long time that he was waiting for him. He caught a glimpse of himself in a mirror as he stood there, insignificant, and looking smaller than ever in the black that he wore for his friend. He seemed to see Robert's handsome head towering above him. He choked down a sob as the door opened and Valerie came in.

She wore her ordinary dress, not mourning, and her lovely face was very pale, very thin and horribly sad, but she came across to him with the old, quick gesture and laid her two hands in his.

"Why have you been so long ?" she asked.

"Did you want me, Valerie ?" he cried.

"Of course I wanted you ! Whom should I want but you ?"

"Valerie, I thought you must hate me !"

"But why ?" she asked in wonder.

"Because if it had not been for me, you might have been happy—with him."

"But you were there, always," she said, "at the very first, if he and I had wished it, we might have—" she did not finish her sentence.

"But you did wish it ?"

"At first I fought against it. I always knew that I loved him. I did not want to love him. I thought of mother's disappointment — that was just at first—"

"Afterwards ?"

"Afterwards, I would have gone to him if he had been a beggar begging his bread, if he had been a criminal in prison !"

"Why did you not, my dear ?"

"He would not," she said. "Denzil, it was he who was the hero always. I have thought now and again that he did not care so very much—not as much as I did, I know !"

"I think he loved you with all his heart—but he loved honor more !"

"Perhaps," said Valerie drearily and then suddenly she burst into tears, "He is dead, dead," she sobbed. "Denzil, I cannot bear it ! I cannot bear to think that I shall never, never see him again !"

"It breaks my heart, too," said Denzil, huskily.

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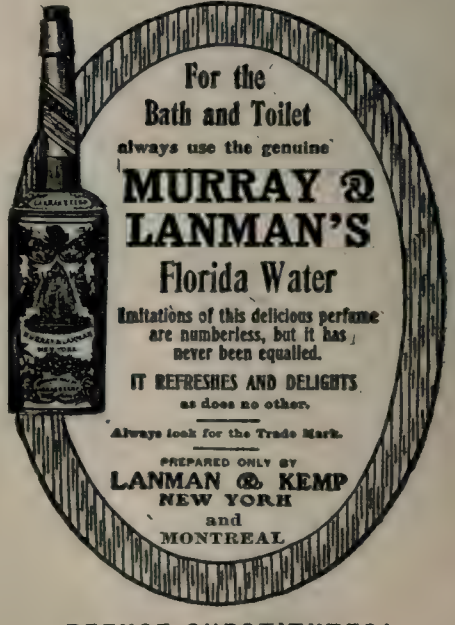
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They were both silent after this outbreak and Valerie dried her tears and put away her handkerchief in a business-like fashion. "I had not intended seeing him again." she said. "When we met in the coppice we said goodbye to each other. Denzil, he never wavered in his loyalty to you! I did!"

"I understand it," he said briefly.

"He kissed me twice," she said. "Once at your mother's ball and another time, just lately, in the coppice. I provoked him to it both times! I wanted him to kiss me, Denzil—but he was angry with himself for having given way. He was truer to you than I was. But I always meant to tell you—after we were married. I hated keeping anything from you!"

"Valerie," he said. "Just tell me one thing straight out, dear. If it had not been for me, would Robert have married you?"

"Yes," she said. "I think he had never loved anyone but me. There were other things that counted in his life, though—he never loved me as you did!"

"He could not have loved you more," said Denzil huskily.

"I know that and he knew it."

Then there was silence in the room and the fire burnt noisily in the grate. Outside, a little rain was falling and the sound of the traffic came up dully to remind them that life was going on as usual although Robert was dead and gone and buried from sight.

"And now I think I must go," said Denzil rising.

"Go," she said. "Why go, Denzil?"

"Why stay?" he asked.

"Then you don't love me as you did?" she said.

"My dear." He said no more, but she saw the look on his face and thought for a moment, that plain as it was, it seemed beautiful.

"Then," she said, "if you love me, why must you leave me? Nothing is changed, except that he is dead—but you and I, Denzil, will always keep his memory in our hearts, will we not, dear?"

"Do you mean," he cried, "that you will marry me, Valerie?"

"Did you think that I would not?" she answered.

He came and knelt down beside her. "I did not dare hope," he said. "I thought I had lost you both—you see I never knew that you loved him. How can you love me enough to marry me, Valerie? I have nothing in the world to recommend me—nothing!"

"You are wrong in that!"

"No, no! I am plain and insignificant and you are beautiful and have all the charm of all the women in this world in you!"

The Kindel Kind

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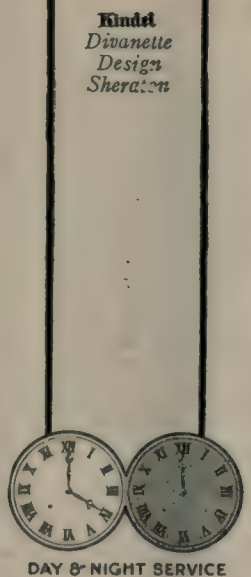

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"But Robert knew something different," she said. "Denzil, why do you think so humbly of yourself?"

"I'll not think humbly of myself, if you come to me, Valerie!"

"Then of course," she said simply, "I must come."

. . . . . .

Denzil and Valerie were married in January with all the pomp that Mrs. Monro thought suitable to a wedding. Valerie made no demur at all and let her mother heap costly and beautiful garments upon her.

"It is different from the one silk dress period," she said to her father once when they were alone together.

"Yes," he said, and then he looked into her face. "Say you are not unhappy, Valerie!"

"I am quite happy, dad," she answered.

"You look wan."

"I think the crimsons and the golds have gone out of my life, but the greys are very pearly, dad!"

"He is a good fellow, Val!"

"He is more than that" said the girl,

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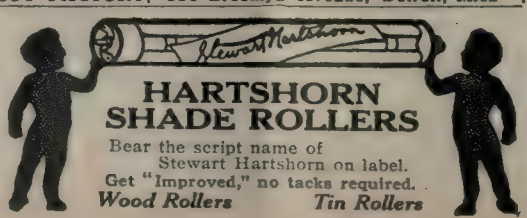

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flashing. "He is a very noble and peerless knight, dad—do you remember of whom and when I said that to you?"

"Of Robert Sinclair, wasn't it?"

"Yes. The first time I had ever seen or heard him—when we came from Lohengrin. Well, Denzil is just that. He has not the outward trappings or accoutrements of knighthood, but he has the chivalrous heart. In that last letter Robert wrote to him, he told him that he could not understand the meaning of life, but he was sure that it was quite all right. That is what our life together is going to be—quite all right."

"Bless you, Valerie," said her father, and kissed her.

The End.

The Town That Wouldn't Wait

Continued from page 326.

climbed aboard and started on west shortly after sunrise.

For the first fifty miles, the dawn departure seemed superfluous; fifteen miles an hour not only was easy, but safe. Then conditions favoring ordinary operation swiftly deteriorated, and we began to get an idea of what "track under construction" might be. The canvas covered log cabins beside the track formed populous communities; from the big grub tents, white wood smoke blew up from the fires where the camp cooks were baking; the train now stopped often to give gangs time to take a track-jack away from between the ties and the guardians of the grade stood attention behind their shovels on both sides of the rails as the train started on again. We were travelling barely at a walking pace.

It became plainer and plainer how powerfully "operation," or lack of "operation" governs the destiny of places. Further back at McBride and at a few other points where operation was no new thing and past which the trains had been running for months, at least a few buildings showed on the sites of those dots denoting towns on our map. Part of the streets had been cleared, and there were visible beginnings of settlements. But here where operation was new and the service still slight and undependable, nothing but mere sidings marked the position of most of those dots proudly proclaimed on the map as towns, but, in fact, not even cleared or christened by a signboard on the site. Prince George, at the end of this division, is an old settlement, long served by the river. As "Fort" George it was noted in my five-year-old atlas which knew nothing of the railroad. The temporary bridge across the spring-swollen

Fraser—this, you recall, was May—was "out"; the permanent bridge was going "in"; we crossed the swift river in a launch and were beyond the end of any sort of operation at all and at the beginning of our journey over "track under construction."

That night, as we spread out our maps again, we reviewed the dots denoting towns further on with deepening doubt. Between us and that shifting, indefinite point two or three hundred miles westward where we might hope to find operating conditions established by the men working east from the Pacific Coast lay—what? We could find out only by travelling along the grade.

Somewhere in that stretch lay the town which I had come so far to see—that town in which I had a sentimental interest. Some sixty-eight miles beyond this absolute end of operation it lay, a dot among dots, a plot of earth much like other plots of earth in the great Nechaco Valley. If within the zone of "operation" we had found nothing upon many of those spots which were intended to be towns, what could we hope for so far beyond? Even at Prince George, we met no one who had been sixty-eight miles up the grade recently enough to tell us how the Nechaco Valley looked, or what might be there. Indeed, we found that beyond Prince George no one as yet talked in terms of towns. Instead, they spoke of localities in terms of miles measured west from British Columbia's eastern border.

"Where are you going?"

"To 274."

"Where was that last mudslide?"

"Just beyond 292."

As for the stage, or the buckboard and bronchos we had spoken of so confidently at home, they were non-existent. We spent a morning roaming through the streets of Prince George, trying to locate somebody—anybody—who would take us through by team for less than two hundred dollars, and failed utterly.

Finally, an accommodating chief despatcher of the railroad gave us orders on the section foremen, living with their crews in a box-car approximately every seven miles through the wilderness, to take us by handcar over their sections. We started in the full sunlight of early evening; and in that wonderful northern country the light stayed with us four hours while we spun over section after section through the woods and along the river bank with nothing but the box-cars of the section gangs to show us where the towns were meant to be. We kept count of them, and by comparing our reckoning with our map, we knew where we were.

About ten it began to get too dark to see ahead, but down the grade and over the trees red sparks shot into the air. We drew nearer and saw the white flare of a calcium light; and above the hum and pound of the handcar wheels over the rails and the deep breathing of the four men ever bending again as they urged the "pump car" faster, we heard a sharp, staccato whistle, then the puff and tug of a steam shovel and we approached the only settlement in that region—"Camp 274" of the contractors building these miles of road. For the first moments, as we came up, we were blinded by the glare of the light in which the steam shovel snapped at and tore away great bites of the hillside; then we stepped from the handcar and saw buildings below and to the right of the track; windows were lighted and men were moving within them.

On the train, the day before, we had met two of the men who governed this camp—one of the firm of the contractors, the other superintendent of construction. In the way of the wilderness, they insisted

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that we stop with them when we came by. They had preceded us down the rails, possessing a gasoline "speeder" which had taken them here and then beyond to where there was "trouble"—a mere detail of a construction train off the track. They had not yet returned to camp, but left a deputy host, concerned for us, unsurprised at our presence. The two men down at the trouble—they had got the train back on the track—returned and handed over to us their quarters, after giving us supper.

We breakfasted there in the morning and took to our handcar to go on with no more illusions of finding anything at all where towns showed on the map.

"But at 292," they told us, "there's another camp."

They telephoned to that camp that we were coming and when we reached it at noon, there not only was another host but also a hostess; the commander of that camp had his wife with him.

Thirteen miles further on, and I should reach the town which, although it was really only one of many landmarks of my trip, had come to claim my immediate interest—perhaps partly because I had worked so hard to get there. I didn't talk much about it, now. A hundred miles of map-dot towns where nothing but a siding or a few felled trees marked their sites had discouraged me a little. I returned again to the rhythmical throb and jerk of our hand-car, plodding steadily onward.

The car put the miles under its wheels. When we were almost there, we passed the site of a "city" extravagantly boasted and proclaimed. Nothing marked it but a few felled and burnt trees. In fact, it boasted not even a name beside the track, not even a siding; no one camped there; and yet in Winnipeg before I set out, I was shown—on printed plats—broad "boulevards," "avenues," and "buildings" all about. Now that I had actually reached the site of this "city" I could identify it only by reckoning the miles we had gone. Would the town I had seen be like it?

. . . . . .

About two miles further on, we see an opening ahead, a man-made break in the light woodlands. Who are those? Not track laborers or grading gangs. No; these are settlers, far back from the track, swinging their own axes to clear their own ground for homes. More of them appear. A siding holds a score of freight cars. There is no station, for the railway is not wasting time now in erecting stations when it is straining every effort to complete its roadbed.

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But here is the start of a town—of the town I had so long looked forward to seeing. Its name—the name that the map had shown opposite its proper white dot—was blazoned on a great sign beside the track; the first name-sign seen at the site of any of those map-dot towns this side of Prince George. Here at last is a real settlement—the beginnings of the Town That Wouldn't Wait.

It is said that the work of a genius is one part inspiration and nine parts perspiration. The genius used in town-making must employ in something like the same proportion the elements of situation and perspiration.

In the thirties of last century, most people seemed to think that a certain town at the confluence of the Ohio and the Mississippi rivers would be the great city of the upper Mississippi Valley, and few saw in the site of the present dominating metropolis its great future. The older town had its two rivers and all the advantages that a greater age would give it. But it lacked the spirit to make it a great city. The people of the younger town got out and hustled; they got a railroad; they lifted themselves out of their difficulties by their bootstraps; they worked, played, dreamed of their town; so to-day a thousand tongues speak the name of it where one pronounces the name of that older town which back in 1830 just waited and didn't think it was necessary to get out and hustle.

So it has been, and so it will continue to be with western Canada. There are a hundred or a thousand sites where, men may say, should be cities; but real cities will arise in but few of these. Those cities which shall succeed, as those which have proven themselves, must possess more than site, surroundings and hinterland; they must own high spirit, honesty, and the faith which will not fail.

Did I find those in this Town That Wouldn't Wait? At the hour of our arrival, the people were living in tents; but they lost no time in telling us that, since the railroad could not yet serve them, they had turned back to the river where rafts already were floating down with lumber for houses and stores. The rafts would arrive that afternoon.

Between the time of clearing their land and receiving their lumber at the river front, these people have a moment to explain the physical advantages of their new town's situation.

"You see," they explained, "this town is naturally the dominating centre of the Nechaco Valley—and that means it's the centre of the richest connected agricultural area in British Columbia. Notice how the trails cross the country hereabouts, and you'll see how trade centres here. There's the Stoney Creek road, running in from the west; here's the government road on the fifty-fourth parallel, just south of us; there's the road to Quesnel; here's the Fort Fraser trail; there's the old Stuart Lake trail, just to the north of us. We're at the focal point, because the country slants this way and traffic has to come here."

"When we get our ferry and an eleven-mile road straight north from the river," says another, "we'll have the shortest route to Fort St. James and the Stuart Lake country." This man had freighted in his goods three hundred and sixty miles over the Cariboo trail. The railroad, which now put all that in the past, stretched before him. He had waited for it many years, but, now that it is come, other things come quicker. It was only May when he spoke of the ferry. Now, as I write, the ferry is being built; before this is read, passengers

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and freight bound for the rich country to the north will be crossing the Nechaco river by that ferry.

They pointed out the quality of the land, and told me of the small but rich agricultural settlements scattered all about the district, settlements that for years had needed a common trading center, a town with rail transportation to the great markets of the world.

The men there—and the women—realized their situation; but that realization, instead of inducing them to trust alone to their situation, inspired them to make the most of it. The fact that their town was the natural capital of the Nechaco Valley and the entrepot to the rich country just to the north surrounding Stuart Lake, gave them no pause. They were keenly alive to the value of it, but they were hustling just as if they hadn't a natural advantage in the world and were building their town on courage alone.

In the midst of such talk,—I think someone who was going to start a newspaper there was contriving how he would get back to Prince George for his presses and then how he could cozen a gravel train to haul them back for him—came the word that the lumber had arrived. As fast as teams could haul it, the sawed timber rose in piles on the townsite; and, standing there rather in awe, I saw the strange sight of a town being born—a town springing up in the wilderness. A moment ago there was nothing but an encampment of tents in a clearing; now there is the sound of saw and hammer, and walls arise.

It is a strange sense that one has in viewing such activity as the start of a town that may some day be a city. One feels the future of such a place by instinct, perhaps, rather than by pure reason; yet instinct, psychologists say, is nothing but the instant summing up of so many factors of reason that the process is unconscious and the result leaves one surprised. In Winnipeg, I recall, I felt that in a few years the prairie metropolis must become a city comparable to Chicago; at Edmonton stirred the sense that there soon must be another Winnipeg. Somewhere further west, between Edmonton and the coast, must rise a city to be to Edmonton in a few years what Edmonton is to Winnipeg. One of these dots on the map will be that city. To-day, no one can say with surety which one; but if I were to choose I would guess the dot where, without waiting for the road to give service, settlers already were going about starting their community.

Characteristic of the spirit of the people there, and a good omen for the future, are the cash subscriptions by

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Domestic Mfg. Co. Desk Q Minneapolis, Minn.

the settlers for a handsome board of trade building, the setting aside a fixed and generous proportion of proceeds of every real estate sale for municipal improvement, and the filing upon nearby water-power to insure its service to that growing community. It was no wonder that a contractor who walked into town along the grade, purchased his lots on sight and instantly arranged the erecting of an office.

But now, we are about to go on our way westward; and how different a place we leave from that which we encountered two or three days ago! Half an hour before we start, I take what I mean to be my last photograph of the place; but at the moment of leaving, so swiftly has the aspect altered, I must take another picture.

It has been a great experience to see these bold and freespirited people establishing for themselves their community in what had been but virgin wilderness—some of them men who had held on for years in this rich but remote valley, praying for the railroad which at last has come, others who are but new arrivals now, but pioneers of the great promise. Prophets, too? Or are they all mistaken, these men of clear eye, broad brow, strong back, asking no help from others, more than sufficient unto themselves? Backed by these thousands of acres of rich farm land, girdled by their trails, served by their river and their new transcontinental railway, what may they not accomplish?

Time alone can tell. But I have written this because I have seen what I believe is the birth of a new, true community in Western Canada, written what may be a record for citizens fifty and a hundred years from now, to smile at, incredulous that their city could have been encompassed once in uch space.

Slush and Parsimony

Continued from page 324.

laid out cold for being so careless.

When he came to, the officer detailed him for special service, and he was ordered to slush the fore and the main from the royal poles down to the mast heads. As the *Trade Wind* was plunging and rolling in the stiff northeaster which bore her name, it was a nice job, and with the lanyard of the full slush-pot around his neck, Luggy ascended the giddy heights of the fore, feeling sick at heart and revengeful.

The grease used for slushing down is not laid on with a brush, and absorbed as he was in his work upon the slender royal pole, Watson could not help but comment upon the peculiar quality of the fatty substance he was dipping his grimy paws into.

"Blowed if I ever saw slush like that afore," he murmured. "Why the bleedin' stuff smells *nice*."

At the topmasthead, he stuck a finger into the greyish mess and sniffed "Now, where'n blazes 'ave I smelt that afore?" he ruminated, but he had reached the fore top before memory came to his aid. "'Oly ol' sailor!" he ejaculated in surprise. "I wonder if it is? It cawn't be." Coming down off the fore rigging, he slipped into the paint locker to replenish his pot, and when he came out again, there was a beatific smile on his battered countenance. "Sure enough!" he muttered. "That's jest what it is. 'Oly sailor!"

In the dense fog, the *Trade Wind* picked up the San Francisco pilot, and with a fair wind, she worked inside the bay and dropped her anchor, and the crew were turned up to furl sail for a harbor stow. The decks were

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in a splendid paying business that will net you *Sixty Dollars a Week*. No experience required. The

ROBINSON BATH TUB

has solved the bathing problem. No plumbing, no waterworks required. A full length bath in every room, that folds in a small roll, handy as an umbrella. A positive boon to city and country dwellers alike.

Now I want you to go in partnership with me, but you don't invest any capital. I have vacancies in many splendid counties for live, honest, energetic representatives.

Will you handle *your* county for me?

I give you credit—back you up—help you with live, ginger-sales-talks.

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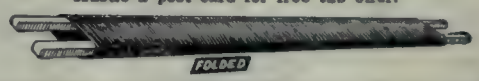
Quick sales—large profits. Here are three samples of what you can easily earn.
Douglas, Manitoba, got 16 orders in 2 days.
Myers, Wis., $250 profit first month.
McCutcheon, Sask., says can sel 15 in less than 3 days.

You can do as well. The work is fascinating easy, pleasant and permanent.

C. A. RUKAMP, General Manager,

The Robinson Cabinet Mfg. Co., Ltd.
210 Sandwich Street, Walkerville, Ont.

Send no money, but write to-day for details.
Hustle a post card for free tub offer.



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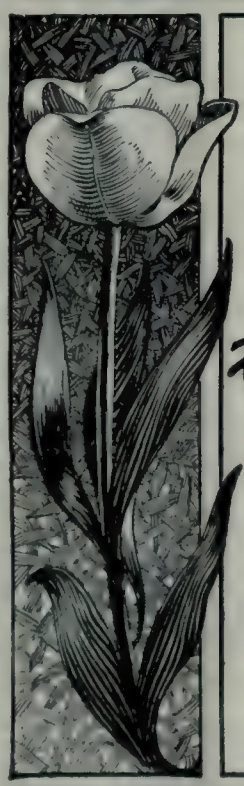

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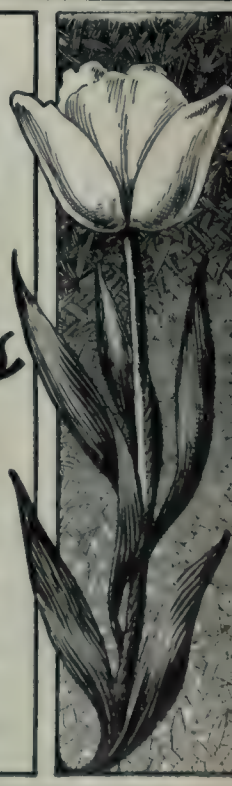

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cleared up, and they waited out in the fog for the tug to pull them alongside the coal dock.

In a port like Frisco, a windjammer inward bound does not remain long at anchor without visitors, and after the quarantine and customs had paid their calls, the denizens of the Barbary Coast came puttering out in motor launches, and boarding house runner and Hebrew peddler came tumbling over the rail. Captain Ezekiel Smith made no attempt to stop them, and the mates remained apparently oblivious of the fact that sundry members of the crew were leaving the ship.

"Let them go," said the skipper. "They forfeit their wages." And he rubbed his hands pleasureably.

When the mate sung out for "All hands man the windlass!" some time later, he was disagreeably surprised to see Luggy Watson answering the hail.

"Ain't you gone ashore yet?" growled the officer indignantly.

"No, sir," replied the sailor; "but the others have."

The mate felt that he would like to give Mr. Watson some inducement to leave hurriedly, but the tow boats' crew were clambering aboard to hoist the anchor, and it would be bad policy to manhandle a sailor with so many strangers around.

"All right," he growled. "Turn to."

Within an hour they were alongside the coal dock and securely moored. The mates had slipped ashore for a drink; the cook and steward were aft in the pantry, and in the paint locker, Seaman Watson was busy filling a canvas clothes bag with greyish grease. He was very thorough about it and scraped the barrel clean, and so absorbed was he in his slush gathering that he did not see the skipper stepping in behind him. "Oho, my man!" came a rasping voice. "Stealing the ship's stores, are you?"

Luggy turned around in a sweat of fright. "N—no, sir," he stammered. "I—I was jest agoin' t' take a little o' this slush——"

"Aye," grated the skipper. "Stealing it—a jail offence. But I'll give you a chance, my beauty! You just skin along out of this and take your slush with you. That'll do for your wages due. Slide now, or I'll call a policeman."

And the sailor crawled humbly away, while the stingy skipper laughed to himself. "Great work!" he murmured. "All the crew gone, an' this fellow skinning off with fifty cents' worth of slush and leaving ten dollars in my pocket. It takes a man like me to do high financing in the crew line." And feeling very pleased with himself he went into the cabin chuckling.

His beatific mood continued all next

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Adds zest and color to meat gravies, soups, etc.

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"More Sonnets of an Office Boy"

By SAMUEL E. KISER

Price - - 75 Cents

VANDERHOOF-GUNN CO, LTD.
Publishers,
TORONTO, ONTARIO.

day, and the cannery sale was called off. A good paying lumber freight had turned up for the *Trade Wind*, and Ezekiel Smith had changed his mind. He was smoking a cigar and indulging in pleasant retrospections, when the Yankee mate burst unceremoniously into the cabin.

"Where's that slush we picked up at sea a while ago? Thar' ain't none left in th' bar'l—"

The skipper smiled. "I know it. That man Watson took it all with him instead of his wages. I caught him stuffing a bag with it so I bluffed him ashore by saying I would have him jailed for stealing the ship's stores——"

"You did?" almost screamed the mate. "Then look at this!" And he laid a copy of the San Francisco Examiner before his astonished superior. Pointing to a paragraph, the mate read: "*Lucky find by a sailor. Exwhaleman picks up a small fortune. John Watson, an able seaman off the British bark Trade Wind just arrived from Newcastle, N.S.W., brought a bagful of ambergris to a well known firm of druggists here in San Francisco. The stuff, which is a greasy, greyish substance said to come from the ejections of a sick sperm whale, was picked up by the man while the ship was becalmed on the equator. Watson, who is an old whaleman, identified the grease as ambergris and as he had some twenty odd pounds of it, he received five thousand dollars for his find——*"

"What?" shrieked the skipper. "Five thousand dollars! Is there any of it left?"

"Nary a bit," replied the mate dolefully. "Slush pots an' bar'l hev bin scraped clean—"

"Can't we get hold of this Watson?"

"No," answered the other. "He's gone east, so th' paper says."

Captain Smith nodded sorrowfully. "Say, Mr. Mate! Just you pull on your heaviest boots and kick me some place where'll it'll hurt most—"

The mate sighed. "Aye, sir, an' I'll allow you t' do th' same t' me!"

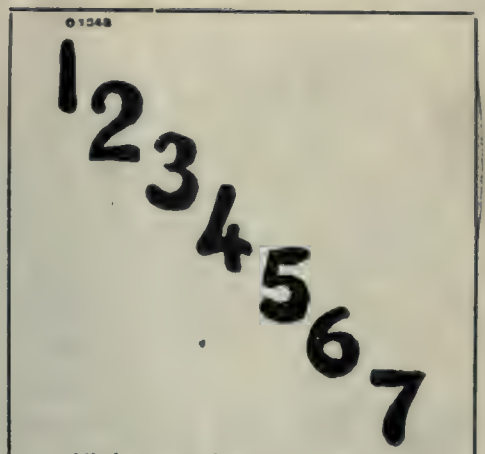
What the Little Grey Lady Saw

Continued from page 316.

Hindoos were allowed to step on the B. C. doormat

In the Social Column, Mrs. Richas-Croesus entertained on board her yacht and Greta Glovecounter danced her little pumps off at the pier, learning yesterday's positively-cutest tango step.

Then came the extras, forty-four years to a day after the Franco-Prussian flare-up, and the world was changed.



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Many dishes that seem a little weak, just need a touch of BOVRIL to make them perfect. Always keep a bottle on the kitchen table when you're cooking.

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It's filled with a twist of the wrist. If you want

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No, we weren't ready. Kipling had warned us, like another Noah, and we had even quarrelled, Sir Wilfrid against Sir Robert, over the pattern of our Ark. But we hadn't believed we'd need it.

Yet in two weeks, two tremendous, heart-breaking, brain-numbing weeks, we had 25,000 men on their way to Valcartier. We had two regiments equipped by private citizens. The federal government had started a million bags of flour toward English

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It is a book of verse by Samuel Ellsworth Kiser, who writes from the heart—and he is your kind of man. It is illustrated by Florence Pretz, who created the immortal Billiken the good luck god.

It is something every man who had a real childhood should read. It will bring back your boyhood days with a bump. The world will seem brighter to you. Every man will be a good fellow. You will be a better fellow yourself. You can get it for 75 cents. If your news dealer is sold out, tear off this coupon and mail **to-day** direct to

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bakeshops. Alberta had poured half a million bushels of oats from her huge elevators. And, thanks to the foresight of British Columbia, the Empire owned two Canadian destroyers to go a-killing with the Niobe and the Rainbow.

But, bigger, grander, more soul-stirring than any contribution that could be seen, we had a united Canada, a united Empire, clear through to Ireland, eyes raised to the bulletin-board, even if those eyes, like the grey lady's were filled with tears.

Mothers had the right to come forward and protest against their sons' enrolment. But from the St. Lawrence to the Coast, do you know how many mothers did it ?—*just two* !

Report has it that there was a volunteer refused for every one accepted—two contingents ready instead of one. Our Minister of Militia officially stated that any three of the nine military divisions could have furnished the required number. Doctors, engineers, clergymen, members of Parliament, Russians from Winnipeg, even Serbs from Detroit—they all wanted to go. Whole towns turned out to watch their corps parade, and though offices were crippled and banks were undermanned, the grumbles of the few self-centred number-one-ers were drowned in the roll of the drums.

The women promised $100,000 for a Hospital Ship. Greta Glovecounter patched her pumps and bought extras with the price of a new pair.. Sylvia RichasCroesus motored up to the Red Cross Society instead of to the ball game. And when Greta's Jack and Sylvia's Reginald went Warward side by side, the two girls sat together and rolled bandages.

But do they *realize*—these girls and women, boys and men ? Do the little Jew newsboys see beyond the extras that sell for five apiece, when they parade Toronto streets and consign the Kaiser to eternal flame ? Do the people know, down to the cold bottom of their souls, that the flag that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze, may trail home caked with Berlin mud ? Do they realize that even if Germany is worsted, the Bear out of the North may come for his prey ? Do they see the vultures black against the Armageddon sky ?

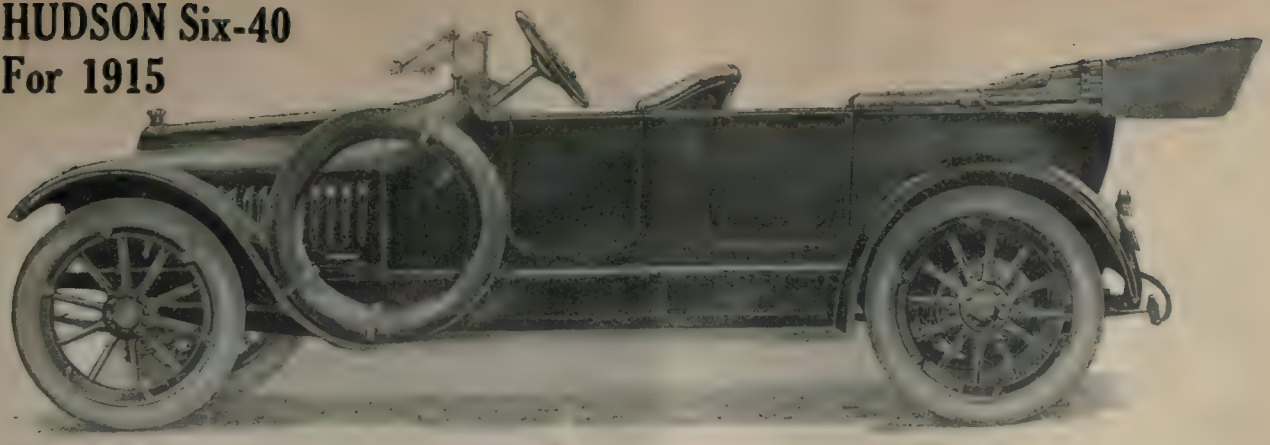
Oh, no.

The grey lady does, head up under the Hydro light.

But the little bugler boys, a knot of silhouettes against the Armouries window, they weren't born to prophesy. All that they know is the urge in the blood; all that they feel is the instrument they hold, all that they're told is how to play it.

God save the King !

HUDSON Six-40
For 1915



Now the Top Place Car

The Ideal Six, with 31 New Features and a $2,100 Price

The HUDSON Six-40 for 1915 will be accepted, we think, as the representative car. It leads in its class. And the class which it leads best typifies the modern ideals and trends.

All things considered—all the time's tendencies toward lightness, economy, modest size and cost—this new HUDSON Six-40 will be widely conceded first place among coming cars.

The Criterions

These are the criterions by which the majority now measure a quality car. Note how the HUDSON meets them:

First, good engineering. The 48 Hudson engineers—headed by Howard E. Coffin—have devoted four years to this HUDSON Six-40. The car represents the crowning effort of the ablest corps in this industry.

Next, men insist on Sixes for high-grade cars. This HUDSON Six-40 embodies all the refinements men have worked out in Sixes.

To-day's demand is for lightness without sacrificing strength. That lightness which comes through skilful designing and proper materials. The HUDSON Six-40, as built this year, weighs 2,900 pounds. The old-time average, for cars of this capacity, was fully one-third more. We have removed, by sheer good designing, the weight of a car-full of people. Yet this light HUDSON has proved itself one of the staunchest cars.

Men also seek low operative cost. This light HUDSON Six-40, with its new-type small-bore motor, has reduced this cost by at least 30 per cent. for cars of this size and power.

The Price Question

Last year we astonished all with a $2,300 price on the HUDSON Six-40. It was the lowest price ever quoted on any comparable car.

On the model just out—for 1915—we drop that price $200. That is due to trebled output. It is the saving we make by building three times as many cars.

In this ultra-value the HUDSON Six-40 leads all the high-grade cars. There is nothing in sight of it. In this point, above all, it accords with modern ideas.

Look back a little. Three years ago not a Six could be bought for less than $3,000. High-grade cars of any type cost around $2,000. Now this new HUDSON Six-40—the thoroughbred Six—is offered for $2,100.

The Popular Car

Popularity is the final test of place. This car came last year to open up an entirely new field in Sixes. From the start the demand overwhelmed us. The cars which went out sold others, until our dealers were besieged.

The end of the season left us 3,000 unfilled orders. Men were offering premiums—as high as $200—to get a HUDSON Six-40. To cope with this demand we have this year been compelled to treble our capacity.

Now 31 Refinements

Our whole engineering corps devoted last year to refinements. The car itself developed no shortcomings. But we found 31 ways to add comfort, convenience and beauty. Go see these new features. Some are very important. Most of them, as usual, will be found this year in HUDSON cars alone.

You will find this new model one of the handsomest cars ever built. You will find a 20-coat finish—luxurious upholstery. You will find the latest and best in each form of equipment. There are disappearing seats in the tonneau. Every detail, inside and outside, shows the extreme of refinement. It will set many new standards for you.

Phaeton seating up to 7 passengers, $2,100, f.o.b Detroit. Duty Paid.

Standard Roadster, same price.

Hudson dealers everywhere now have this new model on show. New catalog on request.

Our Larger Six-54

We build this same model with a larger engine and a 135 inch wheelbase. It is for men who want these ideal features in a big, impressive car. The HUDSON Six-54—our 1915 larger model—sells for $3,100.

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No trouble with ashes. Flanges at each end of firebox guide all ashes direct into ashpan.

McClary's

Pandora

Range has extra large ashpan, holding over a day's accumulation. Allow the McClary dealer to demonstrate. 87

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There are Victors and Victrolas in great variety of styles from $20 to $300 (on easy payments as low as $1 a week, if desired) and ten-inch, double-sided Victor Records at 90c for the two selections—at all "His Master's Voice" dealers in every town and city in Canada. Ask for free copy of our booklet "Three Modern Dances" with five pictures of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle and 288 moving picture photographs teaching the steps of the modern dances, and our 300 page Musical Encyclopedia listing over 5,000 Victor Records.

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Dealers all through the Dominion

VICTROLA XVI.
Mahogany or Oak, $250.

Gentleman Born

Continued from page 318.

on the middle one bore the name of Hunt. A man's voice somewhere behind it talked in a strange, loud sing-song; he seemed to be telling a long, confusing story. At the moment of Caroline's timid knock he was saying over and over again:

"Isn't that so? Isn't that so? Who wouldn't have done the same? Put your finger on the place where I made the mistake! Will you? Will anybody? I ask it as a favor——"

"Hush, won't you?" a woman's voice interrupted; "wasn't that a knock?"

Caroline knocked again.

There was a hasty shuffling and a key turned in the door.

"Who is it?" the woman's voice asked. "What do you want? The auction's all over—there's nothing left. We're moving out to-morrow."

Surprise held Caroline dumb. How could one have an auction in such a place? At auctions there were red flags and horses and carriages gathered around the house, and people brought luncheon; they had often driven to auctions out in the country.

The door opened.

"Why, it's only a child!" said the woman, thin and fatigued, with dark rings under her not ungentle eyes. "What do you want here?"

"I'm looking for Hunt," Caroline answered; "doesn't he live here?"

"Heavens, no!" the woman said; "that old card's been there long before we moved in, I guess. They were old renters, most likely. What's the party to you, anyway? Is he your——"

She paused, studying Caroline's simple but unmistakable clothes and manner.

"He drives the automobile," Caroline explained; "I thought he came this way."

"Come in, won't you?" said the woman; "there's no good getting any more lost than you are, I guess. There's not much to sit on, 'specially if you're used to automobiles, but we can find you something, I hope. I try to keep it better-looking than this gen'ally, but this is my last day here. I'm going out West to-morrow."

An old table, two worn chairs, and an overturned box furnished the small room; through an open door Caroline spied a tumbled bed. A kitchen, dismantled and dreary, faced her.

"The agent gave me five dollars for all I had left," the woman said; "I don't know which of us got the best o' the bargain. Now, about you. Where do you live? I s'pose they're looking for you right now while we're talking. Do you know where you left the automobile?"

"Oh, yes." Caroline stared frankly about her. "Wasn't there a man in here? Where did he go?"

The woman grunted out a sort of laugh. "If you're not the limit!" she murmured. She stepped to the door of the kitchen, looked in, and beckoned to Caroline.

"I suppose you heard him carrying on," she said. "He's in there. Poor fellow, he's all worn out."

Caroline peered into the kitchen. With his rough unshaven face resting on his arms, his hair all tossed about, his face drawn in misery, even in his heavy sleep, a young man sat before a table, half lying on it, one hand on a soiled plate still grasping a piece of bread.

"Is he sick?" whispered Caroline.

"N-no, I wouldn't say sick, exactly, but I guess he'd be almost as well off if he was," said the woman. "It would take his mind off. He's had a lot of trouble."

The man scowled in his sleep and clenched his hand so that the bread crumbled in it.

"And so I won the prize," he muttered, "just as I told her I would. Did I have any pull? Was there any favoritism? No—you know it as well as I do—it was good work won that prize!"

"Was it a bridge prize?" Caroline inquired maturely. The woman stared.

"A bridge prize?" she repeated vaguely. "Why, no, I guess not. It was for writing a story. For one of those magazines. He won a thousand dollars."

The man opened his eyes suddenly.

"And if you don't believe it," he said, still in that strange sing-song voice, "just read that letter."

He pulled a worn, creased sheet from an inner pocket and thrust it at Caroline.

"It's typewritten," he added; "it's easy enough to see if I'm lying. Just read it out."

Caroline glanced at the engraved letter-heading and began to read in her careful, childish voice:

"*My dear Mr. Williston —*

"*It is with great pleasure that I have to announce the fact that your story, 'The Renewal,' has been selected by the judges as most worthy of the thousand-dollar prize offered by us——*"

The woman snatched the paper from her hand.

"The idea!" she cried; "let the child alone, Mr. Williston! Don't you see she's lost?"

The man dropped like a stone on the table.

"Lost!" he whispered, "lost! Oh, that dreadful word! Yes, she's lost. Poor little Lou! It's all over."

The woman drew Caroline back into the sitting room.

"I'm sorry you should see him," she said. "You must excuse him—he don't really know what he's doing. He lost his wife a week ago, and he's hardly slept since. It's real sad. I was as sorry as I could be for 'em, and I'd have kept 'em even longer if she'd lived, though they couldn't pay. I'd keep the baby, too, if I could, it's such a cute little thing; but I can't, and I'm to take it to the Foundling to-day. I'll go right out with you, and see that the police——"

"Oh, is there a baby? Let me see it!" Caroline pleaded. "How old is it?"

"Just a week," said the woman. "Yes, you can see him. He's good as gold, and big! He weighs nine pounds."

In the third room, lying in a roll of blankets on a tumbled cot, a pink, fat baby slept, one fist in his dewy mouth. The red-gold down was thick on his round head; he looked like a wax Christ-child for a Christmas tree.

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Caroline sighed ecstatically.

"Isn't he lovely!" she breathed.

"He's a fine child," the woman agreed. "And his mother never saw him, poor little thing! Nor his father either, for that matter."

Caroline looked in amazement toward the kitchen.

"Never laid his eyes on him," the woman went on sadly, "as if it was any good to blame the poor baby! He's taken a terrible grudge on the little thing. He was awfully fond of his wife, though. He told me he was going to leave him right here, and then, of course, somebody in the house would notify the police, if I didn't take him to the Foundling. And, of course, he'd get better care, for that matter—there's no doubt about that. It's too bad. There's people that would give their eyes for a fine baby like that, you know."

"I know it," said Caroline, simply; "my Cousin Richard would be glad to have him—he wants one very much. But he's very particular."

The woman looked at her sharply. "What do you mean?" she asked. "How particular?"

Suddenly she laughed nervously. "I ought to be ashamed of myself," she said; "you ought to be at the police station now. But I'm all worn out, and it does me good to talk to anybody. I don't let the neighbors in much—it's a cheap set of people around here, and Mr. Williston's different from them, and I hate to hear him talking to them the way he will. He don't know what he's doing. He tells 'em all about that prize—and it's true, you know, he did get it; that's what they married on, and he thought he could get plenty more that way, and then he never sold another story. It was too bad. He's a real gentleman, though you might not think it to look at him now, not shaved, and all. He thought he could earn a thousand every week, I s'pose, poor fellow. He got work in a department store, fin'ly, and it took all he made to bury her. She was a sweet little thing, but soft. I was real sorry for 'em."

She wiped her eyes hastily.

"Do you know whether he went to Harvard?" Caroline inquired in a business-like tone.

The woman was heating some milk in a bottle, over a lamp, and did not answer her, but a voice from the door brought her sharply around. The young man stood there. Though still unshaven, he was otherwise quite changed. His hair was parted neatly, his coat brushed, his face no longer flushed, but pale and composed.

"If your extraordinary question refers to me, yes, I went to Harvard," he said in a grating, disagreeable voice. "I have in fact been called a 'typical Harvard man.' But that was some

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time ago. May I ask who you are?"

The woman lifted the bottle from the tin cup that held it and picked up the baby; the young man shifted his eyes from her immediately and looked persistently over Caroline's head.

"Her family's coachman's name is Hunt," said the woman, "and she thought he lived here, she says. He'd no business to go off and leave her alone. Her family'd be worried to death. When I go out with the baby I'll take her. I suppose you haven't changed your mind about the baby, Mr. Williston?—now you're feeling more like yourself," she added.

"I cannot discuss that subject, Mrs. Ufford," the young man answered, in his rasping, unnatural voice. "When you have disposed of the matter along the lines you yourself suggested, I am at your service till you take the train. After that—after that"—his lips tightened in a disagreeable smile—"I may be able to get to work—and win another prize!"

"There, there!" she cautioned him, "don't talk about that, Mr. Williston, don't now! Why don't you go out with the little girl and see if you can find her automobile? That'll be less for me to do. Why don't you?"

He turned, muttering something about his hat, but Caroline tugged at his coat.

"Wait, wait!" she urged him, "I want you to tell her to let me take the baby! If you went to Harvard, that's all Cousin Richard said, except about a gentleman—" she paused and scrutinized him a moment. "You *are* a gentleman, aren't you?" she asked.

He looked at her. "My father was," he answered briefly. "In my own case, I have grave doubts. What do you think?" he asked the woman, looking no lower than her eyes.

She fed the baby deftly. "Oh, Mr. Williston, don't talk so—of course you're a gentleman!" she cried; "you couldn't help about the money. You did your best."

His mouth twisted pitifully.

"That'll do," he said; "what does this child mean? Who is your cousin? Where does he live?"

"He lives on Madison Avenue," Caroline began, eagerly, "but I mustn't tell you his last name, you know, because he doesn't want you to know. That's just it. But he'd love the baby. I could take it right back in the automobile."

The man felt in under his coat and detached from his vest a small gold pin. He tore a strip of wrapping paper from the open box near him and wrote rapidly on it.

"There," he said, fastening the pin into the folded paper, "I'm glad I never pawned it. If your cousin is a Harvard man, the pin will be enough,

but he can look me up from the paper —all he wants. They're all dead but me, though. Here, wait a moment !"

He went back into the sitting room and fumbled in a heap of waste paper on the floor, picked out of it a stiff sheet torn once through, and attached it with the gold pin to the bit of writing.

"That's her marriage certificate," he said to the woman. She stared at him.

"Mr. Williston, do you believe that child ?" she burst out, loosening her hold on the bottle in her hand. "Why, she may be making it all up ! I—I—you must be crazy ! You don't even know her name ! I won't allow it——"

He broke into her excited remonstrance gravely.

"I don't believe a child could make up such details, in the first place, Mrs. Ufford," he said; "she is repeating something she's heard, I think. Did your cousin mention anything else ?" he said abruptly to Caroline.

She smiled gratefully at him. "'The mother must be a good woman,'" she quoted placidly.

Both of them started.

"Do you think a child would invent that ?" he demanded. " Now, see here. You put what I gave you in your pocket, and Mrs. Ufford will take the—will take it, and go with you till you see your automobile. Then you take it and go home to your cousin. If you've made a mistake, and he doesn't want to adopt a—to adopt it, I suppose he can send it to an institution as well as Mrs. Ufford can. In that case tell him to keep the pin. You can tell him I'm going to leave this country as soon as I can earn the money to take me in the steerage. Can you remember ?"

Caroline nodded.

"I'll tell him, but I'm sure he'll keep it," she said. "It's a lovely baby."

The woman rose, her lips pressed together, and rolled the blankets tightly about the quiet child. With one gesture she put on a shabby hat and pinned it to her hair.

"I'll leave the bottle with you," she said to Caroline; "it'll help keep him quiet. Come on."

The man turned away his head as they passed him. At the outer door the woman paused a moment, and her face softened.

"I know how you feel, Mr. Williston, and I don't judge you," she said gently, "for the Lord knows you've had more than your share of trouble. But won't you kiss it once before—before it's too late ? It's your child, you know. Don't you feel——"

"I feel one thing," he cried out, and the bitterness of his voice frightened Caroline, "I feel that it murdered her ! Take it away !"

They shrank through the door.

The woman sobbed once or twice on

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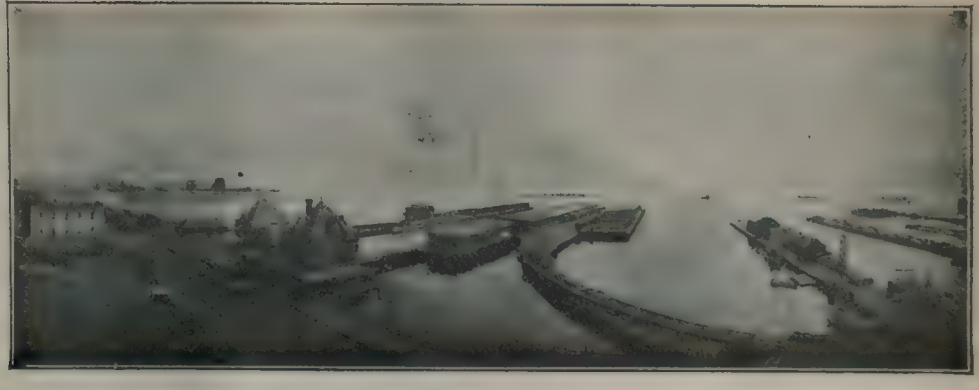

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the stairs, but Caroline patted the flannel bundle excitedly.

They had rounded the corner in a moment and the woman pointed ahead with her free hand.

"Is that the automobile ?" she asked.

Caroline nodded. The brougham stood empty and alone where she had left it.

"They're not back yet !" she cried in disgust. "The idea !"

"Maybe they're looking for you," Mrs. Ufford said, shortly, hurrying till she panted.

She motioned Caroline into the brougham and laid the bundle beside her, throwing the plum-colored robe skillfully over it.

"Give him the bottle as soon as I go, and don't let the coachman see you," she whispered, hissingly, "and —tell me honestly, little girl, is your cousin really— do they want one ?"

"Of course they do," Caroline began, indignantly. "What do you think— Oh, run, Mrs. Ufford, run ! Here's Gleggson !"

The woman put her hand to her throat, slipped from the foot-rest and scudded around the corner, as Gleggson rushed to the door, red with relief.

"W'ere was you, Miss, for goodness' sake ?" he gasped out. "H'I've been h'all over after yer ! Don't, don't tell Hunt on me, will you, Miss ? He'd fair kill the life out o' me ! He's comin' now. 'E 'ad to go, Miss, fer his little boy was took sick last night and callin' for 'im. So 'e made up the errant. But it'll cost us both our place, y' know, Miss !"

The man's voice shook. Hunt was very near them now, walking rapidly.

"I'd no business to leave, I know. *Will* you h'overlook it fer once, Miss, and keep mum ?" the man pleaded.

"All right, Gleggson, all right," she said, impatiently. Suppose the baby should cry !

She listened politely to Hunt's vague account of a long errand impossible to hasten, and sighed with relief when only their broad backs were in view. Tremblingly she tilted the bottle toward the head of the flannel bundle: the baby sucked at it with closed eyes.

Back they whirled into the shining avenue, back through the long lane of tall, brown houses. As Gleggson opened the door, Caroline caught and firmly held his eye.

"No, Gleggson, I'll take it myself," she said, already at the steps. "You might drop it, it's a baby."

His reply was wholly unintelligible to her.

In the polished hall she encountered Miss Grundman.

"I began to think you were never— Good heavens, child, what have you there ?" cried the nurse.

"A baby," Caroline shot at her

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defiantly. "No, I will *not*! I can carry it up myself! Please let me alone, Miss Grundman. If you don't get out of the way, I *will* drop him!"

She staggered into the library, one end of the soiled blanket dragging between her feet, her hat falling over one shoulder, her breath short and choking.

On either side of the great fireplace, each one lonely in a griffin chair, each head drooped forward, sat Cousin Richard and the Duchess.

"What have you in your arms, dear?" said the Duchess, hardly lifting her eyes. "Not a dog, I hope?"

In a gust of triumph Caroline laid the bundle on the lady's lap, and for the first time the baby fretted feebly. The strange, unmistakable pipe cut the air like a knife, and the man on the other side of the fireplace leaped to his feet.

"You little idiot," he cried, angrily, "where have you been? What's the meaning of this?"

Caroline struggled with her pocket. "He *did* go to Harvard," she said, reaching the twist of paper out to him; "and, you see, he doesn't know who you are a bit. He's never seen the baby, either; he doesn't want it. He weighs nine pounds. And Miss Grundman knows all about the milk—she can make him some right away. He's a lovely baby."

Instinctively the man ran his eye over the paper, then stared at the quaint gold pin. He glanced at the torn sheet, then turned to the pin again and studied the back of it.

"His mother never saw him either," Caroline continued. "Isn't that funny? She couldn't have been there when he came, most prob'ly. And then she died. So the Duchess will be his real mother."

The Duchess clasped the griffin heads and stared into her lap. Miss Grundman knelt by her, unwrapping the baby, feeling its tiny arms and legs, murmuring inarticulate syllables to it.

"The—the child seems to have absolutely no relatives, but—but—and he renounces every claim. . . .it seems straight enough. . . .the poor devil's going to South Africa, dear," Cousin Richard said softly.

The Duchess trembled slightly.

"Of course I shall make inquiries," said Cousin Richard.

"Would you—do you—in case it is all right, dear, do you think you could possibly——"

The baby wailed again and the nurse began to lift it from the Duchess's lap.

"Come on little fellow, and we'll find something for you," she said, eagerly. "Will he come to me?"

But the Duchess clasped him tighter and rose to her feet.

"No, no," she said in a deep, thick

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voice; "no, Miss Grundman. Let him alone, please. I'll keep him."

Caroline unbuttoned her coat. Cousin Richard read the piece of wrapping paper again.

"Poor devil!" he muttered.

"He had a prize," said Caroline, moving toward the baby; "but he—didn't keep it very long, and then he never got another!"

The Love of Man

Continued from page 337.

Oh, I wisht I'd stayed till he went out!"

Hot tears trickled from the sightless eyes of the sick man. He turned his fever-flushed face appealingly upon the other and stared blankly.

"Does it count if you're sorry, Father? Tell me that it counts some if you're sorry! Seven years I've been going about with a choke in my throat that I couldn't swaller. The next spring I went back there where the old man was, 'cause every night I saw him laying there unburied like a dead dog, with the snow blowing over him and the coyotes nipping at him. So I went back to find his bones and bury 'em. There wasn't nothing there—not a rag nor a bone!"

He sobbed hoarsely far down in his throat, and the stranger coughed.

"And then I began seeing things in the dark—things that had legs that wobbled and faces without a nose! Six years I went on seeing 'em, and then one day my gun busted and spit powder in my face and I went blind. Seemed like I got that for what I done, 'cause I ain't had no good luck these seven years. And now I'm on my back a-burning up with fever, and I know I'm done for."

The stranger had buried his face in his hands, and the sick man heard deep, muffled chest tones.

"Yes, pray for me," said the sick man; "pray hard, and don't forget to tell 'em what I said—about 'Jamie,' you know."

Many minutes passed, during which the muffled chest tones of the stranger and the crackling of the burning logs made the only sounds.

"Are you done, Father?" said the sick man at length. "Did you tell 'em that?"

"Yes, yes."

"And do you think being sorry counts much?"

"More than all the prayers in the world!"

"Yes, hold my hand tight like that," said the sick man. "It makes me feel safer and easy like. Do you think a man could live through all that? Face all stove in? Why didn't I find the bones? Could a man live through that?"

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The MISS CANADA

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"I met a man once," said the stranger, "where was it? Up Calgary way, I guess. He went through something like that."

With a great effort the sick man sat up, supporting himself against the wall.

'Quick! Tell me!" he gasped. "was his face all stove in horrible—features all scraped off?"

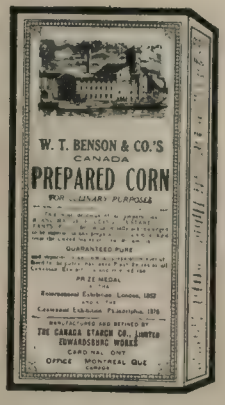
"Yes."

"And was it a grizzly that done it?"

"It was a grizzly."

"And did his friend go back on him?"

Every Housewife



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"That was the part of the story he told me."

"It was Jules!" shrieked the sick man. "I'll go to him! Don't hold me that way! I ain't sick no more, and I ain't going to die now. Can't you see I ain't sick? Let me get up!"

The stranger took the man in his arms and gently laid him down on the furs again, where he lay gasping and staring with wide, unseeing eyes into the dark.

"There, there," said the stranger softly, stroking the hot forehead of the other. "Don't take on so. If it was Jules you've got to get well and start it all over again."

"I guess I am sort of sick; but I ain't going to die this trip. I got to get well. I feel eay like. Believe I can get up in the morning." The man's voice was feeble and jerky. For some time there was silence in the room. "Won't you tell me the rest, Father? Keep holding my hand tight like that and tell me what he said and how he come out of it, and I won't stir."

"He didn't say what his name was, and I didn't ask," began the stranger in a low, husky voice. "And maybe it wasn't your Jules. Many a man has got himself done up that way.

"He told me how he ran on the bear before he had time to set his triggers; and he told me how he pulled his knife and thrust hard at the heart of the beast. And then everything swam 'round and he was in a nightmare with a million needles of fire shooting in and out of him. And he tried to get up and tried to cry out; but something big and black and strong held him down so he couldn't budge and couldn't make a sound.

"And by and by the nightmare changed, and he heard people talking above him—miles and miles above him, it seemed. Heard 'em saying they were going to go away and leave him. And then he tried to tell 'em he wasn't dead. And he yelled and yelled, till all the big hollow burning place he was in roared with his voice. And still he couldn't make 'em hear.

"And then by and by he 'woke with the sun on his face and the flies buzzing around him. And he called for his friend, but nobody answered."

The sick man groaned and covered his face with his hands.

"And then," the stranger continued, "he lay there sort of stunned and numb, thinking about old times, and about the days and nights with his friends, and the long hard trails they'd followed together, and the grub they'd shared. And then something seemed to break in him, he said, and he didn't care any more about living.

"But all of a sudden, as he lay there trying to die, he went fighting mad, and all the love he had felt for his

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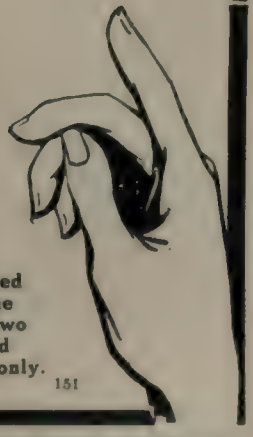

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more than right," sobbed the sick man. "Why didn't he find me and do it years ago ? Oh, why didn't he do it ?"

"And then," went on the stranger, speaking in a low monotonous tone, "he got one eye open, and saw a spring near by with a bush full of ripe berries hanging over it. So he dragged himself over there to the spring and ate berries and drank water. And then he went on thinking, thinking how to plan it so's he could live and get his man.

"Went on five days that wap, eating berries and roots and drinking water; and little by little his strength began to come back, though his face felt like a burning coal and his legs wouldn't work.

"And on the sixth day he woke up with his hate so big that it filled him up and made him feel stouter than ever he felt before in his life. And he said to himself: 'It's nigh on to a hundred miles to the nearest post. I'll crawl there ! And he started. He had no gun—nothing but his knife. But he knew what roots make good food, so he wasn't afraid of starving; and it was a country of many little streams.

"And he crawled all that day, dragging his legs like a bear with his back broke. And when the sun set, he was on a hill, and he could still see the place he started from. But he didn't give up. Just ate roots and rolled up in the one blanket they'd left him. Went to sleep and dreamed he killed his man. And all next day the dream stayed by him and made his arms stout so he could crawl better."

Tear swere trickling down the cheeks of the sick man.

"But the going was mighty hard; and he began wanting meat—raw meat. Jack rabbits hopped close to him and stopped to examine the big, wounded animal that walked with its front legs. And the more he wished for his gun, the bigger his hate grew—until it sort of took the place of raw meat and kept him up.

"And every day he got a little stronger, and crawled a little further. And then one day he came to a derseted Indian village. Skulking wolf dogs howled about the empty lodges, and he coaxed them with Indian talk until they came up and smelled his hand, showing their teeth suspiciously and whining.

"He stabbed one of them in the neck. Then he built a fire, having a flint and steel with him, and had a big feast of dog meat. Stayed in one of the lodges three days and gained strength every day. And during that time he whittled a crutch out of a tepee pole. Then on the fourth day he went hobbling toward the nearest post, for one of his legs had got so it would work a bit."

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The stranger stopped.

"Oh, what a man he was!" sobbed the sick man. "Do you think he'd forget if he knowed I was sorry—knowed I been ha'nted with his face all these years—knowed I been wishing he could only call me 'Jamie, my boy,' again like he used to?"

"But he did find his friend," said the stranger.

The sick man groaned.

"Then it wasn't Jules," he said in a thin, weak voice "'Tain't no use getting well. Did he tell you that? And did he kill his man?"

"No, he didn't kill his man after all. Found him sick and all tore up and blind and—"

A strange light flashed across the face of the sick man. With the strength of a great joy he lifted himself with his arms and sat up gasping.

"Let me feel your face!" he cried hoarsely.

The woman by the fire turned about at the cry, and saw the blind man lay his trembling, bony hands upon the face of the stranger. She saw the face now for the first time, for the firelight smote full upon it—ghastly, noseless, horrible, disfigured with old scars.

"Jules! Jules!" shrieked the sick man, falling back limply upon the furs.

The man with the scarred face threw his arms about the other.

"And forgot it all—found him sick and blind and sorry and forgot it all—don't you hear me, Jamie, my boy?"

De'ils to Fecht

Continued from page 338.

his men, mostly Munroes too, on their unwelcome errand, they were met by the crofter women, Peggy once more among them, and reinforced by a crowd of boys, thinly disguised with skirts. Among these were two of Captain Munro's own sons.

The volley of stones which greeted the militia was exasperating, especially as it was not apparent how they could defend themselves against such an attack. However, two of their number got excited and fired, killing two women. That ended the skirmish, for the soldiers, conscience-striken, fled and were chased across the river Connan by the furious women.

The crofters then realized that it was useless to fight, and moved out. As many as could be housed were given quarters and fed in Captain Munro's barn; others camped in the kirk-yard, while some found shelter with friends on a neighbouring estate.

Peggy's parents had returned to the south when the estate passed from the hands of their patron, and she, with her husband and children were among the kirk-yard campers.

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The only thing to do was to turn their backs on the past, and practical Peggy was the first one of them all to face the fact. She called the campers together, and, on counting their slender hoards on a fallen gravestone, it was found that there was enough, one helping another, to pay the price of passage to America. The others who were not among the campers were given an equal opportunity, and all set mournfully off.

They reached Quebec, by sailing vessel of course. Duncan got work loading lumber. They had brought a few effects with them from the Old Country, notably Peggy's spinning wheel and the wheels and axle of Duncan's cart. During the winter, Duncan, inspired by Peggy's courage, gathered loose boards, straw and leather and made a cart and harness. With money saved from his wages, he purchased an ox, and in the spring they rigged up the cart, in which they placed the household goods and children, and started for the land of promise—Zorra in the county of Oxford, a place where many Highland folk were already settled, and toward which many of their evicted friends were struggling.

They travelled more than six hundred miles—a journey the hardship of which is a story of itself—and finally reached the goal. No trouble for an able-bodied man to get work there, but level-headed Peggy chose to wait until they found an English farmer so that they might get in touch with the very best methods against the time when they could strike out for themselves. The right man was found, and Duncan and Peggy went to work on his farm while their two eldest boys were put to work with other farmers; for few were too small to help in the new country.

It took years to get enough saved to buy the equipment necessary to work one of the farms of the country, which seemed great estates to them. But in good time it came and they prospered.

Captain Munro's sons came to Canada at his death, and one of them went into general merchandising at Ingersoll, near Zorra.

Of course the Rossshire folk all dealt with the *Mac an Oifegeach*, and he prospered with them. He repaid their favour with good advice, for he had an analytical mind. Buying the produce of the farmers, he had observed that the cheese brought in for sale was crumbly, and, when sold, did not bring so good a price as it would if of more solid consistency, even though less rich. So, by dint of talking much in Gaelic, he managed to convince the farmers' wives that the English workingman, to whom their cheese finally found its way, wanted something which could be cut in slabs and carried in his lunch box.

It was not long before what was known as Ingersoll cheese began to take all the prizes and thus was the foundation of a great industry laid.

One day Munro was talking with Mrs. Donald Mackay, Duncan Ross' sister, and the old days in Scotland were recalled. Mrs. Mackay spoke most bitterly of the eviction (her cousin was one of the women shot) and Munro said: "But how much better off you are now, Mrs. Mackay. You drive in a covered carriage to the kirk at Embro, in which your husband is a much respected elder; your sons and daughters all have lands and houses; you are just as independent as the Duchess of Sutherland."

Her reply was significant and thoroughly Keltic. "I would rather die and be buried on the hillside in Strathconnan than have a marble monument in Embro kirk yard." However, the good lady had to content herself with the marble monument.

Her husband, the elder, was noted for his piety in always removing his bonnet and giving thanks when offered a glass of whisky.

. . . . . .

Peggy Ross had grown old. Her good man whom she had taught, after many years, to farm like a Saxon, went

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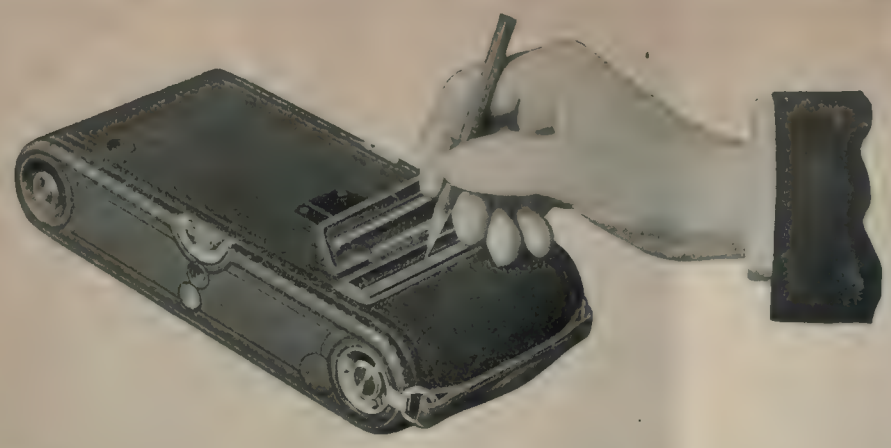

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to his reward before her. Her sons, however, were all comforts to her and they inherited her practical nature and became wealthy. Therefore, with all her love for her husband and her faith in the promises of future happiness, she had a strong hold and a keen interest in the things of this world. So, when the excitement of the Fenian raid of 1866 was at its height, when many earnest Irishmen, after the close of the American war, couldn't stop fighting and invaded Canada, Peggy induced one of her sons to drive her to the county seat, Woodstock, to see the Oxford rifle regiment mustered. She stood in front of the Zorra company, which was almost solidly composed of descendants of her old fellow immigrants, and Highland faces could be seen scattered all through the regiment, for the Kelts are strong in Oxford county.

Two British officers halted beside her and one said to the other, "How do those fellows compare with the Indians you saw yesterday?" for he had been in the next county, Brant, named in honour of Thayendinega the great Iroquois warrior, and had seen two companies of his tribesmen in the regiment which he had inspected there.

"Warriors all," said the other. "This company they tell me is Highland to a man. I am inclined to believe the theory advanced by some ethnologists that the Kelts come from the same stock as the warrior caste of India. I saw a solid regiment of them down in Glengarry county last week,—descended from clansmen who were transported for being out in the forty-five they all were."

"Talk of abolishing war," said the first speaker. "What other motive would make a whole countryside spring to the aid of their fellows as does war? I have no fear for Canada after what I have seen."

It was then that Peggy Ross, with a humourous gleam in her eye, delivered her historic saying, doubtless suggested by returning memories of the cockfight in Strathconnan schoolhouse and what she said there about Boney and the Munroes; and of the two occasions on which she had met that clan in fair fight.

"The Fenians micht tak' Hamilton —ay, or e'en Toronto; but they'll ne'er tak' Zorra, for they Munroes are de'ils to fecht."

A sailor had just shown a lady over the ship. In thanking him she said: "I am sorry to see by the rules that tips are forbidden on your ship."

"Lor' bless you, ma'am," replied the sailor, "so were apples in the Garden of Eden."

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NO. 6

CANADA MONTHLY

LONDON
OCT.

Cain

by

Betty D. Thornley

THERE'S many a man in flaring hell
For a single twist o' the knife;
There's many a rotting prison-corpse
That keeps his cell for life;
But there's none will stand
By the man who planned
With a Pit-perverted skill
To mint the world with a German die—
At the price of a million-kill!

It isn't the Uhlan battle-thirst,
It isn't the Belgian rage,
It isn't the English greed for land
That mires the reeking stage,
But the monstrous plan
Of a Single Man
With a world-engulfing will,
Who calls to the vultures out o' the north
To feast on a million-kill.

The Kaiser sits in an armoured train,
Far back from the battle-grip.
It's the Leipzig boy and the Paris boy
Who crouch where the bullets nip.
It's the Antwerp man
Who is ending his span
With a blood-choked prayer, if he will,
As he lies by the side of the Liverpool lad
In the Kaiser's million-kill.

The Kaiser's mother—rest her soul!—
She hides her face in heaven.
She prays that she were the Yorkshire maid,
Or the widowed wife in Devon.
They mourn their dead
With proud-held head,
Whose souls are in God's will;
She mourns for the thrice-damned soul of him
Who planned the million-kill!

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The Man Who Put It Over

SIR JOHN FRENCH, THE LITTLE ENGLISH GENERAL WHOSE FIELD TACTICS HAVE NOT ONLY SURPRISED THE KAISER, BUT THE ONLOOKING NATIONS IN THE WORLD'S MOST STUPENDOUS CONFLICT.

By Captain W. Robert Foran

Illustrated from Photographs

TO those whose memories of the Boer war are still fresh, the name of Field Marshal John Denton Pinkstone French will spell magnificent dash, able generalship, and all-round efficiency. He is a past-master in tactics and strategy, and he has kept very much up to date in all continental and foreign military matters. "Johnny" French, as he is popularly known by his comrades of the army, is a born soldier, a brilliant cavalry leader, and a general to whom all must look with confidence. Like his comrade, Earl Kitchener, French is a comparatively young man for a Field Marshal, for he is not quite sixty-two years of age. But in common with Kitchener he has justly earned his rapid rise in his profession. I do not suppose that there is one general in the British army to-day, with the exception of Roberts and Kitchener, who is more popular with all ranks.

Like his fellow Field Marshal, Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., French began his career in the Royal Navy, and he is none the worse for this experience. The Royal Navy is the salt of the earth as well as of the sea. His father was a captain and so "Johnny" French joined the training ship "Britannia" as a cadet and served for four years in this capacity and as a midshipman. But his natural military instincts impelled him to leave the senior service. The army offered more chances for fighting, and being an Irishman, his heart hungered for it.

It was French that "Dropped from the Clouds on Their Heads" at Barberton

He joined the 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars as a subaltern in 1874, shortly afterwards transferring to the 19th Queen Alexandra's Own Hussars. He did not obtain his desire for active service until the chance came in 1884 in the Sudan, when he fought throughout that hard campaign and was present at the battles of Abu Klea, Gubut, and Metemmeh. His experiences at the time have stood him in good stead and he makes full use of them. After commanding his regiment for four years, he served in important cavalry staff appointments for four more years. Then came his first real chance to show his ability as a cavalry leader, for he was promoted as Brigadier General, to command the 2nd Cavalry Brigade. Shortly afterward he was made temporary Major General in charge of the First Cavalry Brigade at Aldershot. It was a lucky thing for him, as it gave him his chance once more on active service. At the outbreak of the Boer war he was appointed to command the Cavalry Division in Natal with the local rank of Major General.

French at once showed the stuff of which he was made and his brilliant leadership was largely responsible for the successes of the cavalry at Elandslaagte, Reitfontein and Lombards' Kop. From that time onwards he was a marked man and acclaimed the best cavalry general in South Africa. His Natal successes brought him promotion to Major General and the temporary appointment as Lieutenant General in command of the Cavalry Division in Lord Roberts' army. Natal brought him two mentions in despatches for highly creditable work and Knighthood in the Order of the Bath.

He commanded the cavalry troops in the operations about Colesburg and highly acquitted himself of the task entrusted to his care; then came his brilliant work in command of Roberts' cavalry in the advance on Pretoria, the capture of Cronje after the relief of Kimberley, the capture of Bloemfontein and the battles east of Pretoria. In these latter engagements Lord Roberts mentioned French no less than eight times in three days when writing his despatches to the War Office. His later South African services culminated in the capture of Barberton, the operations in the Eastern Transvaal which went so far towards ending the long war, and his relentless wearing down of the rebels in the Cape Colony.

The Sudan campaign and the Boer war are French's only two experiences of active service, but they are more than many other generals have had, including most of the Continental leaders. Even if he had not tasted real warfare French has for years attended all the military manoeuvers of the foreign armies and has kept himself well posted on military developments and changes in tactics. His experiences as Inspector General of the Forces of the British Empire have aided him considerably in the task that is now before him.

He Forgot His Book of Tactics to Play the Boers at Their Own Game —and Beat Them

As a proof of the confidence reposed in him, it is only necessary to look at his rapid rise since his return as a Lieutenant General from the Boer war. In twelve years he has risen to General and recently to Field Marshal, has held all the highest posts possible from the command of the First Army Corps to Chief of the Imperial Staff, First Military Member of the Army Council and Inspector General of the Imperial Forces. He is an Aide-de-Camp General to the King and a General Officer Commanding-in-Chief (First Class). There is practically no other post of greater trust which he can fill.

Now all the British Empire rests its eyes upon him and hopes that he will display the same brilliant qualities of leadership that he developed in the Boer war. It is too early to predict the end. This ghastly European conflict will break many ideals in generalship, and it will bring to light many soldiers who have never before been heard of. War is either the grave of reputations or else the birth of careers.

But up to the time of writing this appreciation, "Johnny" French has

proved his ability as a general very conclusively. The British forces have borne the brunt of the fighting and acquitted themselves well. French's mind is primarily responsible for undoubted successes. Day by day his generalship outwitted the Germans. In spite of their much superior force, he evaded their efforts to entrap his army, minimized the loss of life, and kept his army intact, a perfect fighting machine. His strategy and tactics have called forth the repeated admiration of General Joffre, the French commander-in-chief.

The first detailed report made by him, published on September tenth, covering operations along the French frontier and the four days' battle that began at Mons that memorable Sunday afternoon, is already a military classic. Matter-of-fact, brief, concise, crediting his subordinates with their share of the work, it puts before the reader unforgettably the deadly business of war.

Military experts attribute his masterly retreat during those four days of fighting, and later, to the lessons he learned in the Boer war. General French knew that the time for a stand had not yet come, and he was too experienced a campaigner not to go "while the going was good." He knew when to retreat and when to retreat fast. Thus he saved his army.

The English general of the pre-Boer war school would have stayed to fight and would have fought until all chance of successful retreat was past. But, as a great general has said, "The only school of war is war," and in war General French learned how to outmanoeuvre the generals of the most military nation in the world.

All the accepted tactics of modern warfare have been ruthlessly shattered in this campaign. It was the same in the Boer war. When other generals were hopelessly at sea in South Africa, owing to the newness of the strategy and character of fighting, Johnny French forgot his book of tactics and suited himself at once to the altered conditions. It is a faculty that he possesses, and it is one that is invaluable. French played the Boers at their own game; and he played it better than they played it. It is this adaptability which is likely to prove his greatest asset in the new war. His mind, like his body, works swiftly and to purpose. He is seldom, if ever, at a loss what to do; he knows what he wants and gets it; he knows how to inculcate his own sound judgment into others; and he can secure the very best from his command.

My first meeting with French took place in the Orange River Colony when Lord Roberts' army was marching victoriously towards Pretoria. I had ridden into the camp of French's cavalry Division bearing despatches for the little General. The Division was camped at a Boer farm house, which had been deserted the day before by its owners on hearing that the "Kerel" French was coming. The Boers feared him even more than they did Roberts, for was not French the slimmest of the slimmest, had he not played them at their own game and gone one better?

The little farm house was a strangely altered scene from what it had been in the morning. Where at sunrise a few oxen grazed quietly, now the veldt was covered with a great division of men and horses. As I rode up, red-lapelled staff officers came hurriedly through the rooms and passed back and forth on missions from the General. Now and then a very dapper little man in brown riding-boots walked out on to the stoep, and said something that caused men to spring to take papers from his hand, mount, and ride away at breakneck speed. It was French. I knew that at once from descriptions that had been given of him.

A very anxious looking staff officer dismounted stiffly from his horse, handed the reins to an orderly who had ridden with him, and stalked inside the house. A few minutes later he re-

Photograph Underwood & Underwood, New York.
FIELD MARSHAL SIR JOHN FRENCH, WHO SUCCEEDED IN DEFEATING THE LEADING MILITARY NATION OF THE WORLD IN THE SECOND MONTH OF THE WAR

appeared with the dapper General, both of them talking quickly in low tones. French held a half-unrolled map in his hands, seated himself on an empty biscuit-box, spread the map out flat on his knees, and used his forefinger as an emphatic pointer. He appeared to be insisting upon something of the utmost importance. The staff officer finally smiled and nodded, whereat a look of pleased satisfaction spread over the brick-red, square-featured face of the stout little general. With a cheery "All right. Good night !" he strode inside the house once more, and the staff officer rode rapidly away in a cloud of dust. "Johnny" French, I assured myself, must have another of those wonderful movements of his simmering in his active brain.

A few minutes later I was ushered into the great man's presence and delivered my message. He was all courtesy, very businesslike, and wasted no words. I had a chance to see him then closer than at any other time.

Somehow French does not strike you with any idea of his being the wonderful man he really is, smart and quick to move—except when you take particular notice of his shrewd, twinkling little eyes that seem to take in everything about him. He most certainly does not look the ideal cavalry leader. There is nothing of a Brigadier Gerard in his appearance. He is short, dumpy, jaunty, sitting a horse rather like the proverbial sack of flour. If you were to see him booted and spurred in Aldershot town during manoeuvres, you would be justified on appearances in placing him as a colonel of infantry, who had learned to ride from a Red-Book in a riding school, only acquiring the slight knowledge at considerable effort. And yet, I know he is a great fox-hunting man, and rides straight to hounds over everything.

When I saluted him, he returned it courteously and with a smiling face—very different to Kitchener. When he finds fault, so I have heard from those qualified to speak with authority, there is no mistaking his meaning. Staff officers have told me that his vocabulary does not lack emphasis nor color. Once upon a time he had spoken to a luckless Brigadier of his Division, who had contrived to mask the guns of "French's Pets" in a certain action with the Boers. It was added that the recipient of his address appeared to be praying for the advent of a six-inch shell by way of a change of subject. It may not be true—these things have a way of being exaggerated in the telling—but they report that French sar-

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The Red Badge of Courage

DUCHESS, FINE LADY, COUNTRY WOMAN, FACTORY GIRL, THIS IS THE TALE OF THOSE WHO GAVE INSTEAD OF GOING

By Irene Wrenshall

Illustrated from Photographs

IN THE RED CROSS WORKROOMS THERE IS LITTLE TALK OF THE WAR. "IF WE LET OURSELVES SPEAK OF IT, THE WORK WOULD NEVER BE FINISHED," THE WOMEN SAY, AS THEIR FINGERS FLY WITH THE NEEDLES

"THESE are three pillows made by a neighbor of mine and myself. She sewed the ticks and I found the feathers. We're going to make more, but we hurried these in," and the greyhaired little lady laid her fat fluffy parcel on the Headquarters' table. She'd carried it all the way down in the street car, though it was big enough to have caused the dear knows how many smiles if you hadn't seen the steady grey eyes—the far-gazing, battle-seeing eyes—above the bundle.

For the Headquarters belonged to the Women's Patriotic League and the little lady had a brother in the British Regulars, and the morning paper 'longside her Bible.

She had hardly explained her errand, when a handsomely dressed Jewess stepped up to the table.

"We've offers from a number of Jewish factory girls," she said. "They can't give or go, you know, but they say they'll come and sew in the evenings. Our club is providing the room. Will you tell us what to work at ?"

The phone rang.

"The Sisters of St. Blank want to

know if we can give them something to do. They'll turn the whole convent on to it," said the woman with the note-book, "what'll we send ?"

That's how it goes. You really can't interview any of these busy workers. But then again you don't need to. Bring your camera eye and your dictaphone pencil, and the scenario will work out as you go along.

When, in the first rush of enthusiasm the suggestion to raise funds for the equipment of a hospital ship was made by the I. O. D. E., and the idea taken up with an eagerness which carried the venture to a splendid finish on a wave of strong feeling, a central committee was formed in Toronto composed of representatives of all the women's societies. The enthusiasm was not confined to the Queen City, but spread with unabated zeal all over Canada. Even yet, though the fund has been closed and the money—which swelled to the sum of $243,000.00—has been sent, through H. R. H. the Duchess of Connaught, to the Admiralty, to be used, not as was first intended for a hospital ship but for the "Canadian Women's Hospital" at Portsmouth, England, money is still coming in.

When the collecting in Toronto was completed by a general Flag Day, and while funds were still pouring in from all parts of the country, even from the smallest villages and country places, where the Women's Institutes made known the noble cause, there were sceptics who said, "It is one thing for these women-officers and workers of all the Women's Clubs and societies, to go around in autos and wave flags and collect funds, but it will be quite another matter when the practical work is to be done, when the soldiers need comforts, and the wounded need supplies." But events have proved the contrary.

Photograph Underwood & Underwood, New York
RED CROSS NURSES BEING INSPECTED BY MR. LOWTHER, THE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, JUST BEFORE THEIR DEPARTURE FOR THE FRONT

Copyright International News Service
TWO WOUNDED SOLDIERS ON THEIR WAY BACK TO FOLKESTONE, ONE OF THEM PROUDLY DISPLAYING A TROPHY—THE CAP OF A DEAD UHLAN

Scarcely were the returns for the Hospital Ship funds counted up when the Central committee was again busy, this time consulting with the Red Cross Society as to what would be necessary for hospital supplies and comforts for the men. It was decided to retain this central committee—perhaps the strongest body of women ever organized in Canada, because representative of every one of the women's societies, national, religious, political, and social—and to offer it to the Government as an instrument for patriotic service "under orders from the Red Cross Society." The offer was enthusiastically accepted and a general secretary was appointed for all outside work.

They did not organize as a branch of the Red Cross Society, because the situation seemed to ask of these willing workers not only provision for the soldiers, both wounded and well, but also for those left behind and those who, as a result of the war might feel the pinch of poverty and want, so the name chosen was the Women's Patriotic League of Toronto, and in the circulars sent out to the different local councils of women and societies of all kinds in other places, an effort has

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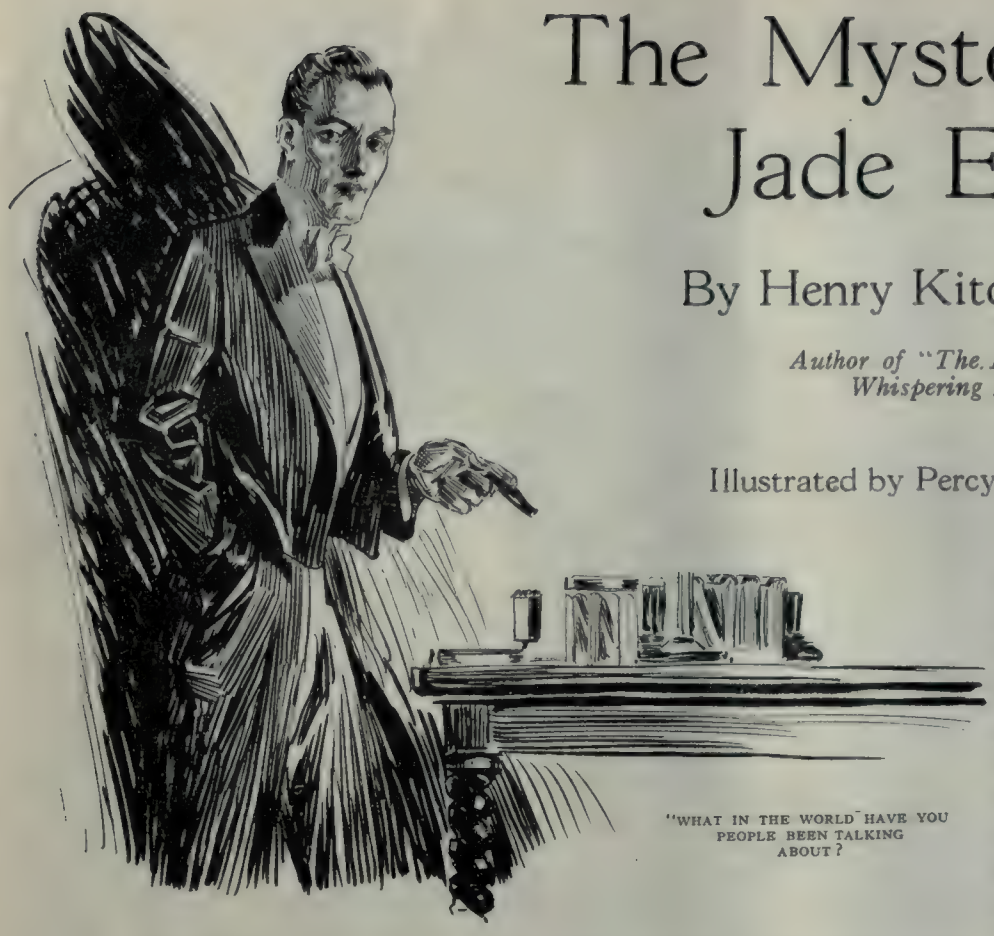
The Mystery of the Jade Earring

By Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "The Butterfly," "The Whispering Man," etc.

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson



"WHAT IN THE WORLD HAVE YOU PEOPLE BEEN TALKING ABOUT?

CHAPTER I.

WHAT THEY FOUND IN THE ICE.

WE didn't often talk about crimes in our family. Not, at least, about the mysterious, inexplicable crimes of violence that trumpeted their horrors at you every little while from the front pages of the papers. When you have been there yourself, have seen names you know and love pilloried there, you understand, altogether too well, how it feels to take an idle, curious interest when the thing happens to some one else.

But this present mystery proved an exception. It seemed so completely detached from all human motive, so devoid of the usual accessories of grief and agony and shame, that we found ourselves discussing it that night without reservation—Jack and Gwendolyn, his pretty young wife, and Madeline and I. If we discussed it with a sort of exaggerated nonchalance, which showed that really in the background of all our minds, that other mystery still lurked and cast its shadow—the murder of the man who had been Madeline's husband and Jack's father—I doubt if any outsider would have been able to detect it.

But Jeffrey wasn't an outsider. And he has the most amazingly sensitive perceptions of any man I know. That is, perhaps, the reason why he can paint the way he can; can open up the innermost recesses of character in those beautiful, terrible canvases of his. We weren't expecting him; didn't know, indeed, that he'd come back from his three months' vacation. And you might have expected that our surprise and pleasure at the sight of him and the warmth of our greeting would have veiled everything else. We were all trying to shake hands with him at once and patting him on the back, demanding to know when he returned and why he didn't tell us in advance; so that we gave him no chance to answer and hardly to take off his overcoat.

But, instead of even trying to answer, he stepped back and stood looking at us, from one face to another, and puckered up his eyebrows in a puzzled frown.

"What in the world," he asked, "have all you people been talking about?"

Nobody answered for a minute. There was something almost uncanny about it. Madeline gave a little shiver. Jack's wife stood looking at Jeffrey with that level, thoughtful look of hers, and finally said:

"I'm glad I haven't any secrets. Could you keep your own, do you think, as well as you can read other people's?"

"I don't know," said Jeffrey. "It would be an interesting experiment to try. But what a perfectly detestable character you're giving me. I own I deserve it, walking into a roomful of people and asking them what they've been talking about."

"You know perfectly well," said Madeline, "that in this household there never could be a wish to keep anything from you. You've earned, many times over, the right to ask us what we have been talking about. But in this case it wasn't a secret at all. We were talking about the girl they found in the ice last month."

Jeffrey looked puzzled. "Found in the ice?" he questioned. "Who?"

"You don't mean to say you haven't heard of it!" I cried. "The country's been ringing with it."

"Yes, but I haven't been in the country," said Jeffrey. "I only landed late this afternoon. Went straight over to the Atlas, got my first fresh-water bath in three weeks, dined, and came up here. Didn't even stop to read the evening papers."

"You're looking pretty well," I commented, "certainly a sight better than when you went away. You had us all worried."

"It was fearfully unmannerly of me," said Jeffrey to Madeline, "to run off that way without a word, but I suspect I did need a rest pretty badly. I decided to go all in a minute. The decorators were at work there in the studio, and every time they pulled down a bit of loose plaster I went up in the air. So at last I gave the key to my Jap and fled. But I am a lot better."

"Sit down," I commanded him, "and light a pipe, and tell us all about it—where you've been and what you've been doing."

Jeffrey lighted a pipe obediently enough, and settled down in the big chair which Jack rolled round in front of the fire for him, but then instead of beginning his "Odyssey," as I had commanded him, he smoked in silence

for a minute, then turned to Gwendolyn and asked:

"What about the girl in the ice? Oh, my adventures will keep!" he went on, as I started to protest. "You will be hearing about them for the next six months. A returned traveler's a nuisance, anyway. Besides, you've whetted my curiosity. Be a good chap and let Mrs. Jack satisfy it."

It was natural that he should have turned to Gwendolyn for the story. We all did that when we wanted the facts about anything. Her voice was so lovely, in the first place, that there was a sort of sensuous pleasure just in listening to her. And then, when Gwendolyn told it, you knew it was so.

People have a way of talking about truth-telling as if it were simply a matter of good intentions. You have told the truth unless you meant to be a liar. And yet, if you will stop to think, you can probably call to mind half a dozen people whom you know are honest, and whom you wouldn't believe on oath. And if you're a lawyer like me, your difficulty would be the other way; to think of half a dozen whose account of an occurrence you could believe absolutely and literally and without discounts or reservations. Well, Gwendolyn would certainly head the list in my half dozen.

"I don't know where you were two months ago," Gwendolyn began, "and you may not have heard that we had a week of the coldest weather they have known here since they began to keep the records. The thermometer stayed below zero for six days. Most of the time it was a long way below. It came very suddenly, so that the river, which had been entirely open, froze, within that week, over eight inches deep, and the ice people began cutting.

"It was early in January, about the tenth I think, that an ice-cutter at Silver Springs discovered a body frozen in the ice. It was a girl—a young woman somewhere in her twenties. Even in the pictures they took of her, she was very, very beautiful. And what she must have been really—well one can imagine it! Because, you see, the body wasn't changed at all. It had frozen just exactly as it was, probably within a few hours after it had been put in the water."

"Been put!" echoed Jeffrey. "Then she hadn't drowned herself?"

"No," said Gwendolyn, "it was murder. She had been shot through the heart."

"Still," interrupted Jeffrey, "why murder? Why not suicide with the revolver and a tumble into the river?"

"It was murder," said I, for Gwendolyn had hesitated over the horror of the thing.

"No powder marks around the wound, I suppose," suggested Jeffrey. "Shot fired from a distance."

I nodded.

"How was she dressed?" he concluded. He turned to Gwendolyn with that question.

"That's one of the weirdest things about it," said Gwendolyn. "She was in evening dress, dressed as if for a ball, and her hair—perfectly wonderful hair, it must have been from the picture—was done that way, too."

"And they haven't identified her?" questioned Jeffrey. "If the body was literally in perfect preservation—"

"It was," said Gwendolyn. "You could even see the pressure marks of the rings on her fingers, they said."

"That points to robbery, doesn't it?" said Jeffrey. "She'd have worn her rings to the ball."

"She hadn't been at the ball," said Gwendolyn. "At least, she wasn't in ball dress when she was murdered. There was no bullet-hole in the bodice of her gown and no stain of blood on the white satin. They dressed her that way after she was killed. So you see it wasn't robbery."

"I can't help thinking," Gwendolyn concluded, "that the murder was committed by some insane person. Sure-

"NO," SAID GWENDOLYN. "IT WAS MURDER. SHE HAD BEEN SHOT THROUGH THE HEART"

y it doesn't seem that any one in his senses would have run that risk and taken that trouble to do what, one would think, must make the identification easier."

"It is possible," said Jeffrey, "that if he'd read the weather reports, he wouldn't have done it."

The remark sounded perfectly flippant to me, but I caught a sudden look of intelligence in Gwendolyn's eyes and saw that Jeffrey had meant something by it. In the same moment he saw the bewilderment in mine.

"Assuming," he explained, "that the person was still sane, he might almost safely have counted on the current carrying the body away altogether and its never being found. And if he wanted to dispose of the dress at the same time, perhaps that was as good a way to do it as any. But he didn't count on the freeze. That must have caused him some pretty bad nights, I should think, and days hardly better. It's perfectly extraordinary, when you come to think of it, that she hasn't been identified. You say the pictures were published in the papers ?'

"Everywhere !" I exclaimed. "The country's been ringing with it."

"Well," said Jeffrey, in the tone of one who dismisses the subject, "that's very interesting."

"Wait a minute !" exclaimed Jack. "I can show you the picture. I cut it out of the paper and laid it away somewhere."

"Don't bother !" exclaimed Jeffrey.

"No bother at all." Jack already had his hand on the door.

"To tell you the truth," Jeffrey admitted, "I don't believe I want to look at it. Let's talk about something else. Dead faces are beginning to get a little on my nerves. Oh, it's nothing serious," he went on, seeing the look of surprise on our faces, "and no doubt it's silly of me to feel that way about it. But—well, I mean it just the same."

"I suppose," said Madeline, "that you're loaded up with commissions after your vacation. You must have sitters three or four deep, clamoring at your studio door."

"I don't know," said Jeffrey. "I haven't seen my business man since I came back. Haven't even been to my studio. But I hope to Heaven he doesn't get me any more commissions like the last one. You knew what that was, didn't you ?" He turned to me. "The thing I was at work on when I bolted ?"

"I seem to remember," said I, "that you were doing some work for Miss Meredith."

"*The* Miss Meredith ?" questioned Madeline.

Jeffrey nodded. "The same. The queer, rich, invisible Miss Meredith."

We all exclaimed over his last word.

"Invisible ! Then what were you painting ? A spirit-picture of her ?"

The last question was Jack's. It seemed to affect Jeffrey a little unpleasantly, for he gave a little shake to his head as one will when a fly is buzzing about one's ear.

"I wasn't doing a portrait of her," he exclaimed. "I was painting from a photograph, and a few relics and souvenirs, what was meant for a portrait of a niece of hers—I think it was a niece—who, I understand, died several years ago."

I laughed. "I knew some men did that sort of work. It's rather a new line for you, isn't it ?"

"Never before," said Jeffrey, "and never again ! Of course they offered me a perfectly immoral price for it, but even at that I shouldn't have done it, except for the fact that I found the photograph they showed me rather attractive."

"Beautiful, I suppose," said Madeline. "That shouldn't be wondered at. They say Miss Meredith was a great beauty in her day."

"Yes," said Jeffrey, "it was extraordinarily beautiful."

"That wasn't what you meant though," commented Gwendolyn.

"No, it wasn't," Jeffrey admitted. "There was something about it that was queer. I—I don't believe I can explain it any better than that. And that's not explaining it at all."

He fell into a little thoughtful silence, and we all watched him curiously. I'd felt all the evening, and I found after he'd gone that the others shared the feeling, a sense of difference in him.

He seemed well again, but I felt perfectly sure that the thing he had recovered from cut a good deal deeper than a mere attack of nerves, and had a solider cause than the activities of the decorators who were pulling down loose plaster in his studio-building.

Whatever that cause was, he didn't mean to tell it. He brought back with a little effort, I would have sworn, his old smile and took up the conversation again.

"The queerest thing about it is," he said, "that Miss Meredith herself never came to see me, nor let me come to see her. I wasn't surprised when the arrangements for the portrait were made by a man who seemed to be a sort of confidential agent of hers, as well as her private physician—a rather charming chap, named Crow. When the arrangements were completed and I expressed a wish to talk with Miss Meredith herself, as some one who had known the girl whose portrait I was to paint, and could supply me with some of those intimate little details, tricks of speech, habits of manner, and so on, that you have to know before you can paint a portrait, Crow seemed a little embarrassed and said he was afraid it was impossible.

"Miss Meredith was in a rather disturbed, nervous state and couldn't see anybody. If I'd ask him the questions, or, better still, write them out, he'd undertake to get answers for me. I was in two minds about chucking up the whole thing, but it seemed Miss Meredith was very anxious that I paint the portrait. And then—well, I wanted to paint it myself."

The same troubled, thoughtful look came back into his face with that last sentence.

"How did you come out with it ?" I asked. "I suppose under such a handicap, it would be impossible to really satisfy her."

"On the contrary," said Jeffrey, "she was greatly pleased with it. She came to the studio to see it the day I went away."

"Surely you saw her then ?" said Jack.

Jeffrey shook his head. "No," said he. "They made a special arrangement to come and look at it while I was out. As a matter of fact, I haven't been back to the studio myself since she came and saw it. Crow called me up at my apartment that evening and congratulated me on having succeeded so well with it."

He fell silent again after that. Said nothing at all for a long time. At last, with a little sigh, and another shake of the head, he rose to go.

"I'm quite all right again," he assured us. "You're not to worry about me," for he saw plainly enough what we were thinking. "All I need is work, and I imagine there's plenty of that stacked up ahead of me at the studio."

But, after he had got into his overcoat and gloves, he stood a moment looking at us thoughtfully, hat in hand, his other hand on the door-knob.

"You people were faced once with an insoluble contradiction," he said slowly—"a thing that must be true and yet couldn't be true. Well, that's the sort of problem I've been gnawing away at for the last three months—a perfect circle. You follow it all the way around, and bring up where you began. I'm going to quit. I'm going back to work. Good night !"

And with a nod he was gone.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST COVERT.

WHEN I walked into my office about half past nine the next morning, I was greeted by my clerk with the information that Jeffrey had been trying to get me and wanted me to call him up as soon as I came in. While we were

talking, the phone rang and Madeline called to say that Jeffrey had been trying to get me at the house. So, without stopping to take off my overcoat or hat, I called up his studio.

I heard him unhook the receiver before the bell had stopped ringing, and knew he must have been waiting by the instrument for my call. The quality of his voice shocked me. It was harassed, uneven, keyed up clear to the breaking-point with unnatural excitement.

"I'm awfully sorry to trouble you, old man," he said. "It's a shame to break up your work right at the beginning of the day, but I guess you'll have to come to the rescue."

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Do you mind coming up? I can't leave here for an hour or two, and I simply can't talk over the phone."

"I'll be in the Subway in three minutes," said I. "Hold hard till I get there."

With that I hung up, told my clerk I probably shouldn't be back that morning, and started up-town. I'd have been wise, I suppose, to put a brief in my pocket to read on the way up—something to keep me from speculating and worrying about Jeffrey's case until I had some data to go on. But I doubt if anything could have kept my mind off him.

Jeffrey wasn't one of my oldest friends—not one of that little group of people all of us carry along in diminishing numbers through life from boyhood—people whose circumstances and relations we know almost instinctively; people whose world we were born a part of. Friends of this class we are apt to think we know all about. And, as far as externals go, we do. Really, we are likely to know very little indeed about their interior qualities — their soul-machinery—and we live along side by side with them for years, in a state of partial or sometimes total misunderstanding.

The friendship between Jeffrey and me was the other sort. We were both grown-up men when we first laid eyes on each other, and the thing that made our friendship was a sort of instinctive sympathy—a mutual ability to understand each other—that had carried us across all the preliminaries of mere acquaintance in one jump.

The result of this was that, so far as externals went, we knew relatively little about each other. It had never seemed worth while to stop to tell, when there were so many more important and interesting things to talk about. Jeffrey, I was sure, couldn't have furnished a would-be biographer with any connected account of my existence previous to our meeting three or four years ago, and I was in the same case with him.

I knew he was a brilliantly successful portrait-painter; I knew, in a fragmentary way, that as a very young man he had supported himself as a newspaper artist. I knew he had a perfectly enormous list of casual acquaintances—people from every walk of life, 'way down to the very lowest strata of the underworld.

I have described him heretofore as a man of pure genius—a man who relied, further than any one else I have ever known, on a queer set of intuitions that seemed to begin where ordinary logical processes of thought left off. He claimed, you may remember, a special extra sense for crime; said he could detect crime on a man's soul as easily as I could detect whisky on his breath.

It was a perfectly unbelievable claim,

"I GOT EIGHTEEN DOLLARS FOR IT, TO GIVE TO THOSE LEECHES. YOU CAN PROSECUTE AND BE DAMNED"

of course, and I should have treated it as fanciful, except for the uncanny demonstration of it which he had given in our own mystery—the mystery of Dr. Marshall and the Whispering Man. Jeffrey had solved that and had done it, so far as any of us could see, by the exercise of this same sheer intuition, which he claimed. Either by that or by the blindest luck in the world. And in doing so he had saved Gwendolyn's life.

In a word, I knew the man himself as intimately, perhaps, as I knew any one in the world, except Madeline. But about his history I knew nothing. I couldn't even have sworn that he had no brothers or sisters, though I had never heard of any. A perfect stranger might have come to me and told me any sort of weird or tragic adventure as having belonged to Jeffrey's past somewhere, and I couldn't have contradicted him.

I did know this though: he was the sort of person adventures happen to—imaginative, possessed occasionally by powerful impulses; full of that strange quality we call, for the lack of a better word, temperament. Given the right combination of circumstances and the right incentive, and Jeffrey might have done almost anything.

So I will have to confess that as I rode up-town on my way to his studio, knowing only that he was in some sudden, unexpected difficulty, my thoughts ran riot. I conjectured a whole chamber of horrors about him—terrible hands reaching out of that blank past of his and snatching at him. I'd have said, when I knocked at his studio door, that nothing I could find on the other side of it would surprise me.

But what I did find did surprise me, and that was nothing—nothing out of the ordinary, I mean. There was no veiled lady in black, looming tragically in a dark corner; no mysterious communication; no spot—oh, I had been ready for anything!—of blood on the studio floor. Simply everything as I had always seen it, and Jeffrey himself—quite his old self, smiling apologetically and holding out his hand to me.

"I telephoned you not to come," he said, "but you had already started. I was too late. I'm dreadfully sorry. There's nothing the matter—nothing that an hour or two won't set right. And I really don't need you a bit. Only, if you've got the leisure, I'd be awfully glad to have you stay."

"Well, but what was it?" I gasped. "What did you think it was?"

Jeffrey didn't answer for a second or two.

"You remember that portrait I was telling you about last night," he asked—"the thing I painted from a photograph for—Miss Meredith?"

I nodded, but Jeffrey wasn't looking at me, so after a moment of silence I said, "Yes."

He brought himself up with a little start. "Well, when I came to the studio this morning, I found it gone. I thought at first that Miss Meredith might have taken it with her the day she came to the studio to look at it—I haven't been back in the place since.

"Of course that would have been an awfully funny thing for her to do; but she's eccentric, they say, so I asked my Jap boy about it. He said no, that didn't happen. They went away and left it just as it was on the easel. So it was perfectly plain that the thing had been stolen.

"It seemed such a queer, inexplicable thing for any one to steal, that I was a little bit upset about it. So I called on you for first aid, as I am afraid I have got the bad habit of doing. But afterward I got a clue that suggested a perfectly plain explanation. I think I'll have the thing back before noon. It's all right, you see. I'm frightfully ashamed of myself for having troubled you with it."

Still he wasn't looking at me, and I stared at his inexpressive back in perfectly blank amazement—amazement that had, I'll admit, a little flavor of indignation in it.

He had given me a very bad quarter of an hour, and his explanation of it seemed absolutely childish. Was the loss of a portrait—a thing that couldn't mean more than two weeks' work to his facile brush—an adequate explanation for that broken cry of distress I had heard over the telephone? The thing was preposterous!

Then I remembered his manner at the house last night; the little shiver with which he had spoken of dead faces, and how they were getting on his nerves; the impatient jerk of his head that had accompanied Jack's jocular remark about a spirit-portrait, and, last of all, the thing he had said just as he was going out the door.

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Washing Behind Toronto's Ears

WHEREIN THE DIRTIEST, MOST PICTURESQUE AND MOST SQUALID DISTRICT THAT TORONTO EVER SHIVERED AT AND LIED ABOUT AND TOOK RENTS FROM LEARNS HOW TO SPELL S-O-A-P

By Betty D. Thornley

Illustrated by Marion Long

CLEANLINESS is next to godliness. This means that, nationally, you get to it first. Having attained and passed on, the body politic reaches back to secure the newly-arrived immigrant, taking him firmly by the scruff of the neck and putting him under the pump as a preliminary measure to turning him over to the forces that make for righteousness. If it be a wise body politic, it also sees to it that the cleansing process is accomplished by an expert in godliness who will need all his stock in trade.

Three years ago in Toronto, Dr. Hastings, newly appointed and forever after zealous Medical Health Officer, summoned into his office a little woman who had been laboring to inculcate the Catechism, pinned a badge on her and told her to go out and clean up the Ward.

Behind her, at that time, there was no police authority, likewise no predecessor to consult, and the warlike doctor was already charging off after the milkdealers, so she couldn't question him. Before her was the dirtiest, most picturesque, most inconceivably squalid one-storey-shack district that Toronto has ever shivered at and lied about and taken rents from.

"Go," said the doctor to the little grey lady, "go and clean it up."

There was just one circumstance that favored the solitary invader. Goliath, many-tongued, voluble, dirt-

ELIJAH, WHO SLICED CUCUMBERS, WAS AS CLEAN AS A WHITE APRON COULD MAKE HIM

collecting giant, was lazy and lovable, half Jew, half Italian.

But David—lord love you, why David was—*Irish*!

There were 1,200 houses in the Ward with 2,300 families. The latest report gives 800 lodging houses in the city. The Ward had and still has, more than its share, all of them overcrowded.

But that didn't daunt the new Department of Municipal Housekeeping, as it was called. And it merely added zest to the game so far as the first woman Sanitary Instructor was concerned.

"Eighty per cent. of the back yards were disgusting," she said, walking down her main thoroughfare the other day with the reporter and a novice who would some time wear a counterpart of her own bright badge. "I remember one of them—you know what they're like, handkerchief-size—that hadn't been cleaned in eight years. The tenant said so. He said too that he'd be—er—blamed if he'd begin now."

The Inspector got him a shovel from his own shed. She put it into his hands. Then, very softly, she suggested that he begin. There was all-Ulster-let-loose, which is to say Vesuvius-just-about-to in the mild tones that used to raise "Sweet Hour of Prayer" down home in the Mission. Wherefore Sammy froze onto the shovel-handle till he'd removed the worst of it, after which Rachel turned to and did the rest.

Sarah next door conducted a lodging house for more than humans. She was told to wash her woodwork and kerosene same till the Inspector said when.

"Wash the woodwork?" said Sarah in crescendo, "The landlord he don't tell me so. I ain't no right till he says I should."

"Oh yes, you have," said the In-

spector. "Put on the boiler and do it now."

"But the chickens were the worst," the reporter was told, "Everybody in the Ward used to keep them and, as they had next to no yards, they kept them in the house."

Mrs. Damm had evolved a novel and useful little coop by means of mosquito netting applied to the legs of her kitchen table. She was grieved to the heart that the Health Lady didn't approve. But she would submit. Oh yes.

Mrs. Michelena owned an unheard of, not to say almost unholy, luxury in the shape of a porcelain bathtub. Instead of keeping coal in it, as other Ward tub-owners did, she kept chickens. The advantages of the coop were obvious and Tony was warlike, but the Department of Municipal Housekeeping came out on top, and Peggy Plymouthrock and Orpie Orpington were banished to the back yard.

The next week, the Inspector reinspected Mrs. Damm.

"No chicken—no chicken," said Mrs. D., with a too-guileless certitude.

"Yes, chicken," said the Law firmly.

Search having been instituted, it became evident that the mosquito netting had been transferred aloft and now decorated the understructure of the family bed.

"I reached in with a broom," said the Inspector, memories of the war kindling in her eye, "and I shoo'd out eleven chickens. And one duck."

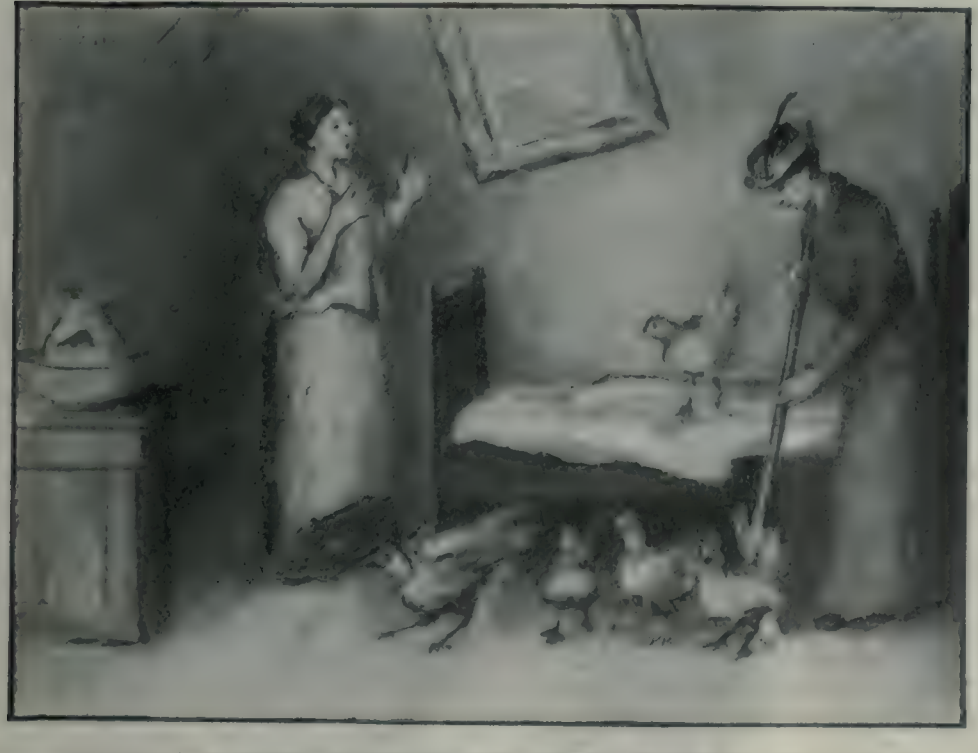
"Did you ever have trouble with livestock other than chickens?"

"Oh yes, with horses. I had to send one man to court, later on when I had the right, because he would persist in keeping the horse in his kitchen."

But, as Kipling says, that's all "long ago—and fur away." It's three years distant, three hard-fought years of smiles and summonses, of battle at the front door and help at the back, a truly Irish, Aprilesque sort of warfare that has ended in tying all the Mrs. Damms and the Mrs. Michelenas tight up to the chariot wheels of their tyrant.

"Missis," said the Inspector, interrupting her monologue to the reporter and making a dive into the many-colored depths of an Italian fruit store, "grapes not covered, peaches not covered."

THAT WILY DELILAH FROM DERRY SUMMONED THE VIRTUOUS WOMEN OUT OF ISRAEL AND ITALY TO COME AND GAZE ON THE CAN



"NO CHICKEN! NO CHICKEN!" SAID MRS. DAMM, WITH A TOO-GUILELESS CERTITUDE. "YES, CHICKEN!" SAID THE LAW, FIRMLY, AND REACHED FOR THE BROOM

Like a naughty child, caught but repentant, Teresina produced a length of cerise netting. The Inspector helped her spread it. Both smiled.

"They're pretty good about it," said the Law, "I have charge of all the shops and stands and pushcarts in the Ward and I don't have much trouble. But to go back to our story—"

No, not yet, for here was Mr. Achilles Popodopulous, hands out in front of his restaurant. Would not the Health Lady come in? Also the Health Lady's lady friends? He had so clean so-o-o clean tables, kitchen, dishes—

The cortege swept in. It was even as its owner had asserted, and it would be hard to tell who was the more pleased, the Law that had commanded or the liegeman who had obeyed.

A Chinese rabbit-warren across the road was similarly satisfactory.

"They can fool my eyes sometimes," said the Inspector, "but they can't fool my nose. And this place is clean. They say they play fantan here and smoke opium. I hope not, but of course that isn't my business. I'm here to clean them up."

And cleaned up they were, straight through to the queerly-scented kitchen where the slit-eyed Orient sat and peeled potatoes in the half light and doubtless commented on the new inspectors that their High Chief Sapoliolene had in tow.

The second of these now left us to begin her first tour alone, while the Inspector went back to her tales of former times.

"Well, I got them fairly clean at the end of that first year," she said, "garbage in the street to be collected, all covered up. And then what does the Department do but demand garbage cans!"

You can imagine the dismay in Jewry. It was bad enough to sacrifice a might-be-good box to put the waste in, but to go down to the store and buy—yes, BUY—a real, new, money-costing tin and put it out in the road where anyone might steal it—why, the woman was crazy.

"I couldn't sleep," said the Inspector. "If I did I dreamed of garbage cans, rows and rows and rows of them on Centre Avenue. I'd rather have had them than a diamond necklace, and it seemed to me I ran an even less chance of getting them."

Then it was that the Department's choice of an Irishwoman was most blazingly vindicated.

"There was a woman on Chestnut Street who—well, she was Irish too, I'm sorry to say—but of course none of the synagogue ladies would have associated with her anyhow. I went and asked her if she'd do me a favor and, 'Lord love you, yes,' she said. So I told her to send to Queen Street and buy a garbage can and put it out next morning.

"I was so afraid she wouldn't that I hardly slept. First thing I was out to see, and there it was, and say, it looked good to me!"

Then what did this wily Delilah from Derry go and do? She summoned all the virtuous women out of Israel and Italy to come and gaze on that can. They wouldn't associate with the Chestnut Avenue lady—oh no—but see, *she* knew enough to obey the Health Department, *she* had a garbage can forninst her front gate. For shame! For shame!

After that, the Garbage Can became the badge of up-to-dateness, not demurely hidden in one's backyard, a la Rosedale, but flaunted to an admiring world, to show that its purchaser and behind-the-blind watcher had "arrived."

"Of course they lapsed once in a while," said the tactician, "some of them I'd find had the can in the house for a bread box or a refrigerator. Once, a woman had made the rounds of the charitable organizations and got it filled with rolled oats. Another one did her washing in it. But each time I'd dump everything out, fill it with real garbage, and scold so hard they just had to do the right thing."

A quick turn into a house punctuated the tale just here.

"Missis, where is your can?" said

Continued on page 426.

The Wall-flower

HER LOVER, THE BUTCHER, HER LOVER, THE GROOM, AND HER TREASURE, THE WALL-FLOWER, PLAY HOB WITH CICELY

By Mary Leslie

"Revenge is a wild kind of justice."
Lord Bacon.

READER, if it is your luckless lot only to have seen a wall-flower in Canada in a pot, struggling feebly for existence, scraggy and forlorn, sending forth with difficulty a few sweet stunted blossoms, you can have no idea of the grandeur and wonderful attractiveness of the plant in perfection. See it growing wild at its own sweet will on a ruined castle wall in England; clenched in between stones and mortar, nourished from beneath by twenty feet of rotten wood, the decay of centuries; glimpse it standing from five to seven feet high, tossing its long trailing branches of delicious scent abroad, as the wind stirs it, the soft velvet flowers from half a yard to a yard long; or meet a wagon load of them, coming into Covent Garden Market at sunrise, odorous and fragrant, scenting the quiet street as they jog along, and you see one of the most beautiful free sights of old England.

They are of all shades ranging from yellow to dark golden brown, with the richest possible colors in purple, with a charm all their own whether single or double, and a scent belonging to no other flower.

Old maids are sometimes called *"wall flowers"* in derision. I wish every old maid in Canada could see wall flowers as I have seen them, and the name would be an inspiration to them.

The maiden who owned the particular wall-flower of which I write was called "little" Cicely Cockle, from her undersize, and the great height and breadth of her mother, who bore the same name. She dwelt in the village of Ogg, Wilts, just one hundred years ago. Ogg has another syllable to its name, which I drop as superfluous, but it was at that time a notable village, in fact there are two villages of the same name, a mile apart, distinguished by their churches. One is called Ogg St. George—having at the beginning of the last century, a fine chime of bells, and twelve paid ringers—the other village is Ogg St. Andrew. They were sometimes called *Saint* Ogg, which is absurd, for Ogg was no saint as every Bible student knows. Little Cicely belonged to the Parish of Ogg St. George—pronounced *"Jarge"* by the Wiltshire people—and she was just fourteen years old when she went to live with Miss Kem, and wait on her. She was small and slight and not very pretty, but light on the foot and bright and capable.

Miss Kem was the daughter of a farmer who owned his land, and bequeathed it to his son Richard, and she had kept house for her brother for forty years, when—for as Miss Kem remarked "you never know what a man will do next"—suddenly, to the surprise of everybody but himself, he married. He had been turning the thing over in his mind for a long time and knew just exactly when he would do it, and that time was when the lease was out, of a cottage left to Miss Kem by her father, in the village of St. Ogg. He had been preparing his sister by hints of the coming event for

a good while, and though that lady declared that when she first realized it, she "felt like a beetle thrown on its back", she soon regained her balance, and came right side up. She reflected that Richard was of age, being turned sixty, that she herself was on the wrong side of seventy, and that she had lately thought that the management of the dairy and farm servants was "over much" for her; that she had received the rent of her cottage for forty years, and had laid by "a nest egg", and what she had spent was on good bed linen, table linen, and body linen, marked with her own name in full. She remembered that she had her mother's set of china, without one piece broken, and called to mind some good furniture in oak and walnut, left her by a maiden aunt, and stored for many years; so she retired gracefully after the wedding feast. Before that event little Cicely had been engaged at two pounds a year, two new frocks, one for summer, and one for winter (which was equivalent to another pound, for print was a shilling sterling a yard in those days), four print aprons a year, two white caps, and "perquisites", which being interpreted meant sixpenny favors from Miss Kem's visitors. Also, of course, her board.

The cottage had been thoroughly cleaned, the lawn cut, rolled, swept; the furniture brought out of hiding and after being rubbed as bright as hands could make it, conveyed carefully in great farm wagons to the cottage. The parlour and kitchen grates were polished, the fires laid ready for lighting, the tinder-box in its place, and little Cicely notified to meet her mistress on her arrival.

Ogg had one long street; at one end stood the house of Mr. John Griffin, a brick residence, with twenty-four rooms in it, and a magnificent row of elms at the foot of the orchard, at the other end of the street, on the opposite side, Miss Kem's cottage was the last house in the village. It was also of red brick with a freshly thatched roof—and a good thatch is supposed to last twenty years—over-shadowed on one side by an enormous elm, which flourished in the street with a seat around its trunk. That part of the country was, and still is, famous for elms; they are scattered about singly or in groups, here and there and everywhere; in fields afar off, in pastures near.

Miss Kem's cottage had four rooms downstairs and one up, with a peaked window over the front door; and in that room Cicely slept. Miss Kem's bedroom was downstairs at the back of the parlor, with a very large four post bed in it, with gay chintz curtains. There were three fireplaces in the house, two cellars, one for wine and ale, and one for coal, and a pantry, which with the dining room and kitchen completed the establishment. Cicely, whose people were the poorest of the poor, regarded this cottage as a magnificent and lordly residence, and swelled with pride at the thought of living in it. She kept the windows as bright as diamonds, she burnished the brass fender, the knocker, and the plate with the name "Kem" on it till they all shone like gold, and by her energy, immaculate neatness and good service, soon made the little home a place of beauty and very attractive to passers-by. There was not much land about it, just a small green lawn in front and a bleaching ground at the back, kept in beautiful order by Cicely's shears, sickle, broom and roller, with no flower on the place but the wall-flower.

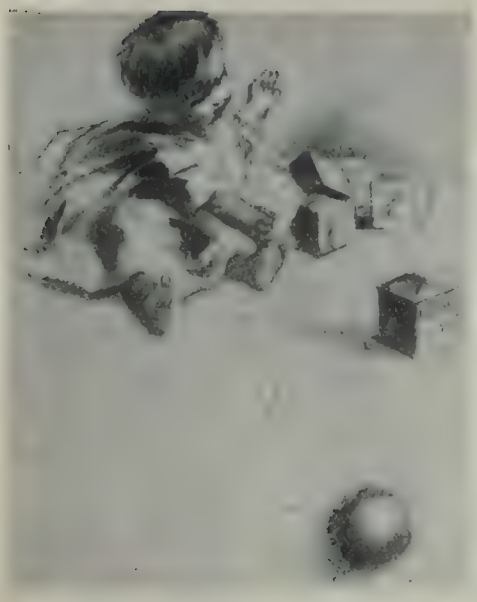
Between Miss Kem's and Mr. Griffin's were many houses, the most notable being the village inn, opposite to a large pond, where the lads and lassies went to slide in the winter and play "thread the long needle"; and beside it a four acre field enclosed by a low brick wall, where the boys played football nearly all the year round. It was called "the Landy" and had been left one hundred years before to the village lads as a possession so long as they played a game of football on the first of March every year. I believe they hold it yet.

At the further end of the village stood the Stocks, a structure for the "punishment and reformation of scolds and quarrelsome topers", as stated in an inscription upon it. It was in the shade of a great tree, and sentimental people had been known to sit on it and read poetry.

St. George's Church was opposite to Mr. Griffin's house, surrounded by a large churchyard, where sheep and lambs grazed peacefully among the tombs the summer through. The clergyman was not resident, and a curate did duty for both parishes, Miss Masculin, an old Methodist lady, occupying the Parsonage at a rental of one hundred pounds a year. She was the good fairy of the neighborhood. She taught the children Wesley's hymns and part singing; she taught them the church catechism, and read the Scriptures in a weekly Bible class to such as were willing to hear her. It was she who taught a poor crippled lad to get his own living, by knitting mittens and stockings and making straw bee-hives. By these industries he paid his way from twelve years old to eighty, leaving a small fund for his funeral. It was she who distributed garden seeds, and monthly roses for prizes to the best readers and singers among the children, according to merit. It was she who took every boy and girl in the village on a "gipsying party"—we would call it a picnic now—to Malborough forest, defraying all charges, and giving each one a *token* to mark the event. Cicely Cockle's token was the root of the wall-flower, torn up by Miss Masculin from the ruins of Wolf Hall, and tied in a linen handerchief, which Cicely cherished all her life long. Wolf Hall, once a fine mansion where King Henry the Eighth married Jane Seymour—though that is neither here not there—was a mere ruck of stones gay with wild flowers; and there in the great grass grown court Miss Masculin had the hampers unpacked, superintended the boiling of the kettles, and feasted over fifty young rustics in a never-to-be-forgotten happy day; but this is a digression.

Between Mr. Griffin's house and Miss Kem's were twenty houses of all sorts and sizes; mostly thatched, and very neat and decent in exterior, with little gardens about them. There was the village smithy with a grand garden for size, and the best currants for miles round, and bits of cots, where the sweet williams and larkspurs grew among the potatoes with not a weed to mar the effect. Ogg was a place where every one made the best and most of what they had, taking a pride in their possessions, but the greatest floral treasure in the village was Cicely's wall-flower in its sixth year. Everybody spoke of it with pride and admiration. The Kem cottage was fifteen feet high, and in its sixth year, that wall-flower was over the top of it, and high above the peaked window where Cicely slept. It had hardened from a small frail plant, into two strong tough wooden stems like little trees, and from them threw out its branches laden with sweet flowers in all directions. Cicely nailed it to the wall with leather straps, as it advanced in size. When she brought it there it had blossomed once, but on *one* side only, dark reddish purple flowers, powdered with gold,—and Miss Kem advised Cicely to break off the strong branch which bore no buds, and plant it on the opposite side of the door. When that bloomed it was a golden brown. As it progressed all the village grew proud of it and people scenting it afar off, came to see it from far and near, pausing and lingering as they passed, or sitting under the great elm for a while to enjoy its sweetness and glory, and talk it over. Sir Francis Burdette, one of the members of the County, riding by, begged a sprig of it for his button-hole, and gave Cicely a shilling, and the gentleman with him, said "by George" he must have one, too, and gave her another; and the Rector, who came once a year to look

Continued on page 438.



HE INSISTED ON COUNTING HIS TOES FREQUENTLY. HIS MOTHER WAS SUCH A GREEDY PERSON THAT HE NEVER FELT SURE THEY WERE ALL THERE

Wild Wells

BEING THE STORY OF A LITTLE TIN BANK, SEVERAL GREASY MORE-OR-LESS GOLCONDAS, AND SETH JUNIOR'S TEN PINK TOES

By Rupert Hughes

Author of "That Awful Model," "What Will People Say," etc.

Illustrated by Adolph Blondheim and Fletcher Ransom

THE baby's savings bank is an excellent thing. It often saves the grown-ups from serious embarrassment.

When Seth Radford, Jr., was born, Seth Radford, Sr., had opened an account for him in a small tin institution, with a paid up capital of $100 and with a guaranteed interest of 1000 per cent. per annum. In exactly three months there befell a stringency in the Radford establishment, and while the baby was not looking the father looted the bank. All he left behind was a little note—here's the very note, this is what he wrote:

"*On demand I promise to pay Seth Radford, Jr., one hundred dollars* ($100) *with interest at the rate of* 100 *per cent. a month. Value received.*

Seth Radford, Sr."

It was against the law to charge such usury, and the baby was beginning life like a high financier. He would certainly have been investigated and sent to the penitentiary if the transaction had been discovered by any of the magazine sleuths, and pointed out to any of the new school of district attorneys.

Two months passed and Seth, Sr., had not yet managed to repay the infant Shylock, except by occasionally slipping through the slot in the bank a casual instalment of dimes, quarters or dollar bills.

As for the baby, he was apparently indifferent to the condition of the loan market. He never balanced his books; he never counted up his petty cash. His main interest in life was a small bunch of livestock—ten pink and chubby toes. He was a miser with respect to these, and seemed always afraid that one of them would get lost. Besides, his mother was constantly looking them over, and threatening to bite them off; and she was such a greedy person that he could never be quite sure of her.

The muffled rattle of the money in his bank made poor music to Seth, Jr's, flower-like little ears. He much preferred the rattle of a real rattle. Today, for the dozenth time, he pushed his bank contemptuously to the floor, and returned to the numbering of his toes. Seth, Sr., had already picked up the bank and restored it eleven times, but now the thud of it caught his attention from a mood of deep blues that even the gurgling google of the baby had not managed to dissipate.

Fortune had been having fun with Mr. Radford. It had played seesaw with him for two years; one month he was soaring skywards, a rich youth; the next month he bumped *terra firma* —with the accent on the *firma*. Just now he was off the plank entirely, flat on the ground, bruised, aching; and the seesaw board was high out of reach.

Two years before, he had suddenly realized that he was alone. He had seen his mother laid in a little grave alongside the grave of his father. The town of his birth and his youth suddenly ceased to mean home to him. He resolved to strike out into the unknown.

His assets were a little cash, a good deal of curiosity and a fairy-purse of self-renewing hope. He decided that Ontario was a poor place to begin small. Texas was its antipodes, young, big, not jaded. Southwest he set his course, and arrived in Galveston just as the Beaumont oil fields burst into fame with all the world amazing fury of their own gushers.

Young Radford knew less about the oil business than even the Pennsylvania experts, who came into the field with old traditions of how to handle slow streams of high-grade oil. They were like trout-fishers with tarpons on their hooks. Bankruptcies and fortunes danced before the onlooker's eyes, while whole lakes of subterrene grease exploded through long pipes, filled the air with hydro-carbonic typhoons, and settled on the ground in unctuous rivers of unholy smell. "Ontario was never like this," said Radford, "but it looks interesting, as well as instructive." He hired himself out as a helper on a drilling rig to learn the trade—if trade it was to gamble with the earth's "innards" in such uncertain, but epic fashion.

Promotions were rapid, for derricks were springing up as fast as hammers could wed nail and pine. Before he was aware of it, Radford, who but

"DO YOU RECKON I MA'IED YOU TO GET RID OF YOU?" INQUIRED ALICE DEMURELY. "WE'LL GO TO BATSON'S PRAIRIE"

yesterday had not known a chain-tong from a fish-tail drill-bit, was invited to take charge of a brand new derrick. Then the number of earthward sticks began to gain on the upward glory. People came to offer him wonderful bargains which would make anybody rich without doubt, but which the present owners for various reasons of health, family, etc., could not stop to develop. But Radford was born in Ontario. He was not convinced.

Beaumont had begun as a giant mushroom; it threatened to end as a toadstool. Radford was glad he had invested nothing more than his time.

The oil fever began to lag in Texas. Then came a great find at Sour Lake. There was an overnight exodus. Seth arrived among the earliest, on a cow pony after plowing through swamps at night. He decided to back his judgment. He bought a little shoestring strip of ground before the prices had jumped very far. As soon as the derrick was up, and the pipe down, he brought in a gusher so big that he could not get tanks fast enough to hold the oil. He saw liquid dollars belonging to him sliding away by the hundreds. But most of them he managed to capture.

He named the well the "Alice"—after a certain person.

The price of oil was high. The Southern Pacific was using it on the engines, and the supply was short.

Factories began to burn it instead of coal. Before Radford quite realized it, he was worth about $25,000, and more bubbling up as fast as it could climb out of the ground.

He called himself a genius. He was a Koal-oil King with two K's. He wondered what he should present to his native town—a library?—a manual training school? or a park? He wrote to Alice to ask her advice. She was a Galveston girl. The first one he had met after he struck Texas. One was enough. It had taken a single look from her deep, dark Texan eyes and two words in her mellow Southern speech to paralyze all his powers of resistance.

His heart looked no farther. It said: *"J'y suis; j'y reste."*

Before he had left Galveston, he had partly persuaded Alice to forgive him for being a Canadian. At Beaumont he had dreamed of her, of her Southern graces, her Southern subtleties of tact and beauty. Her every mannerism was an angel's trait. He endured the mud, the grease, the fatigue, the fever, because he hoped it would some day bring him the wealth that she ought to have.

And at Sour Lake he had $25,000 of his own and more pouring in. He wrote her and said:

"My Darling:

I can't live without you any longer. Can you love me? Will you marry me?

Seth."

He haunted the post-office shack for her answer. But it came by wire. Just a "Yes, yes, yes."—only three words, and all the other seven left unused! But he forgave the extravagance — being rich. As he turned to go back to his tent, he walked so large that he touched only the high spots. He looked at the sky. A moment before it had been lit with stars; now they were all white magnolia blossoms filling the wind with a scented whisper of "Yes, yes, yes."

A red blotch caught his eye. The moon was rising? No, an engine shack was on fire, not far from his own wells. Everybody was hurrying to quench the flames. He ran, stumbling, stumbling, trembling, fearing vague things.

HE MET HIS MEN RUNNING FRANTICALLY AWAY FROM THE WELL

A pennant of flame flaunted out and curled round a derrick. Blazes went up it like a thousand frightened orioles. There was a steeple of fire, spraying fire in all directions. There was a twin steeple of fire—a third—six—a dozen. The field was ablaze. The very earth, reeking with oil, was fuel.

Seth dashed for his own little parish. In a red snow of sparks he worked like a demon with his men. They banked slush and earth around his well. But a blast of flame came across the rising wind, wrapped itself round his derrick, slid up and down. In a few mad, roaring moments, there was nothing left but ashes, charred stumps, twisted machinery.

There was no time to sigh. Seth bent his efforts to the saving of other wells. The fire could be fought only with mud and with steam. All night he worked, and late into the next evening. The next night he slept on the ground in his grime. The morning after, he woke, looked at the black forest of ruined derricks, and said to Poverty:

"Well, here we are again."

He wrote to Alice the letter of a brokenhearted boy with a square jaw. She answered him with the pluck her mother had shown, years before, when a Yankee raid had left the cinders of bankruptcy where plenty had smiled.

The letter from Alice gave Seth new life. He had somehow feared that he had lost her as well as his fortune. She was now all the dearer an ambition. She had been his tower of strength—an ivory tower with black hair, black eyes and very red lips.

He got a job as helper on another rig. It kept him alive. By skimping and scraping he saved a little—not much, but something. Then there came a murmured rumor that oil had been found at a wild place called Batson's Prairie. Seth went to his employer and made a dicker with him to rent his rig and drill on shares, his contribution being experience and enthusiasm. The employer agreed and put up the expenses. Seth brought in a gusher. He sold his share for a wad of real money, and bought a patch of ground just big enough to hold a derrick and two gauge tanks. It was some distance from the main cluster. He made a fairly lucky strike

and bought a much larger tract of ground.

He plunged, ran into debt magnificently; everybody who knew him trusted him. In a few months he had drilled three dry holes and he owed $25,000. One small well kept him in living expenses. The fifth well proved a greasy Golconda. Twenty thousand barrels a day came pouring out of that well. The cards were running his way. He bought in another well almost as rich. In a few weeks he was clear of debt and $10,000 to the good, with ready money gushing into his tanks day and night.

About this time he was writing a long letter to Alice. Pen and ink seemed a pretty poor way—like telephoning to an angel. He threw down the pen and took train to Galveston, found Alice, persuaded her not to tempt fortune by another delay. They went as two to a little church and came away one.

They took their honeymoon in New York at the Waldorf-Astoria. There was something appallingly blissful about the bills. When Alice was afraid to buy something gorgeous, Seth would say:

"Listen, honey; can you hear the gluggle-gluggle-gluggle?—that's the oil coming out of the ground—every four gluggles means a dollar. Don't be afraid."

They decided to run across to Europe. Seth said that his right hand man, Tom Dominick, would take care of everything. He bought a stateroom on a steamer sailing the next day. Just as they were leaving their suite at the hotel, a page brought Seth a telegram :

"The oil has quit gushing; got to get air compressors. TOM."

"I ought to be on the spot," groaned Seth. "Would it break your heart, dearie, to give up the Europe idea for a while? Or could you take your mother and let me come over later, when I can ?"

"Do you reckon I ma'ied you to get rid of you ?" said Alice.

A week later the newspaper at Batson's Prairie announced in its society column :

> "The popular oil-producer, Mr. Seth Radford, and his charming bride, nee Miss Alice Payton, of Galveston, have returned from New York, and will make their sojourn among our elite. Welcome to Batson's Prairie, Seth !"

Now, gushers are free and vivacious. Pumping machinery costs money and brings less oil. The pumps worked harder and harder, but the flow grew slower—slower—slower; and the price of oil went down—down—down. The spirits of the Radfords followed the price.

"I don't exactly admiah the oil business," said Alice.

Gradually Batson's Prairie lost prestige. Seth bought more ground and dug more wells. Sometimes he struck a pocket of oil that only flattery could call a gusher. He was glad if it managed to pay its own cost before it petered out. Sometimes, after weary work and the encountering of good omen after good omen till hope grew frantic, there came a time when it was plainly useless to drill further—and several thousand dollars had gone, with nothing to show but an empty hole twelve hundred feet deep.

"I'm afraid I brought you bad luck, honey," said Alice.

"You are good luck enough just by yourself," Seth would answer, with all the cheer he could muster.

After a year they were nearly bankrupt and the majority of people had left Batson's Prairie, some with full purses, some with flat. In time, Seth realized that there was nothing to do but shut down the lazy wells, paint the machinery to prevent rust—and wait for a new field.

Waiting is hard work, and Seth had been schooled to excitement. Then for a while there came enough of that. Two lives were in danger; one dearer than his own life, one that was to be dearer.

Fortune favored them with a smile, and, according to the newspapers, "Mother and child were doing as well as could be expected." "Child" weighed ten pounds, and yelled like a Piute; and they named him after his daddy.

The amateur father and mother used to sit talking of the prospects of their youngster. There was little else to do.

"The boy ought to have a bank," said Seth.

They felt that they could hardly begin it with less than a hundred dollars. They used to sit and figure out how much that would amount to at compound interest by the time the child was old enough to vote. Alice made it something like three million dollars but Seth said she was "careless with her noughts." Still, even as corrected, the sum was very handsome, and they thought of it whenever they dropped a dime or a nickel into the little tin bank. It was a pleasanter thing to think of than the sum in their own bank, for that dwindled daily. Often, when Seth was famished for a cigar, he pushed the money through the little tin slot, and smoked the aromatic weed of hope.

But the baby was not many months old when the oil field at Humble broke out. Seth rushed to the scene and spent almost his last cent in land. He established Mrs. and Master Radford at a hotel in Houston, and joined the group of young men who took the early morning train every day to Humble and returned at night, dirty, disheveled and tired, then washed up, dressed up and marched into the dining-room like gentlemen and gilded youth, with their handsome wives.

Five big wells came in while Seth was drilling. The sixth was his, and a gusher. He put a large bill in the baby's bank.

In three days the well flowed hot salt water. No power could save it. It was like finding a roll of thousand-dollar bills and afterward discovering that they are all counterfeit. Seth's next well escaped and flowed proper oil enough to put him in funds for a while. The third began as a millionaire-maker and then dissolved into tears.

"Saline injection will save a dying man's life," said Seth, "but it's sure death to an oil man."

The year had reached its "embers." Christmas was nearing. Seth had hoped to spend it in the North, and he had told Alice a lot about sleigh-riding. She had never seen even a sled.

But their plans were now mainly conversation, for it was growing hard even to borrow money. Some distant relatives of Seth's who had heard of him when he was at the Waldorf rediscovered his existence and invited him and his family to a house party. It meant three, besides railroad fare. Set declined glumly.

"We shall still have each other, honey," smiled Alice.

"But we shan't have snow," groaned the Northerner. "I'm sick of roses. They don't belong on the porch at Christmas. I want a white Christmas. I'd give a million dollars to hear sleigh bells."

The next well was plainly to be his last. He gave up Humble and went to a new field, at Sloper's X-Roads, where salt water had not broken in to corrupt the few wells that had been found. He exhausted every resource for funds. The bankers, when he called, regretfully referred him to a little stack of notes unpaid. Most of his friends were as near gone as himself. He wheedled out of them small sum after small sum. He began to pawn, but soon ran out of pawnables. He owed his crew two weeks' wages, and it was increasingly embarrassing for him to go near the derrick, especially as the drill had struck a stratum of hard gypsum. Sometimes they could only make two or three inches a day. The slowness of the work got on the nerves of the men. It made them thirsty, and it made them surly to have to borrow the price of a drink from another rig, when wages were owing to them.

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Interviewing the Military

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF A VISIT TO THE MILITIA BUILDING IN WHICH THE CORRESPONDENT GETS THE IRREDUCIBLE MINIMUM OF INFORMATION, THE MAXIMUM OF HUMAN INTEREST AND SOME FUN OUT OF THE IRREPRESSIBLE TOMMY ATKINS

By Madge Macbeth

Illustrated from Photographs

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL MORRISON, DIRECTOR OF ARTILLERY

THE Militia Building bristled with cannon and guards, who passed the reporter like a human shuttlecock, tossed her about and set her down—outside!

"I want to see the Minister," she said.

"Is he expecting you?" this with a very searching look.

Expecting her, she was handed under bluecoated supervision to the elevator, and watched as she got out. She might be a German spy. Four armed creatures leapt at her and asked her business; her name was boomed by a half dozen mouths. She was escorted fore and aft into an ante room. Men were hurrying and scurrying hither and thither in a dizzying procession. Telephones were ringing, papers were rustling, typewriters clicking. Her name was called and through a swinging baize door she was ushered into a large, light apartment. Even there people passed to and fro silently on the heavy carpet. The Minister himself walked restlessly about, talking.

"I was instructed to hand you this letter," she said.

Col. the Hon. Sam Hughes took it and glanced over its contents.

"Isn't for me," he said.

"Oh yes, it is."

"No! It's addressed to 'His Excellency' the Hon. Sam Hughes. That's all wrong. I am plain Sam Hughes. No more, no less. Always will be. Well what do you want?"

She mentioned a small favor which would occupy perhaps three minutes of the great man's time.

"Impossible!" His gesture seemed to waive all responsibility. "I haven't time to eat, these days. Good morning."

She went out; he followed her. The elevator with a heavy load was on its way up. The Colonel stopped it, said, "Down, gentlemen,"—and they all went down, only to start up again when the Minister was deposited on the ground floor.

"If there was many of 'em," said a disgruntled occupant of the car, "I wouldn't get back to the office in time to punch the clock at all; I'd be riding up and down all day!"

. . . . . .

"I came to get a little information—"

The Director of Artillery held up an interrupting hand.

"Sorry," he said. "Must answer this message."

He dictated for a few moments, and turned back to the interviewer.

"—a little information regarding—"

The telephone rang, insistently.

"Excuse me a moment, please."

Two minutes passed.

"—about—"

"Yes, Smith," he turned away to speak to a young man who had just entered. "Oh, yes, the horses. Will you send these telegrams? How many? Well, there will be eighteen more tomorrow."

"—information as to the number of—" the interviewer made a record sentence and was interrupted by the entrance of another young man carrying a telegram.

COLONEL THE HONORABLE SAM HUGHES, MINISTER OF MILITIA

"Perhaps I had better come back again," suggested the patient person.

"Oh, just as you like. I have as much time now as I ever have. What do you want?"

"I want information regarding the numbers of officers and—"

"Excuse me, sir," said the Thirty-Third Interruption, saluting," but the Minister wants to speak to you at once."

Col. Morrison rose.

"Too bad," he said, "for after that I go to lunch—if I have time. Good morning!"

. . . . . .

Secrets all about. A fine mysterious atmosphere, a scared feeling creeping down the spine. In the Censor's office!

Plenty of time, here, it seemed. They looked as though they were just reading.

"Will you please tell me," asked the reporter, "who will command the Canadian contingent?"

They exchanged secretive glances, and a thrill quivered in the air.

"If we knew we would not be allowed to tell you," they said.

"Well, may I know what regiments

as units have enlisted, and how many men ?"

"Sorry, but we can't give out that information."

"Oh ! Then may I say that several regiments as units have volunteered?"

"Not unless you want to make mistakes."

"Ah, then *no* regiments as units have volunteered ?"

"On the contrary, but we can't say more than that."

"But what can I say ?"

They gave it up.

"It is to prevent information from getting abroad that we are here," they said, and snap went their jaws in a first class imitation of an oyster shell.

. . . . . .

But if you can't get guide-lines for your canvas by interviewing the men at the top, you can squirt on local color by the tubeful whenever you catch a glimpse of the rank and file.

Two of them came in to the photographer's shop together. With a bit of a swagger they went forward to the counter and asked to see the picture post cards taken at the Lansdowne Park camp.

"But this 'ere don't shaow the 'ole of us," complained the tall one. "Hi was standin' roight besoide the cannon."

"I took all who were there," laughed the photographer.

The short one broke in.

"Maybe you don't know yourself," he suggested. "Give us a look. Oh, s'y !" he cried, excitedly, "'ere I am—big as liafe; 'ow much is these, mister ?"

"H'all roight; H'i'll tike three. Aw, 'Enery, I got the best of you, this tiame. Haw—haw !"

The tall one drew the photographer aside and asked if he could make a picture of him, alone. The two retired to a mysterious place behind curtains. Shortly they returned.

"One dollar, please."

"Can I p'y arf now, and 'ave the rest charged ?"

The usurious photographer insisted upon his cash.

"The Gov'nment oughter p'y you," said the shorter one.

"Not a chance ! I can't charge anything to you fellows; first thing I know you'll be off to the other side and standing up in front of some cannon, and that'll be the last I'll ever see of my money."

Not a whit subdued by this cheerful thought, the two Tommy Atkinses broke into uproarious laughter as the money was paid over. Said the tall one as he went out :

"Well, sir, you'd get your money back, then, as you could sell my fice to the newspapers."

THE CAMERON HIGHLANDERS ENTRAIN WITH THE BAND PLAYING "WILL YE NO COME BACK AGAIN?"

Photograph, Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

When They Said Good-bye

THE old station with its open-to-the-sky tracks never held so tight-jammed a crowd before. There wasn't a suit case among them, so they weren't travelling. There wasn't a laugh, nor an icecream cone, nor a lunchbox.

They didn't stare out west, nor down east for a train to swing around the curve, porters and foot-stools dripping from its vestibules. Their eyes were fixed steadily on a long line of empty cars on Track Two and their ears were strained for the faraway beat of a drum.

For the Blanks were to entrain for Valcartier at eleven o'clock.

Last night the two papers carried the announcement, wired from Headquarters, and for once in their Donnybrook lives, they agreed in saying—front page, box-headed—that the whole town should turn out and cheer.

They had turned out. But not the press nor the pulpit nor the Governor-General in Council assembled could make them cheer.

The purple-and-fine-linen crowds under the silk-striped awning of the Coliseum used to cheer. But the gladiators who put on the show, and the gladiators' wives and little ones had sounded the immensities of terror and love and bravery too deep to shout about it.

Here on the station platform even the blue eyes of the pink voile girl with the Roman sash were sombre with the thought of it.

Girls, and girls, and girls!—middy-blouse girls and tailormade girls; girls who had come in Jack-draped autos, fresh from selling flags for the Hospital Ship; girls with carbon-paper marks on their fingers and ten-minutes-leave in their ears; girls who had never worked and girls who had seldom played—

Why?

The regiment is young, you see, just boys, most of them. And for every Tommy Atkins that swings Warward to "The British Grenadiers," there is like to be a Bessie Blue-eyes somewhere, reading the press beyond the Woman's Page for the first time in her pink-voile life, trying to learn where the Aisne is, and praying God, beside her little bed, that the Uhlans won't shoot straight.

. . . . . .

A long, unconscious sigh is wrung from the crowd. Far away down the street you can hear the band, faint as a dream-band, fearful as an omen, the heart-lifting, breath-taking strains of "O Canada!"

"I can't see, I can't, I can't!" moans Bessie at your elbow, five feet two inches of fluttering tip-toed anxiety, "oh, why wasn't I tall?"

First come the officers who have been rejected—the Colonel with his handsome head well back, the Major who had wires from all over Canada saying the signers would go if he did.

Rejected ?

Yes, owing to the last, the worst, the most solemnly impassable obstacle to enlistment—they were over age. The crowd did cheer a little just there, and God must have loved them for it.

Then came the boys, rank on rank of them. They didn't carry rifles as they do on parade. They brought just their own splendid, death-ready selves. The rifles could go in the baggage car. Besides, there was the leavetaking. You can't draw mother into your arms if you carry a gun. And, thank Heaven, no military regulations in the world wish to handicap you there.

. . . . . .

Three to the left was Jackie—they had always called him so—just eighteen, Jackie with the steady eyes, Jackie who sang in the surpliced choir.

" 'The Lord is my light and my salvation,' " said a woman in the

Continued on page 442.

The Corporal and the Girl

By M. Eugenie Perry

Illustrated by Gertrude Spaller

OF all the towns which have sprung into being at the magic touch of a great transcontinental railway in its march across the continent, perhaps none has attained more notoriety than Frontier, Alberta, principally on account of the great real estate boom it enjoyed at its birth, and the enormous amount of advertising it received therefrom.

A typical frontier railroad town; hospitable, virile, wicked, with all the virtues and vices which youthful towns are heir to, at the time of which we write, it stood in a wild empty land where roads were few and poor, so that with the exception of the stage route trail, which stretched away into some far land of promise, egress and ingress was made almost entirely by the railroad. The Mounted Police, therefore, were often forced to charter the iron steed in their excursions hither and yon.

"Just one more deal?" asked Tommy Bliss, giving the cards a preliminary shuffle.

"And then another and another," said Corporal O'Connor, sarcastically. "Fact is, I'm not in very good form to-night, and I guess I'll quit."

"Well, me for town," said Les Graham, who shared with Tommy and another of the boys from the superintendent's office the snug box-car in which they had been having a friendly game.

The fourth member of the party followed Graham into the darkness, and the Corporal leaned back in the only easy-chair the car could boast and puffed meditatively away at a cigarette, while Tommy started his pipe going and propped himself up with pillows from the bunk, on the edge of which he had been sitting.

"Those pictures don't seem to have any meaning to me to-night," said the Corporal referring to the cards which still lay on the dry-goods box which had been doing duty as a table. "I think I'll quit poker for good."

"And settle down to respectable married life with Miss Renfrew?" Tommy was returning O'Connor's sarcasm with interest.

"Does your implied doubt of the respectability thereof refer to Miss Renfrew or to me?" calmly enquired his companion, whose mood was contemplative rather than quarrelsome.

"Oh! I guess the girl herself is respectable enough," grudgingly admitted Tommy.

"Absolutely!" said the Corporal positively, "and I know her much better than you possibly can."

"That's easy." Tommy paused, wondering just how far he might go, without giving offence. "But, I say, old chap, her people are impossible, you know; and her English—wouldn't it jar you a little as a steady thing?"

Now Corporal O'Connor of the Royal North West Mounted Police had spent a good deal of time arguing that very matter over with himself; and in reality had been able to reach no decision, but he brought forward against Tommy's objections the same arguments he was in the habit of turning against himself.

"I'm not thinking of marrying her people," he said, "and as for good English, it doesn't seem of so much consequence out here, where it is the exception, not the rule."

"Out here," repeated Tommy. "Then you don't expect to present her

VIVIEN GAVE TOMMY UP AS A BAD JOB, AND WHIRLED AWAY TO EASIER CONQUESTS, LEAVING HIM TO WISH THAT HE HAD PLAYED UP TO HER LEAD A LITTLE MORE BRISKLY

to your people back in Ireland, to your uncle the Earl, for instance ?"

"My uncle the Earl be hanged," said the Corporal testily, for indeed he had his share of family pride; and the family bugbear, in the shape of this august relative, had been haunting him considerably of late.

"Besides," he added with a grin, "their ignorance concerning Canadians is so great over there, that they would perhaps be much more surprised if she spoke correctly. They think of all Canadians as about half-civilized Indians. However, I'm not just sure I care what they think."

He might truthfully have added that he wasn't sure of anything connected with the matter; but he merely puffed away at his cigarette in silence, watching the smoke drift slowly towards the roof of Tommy's snug railroad quarters. Then the divisional surgeon looked in on his way past from the hospital car.

"Hello, Doc !" called Tommy hospitably. "Come on in."

"Well just a minute," said the doctor depositing himself on a box near the stove.

"Town's rather quiet this week," remarked Tommy conversationally, as the doctor drew out his pipe.

"Quiet ? Yes !" said the doctor shortly, "but with a quiet that is worse than noise."

The Corporal nodded acquiescence.

"Why, how's that ?" from Tommy, "haven't seen so few drunks on the streets in months."

"Less whiskey, more dope," answered the doctor laconically. "Less unpleasant for the passers-by, more dangerous for the victims. There have been nearly a dozen cases of doping and robbery in the last two weeks. A man coming in here now to spend his stake is taking his life in his hands. I was speaking to Long Gus from the mines just yesterday, and he says he's going to pass the word to all his men to give the divisional the go-by for awhile. He says they don't get anything like a run for their money here at present.

"I have a case on my hands now that may or may not prove fatal; and if the man winks out, why it's a case for the police and there will probably be a big investigation."

"That's right," spoke up Corporal O'Connor, "the old man is just waiting for a chance to take hold. He has no jurisdiction in town, unless he bears absolute proof of crooked dealing; and that's deuced hard to get, with every second person you meet in league with the crooks."

"Well," said the doctor rising, "there's one thing sure, if this Swede goes under, Slim Renfrew and his gang had better not waste any time hitting for the tall timbers."

"What's your hurry, Doc ?" asked Tommy, "We might have a few rounds of poker, though O'Connor's not in very good form to-night."

"Sorry," the doctor smiled, "but you must remember I'm a very much married man and I'd better be getting along home to the wife and kid."

The following evening being the occasion of the weekly dance, Tommy accompanied the Corporal over to the moving picture theatre, where the dances were held. It was after half-past ten when they arrived, and the performance was over, the general crowd gone. The chairs had been pushed back, the floor swept and the dance was in full swing.

As Tommy didn't dance and Miss Renfrew was already on the floor the two young men lighted their pipes and lounged in the doorway, watching the swaying crowd before them. With a few exceptions, the weekly dances were attended only by the better element of the town; and as is sure to be the case in a frontier town the men were distinctly in the majority; and most of the women there were married. But there were some girls—the pretty girl who adorned the glass ticket office outside the theatre door, a couple of school teachers, a couple of stenographers, the girl from the post-office, a visitor or two, and Melissa Renfrew.

TEARS WELLED INTO MELISSA'S GRAY EYES, BUT SHE TWISTED HALF AWAY FROM THE CORPORAL AND WINKED THEM BACK BRAVELY. "POKER AGAIN, I SUPPOSE," SHE TOLD HIM

Melissa was no dime novel heroine. Out at the front a girl does not need to possess a sylph-like form, a peaches-and-cream complexion and curling golden hair to make a hit with a man, or many men if she so wishes. Melissa was not even pretty except with the beauty which the freshness of youth imparts, yet in the eyes of Corporal O'Connor she was more charming than the earliest flower which pushes its dainty head through the prairie in the fragrant spring.

Her parents were no-account Ontario farmers who had gravitated to the front with the rest of the country's flotsam and jetsam; and for a number of years had been occupied with keeping a rough but comparatively respectable boarding house in one or other of the new towns as they were opened up. The eldest daughter had succumbed to the looseness of her environment and had followed the road of apparently easy money, which is yet the hardest earned of any in all the wicked world.

The son had developed into a typical tin-horn, making a fat living by plucking the numerous pigeons who flocked into the divisional town to spend their monthly stake.

But the younger daughter, though brought up in the same atmosphere, was of a different calibre. The eternal value of things was clearer to her than to the rest of the family; and with young-old wisdom she balanced the rewards of virtue against the wages of sin; and to her vision the broad and crooked path appeared not fair. Caution, not virtue you say ? Wisdom not innocence ? A most unheroine-like attitude ? I told you she was not

a novel's heroine, but a matter-of-fact, clear-sighted, twentieth century western girl. At the present moment she was gyrating round the room to the gay strains of "Alexander's Rag-time Band," with one of the toughest characters in this none too moral town, her brother, Slim Renfrew.

Even at that, O'Connor's face took on an unpleasant expression as he watched them, for he was never glad to be reminded of the disreputable connections of the girl he was considering as a matrimonial proposition.

"There's one thing sure," thought he, "if I marry her, if she'll have me, we don't stay near her people. When that money comes to me next year I can buy myself out of the force—and then—for pastures new."

Then the dance was over and he left Tommy and went over to where she sat. As he approached he heard her say:

"You shouldn't 'a come; you know this town is getting to be a hot place for you. You'd better get out while the getting's good."

"Oh! I ain't running no risks round here," Slim answered. "The town police only helps us out an' the Mounties ain't got no call to butt in." Seeing the Corporal approaching he continued insolently, not caring whether he was overheard or not. "Anyhow, your stand-in with that bunch ought to help some to keep yer family out of the coop."

He went off with a careless nod of his handsome dare-devil head and Melissa's face turned scarlet. O'Connor pretended not to notice her confusion and talked quietly of indifferent matters, while her eyes followed Slim in his progress towards the door. There he was stopped by the manager of the dance, who said something that evidently annoyed him. She saw his hand slide towards his hip-pocket, but prudence evidently conquered his anger for he set his hat defiantly on his head and swaggered out.

"Ordered out," thought the Corporal, though he had given no evidence of having watched this by-play, and his guess was confirmed by Slim's failure to return to the hall.

Melissa's big grey eyes were cast down and her face was burning. O'Connor was afraid she was going to cry, but he needn't have feared,—Melissa was made of sterner stuff—she was used to meeting all kinds of emergencies. She bit her lip hard and winked back the tears that had actually welled into her eyes, until in a minute or so she had quite regained her composure, but the red remained in her cheeks and made her look for the time quite pretty.

"Are you engaged for the next dance?" he asked her.

"Yes, I am," she said rather crossly, "I thought you wasn't coming." She was angry at her brother for placing her in a humiliating position and, womanlike, had to revenge herself on someone. The real culprit not being available, she chose the person who, being fondest of her, would stand the most ill treatment at her hands.

"I was down at the car with Bliss and we got into a game and I couldn't get away just then."

Tears welled into her eyes, but she twisted away and winked them back.

"Poker again, I suppose," she said fiercely. "I don't think much of that young fella anyhow. He'd ought to have something better to do than playing poker every night in the week and dragging other fellas into it too. Why don't he get a girl that'll take some interest in him, and keep him going straight? That stuck up Miss Vane looks like she'd be glad enough to have him fooling around with her."

When the Corporal had left him, Tommy moved into the hall and stood leaning against the back row of chairs calmly surveying the scene before him.

When the music stopped Vivien Vane happened to stop quite close by.

"Oh, hello!" she said, as if she had but just noticed him.

"Hello!" smiled Tommy and as her partner excused himself he moved farther in and took the seat beside her.

Vivien had lately taken the position of stenographer in the superintendent's office, where Tommy also was a member of the staff. She was an arrant little flirt, and had conquered the hearts of the rest of the office men during her first week. Only Tommy remained aloof. He didn't care to run in a crowd, so he was an object of some interest.

"Oh! why don't you learn to dance?" she asked presently.

"Can't see anything to it," he answered boyishly, "or I would. I'd much rather play a game of foot-ball or go shooting."

Vivien sniffed.

"That's a boy for you," she said scornfully. "Wait a few years and you'll be sorry, and then your feet will be too stiff to learn." She seemed to think this a sufficiently dreadful outlook to frighten anyone.

"Not this dance," she told a would-be partner who appeared at that moment, "I'm going to sit this out with Mr. Bliss—though you didn't ask me to," she added reproachfully to Tommy as the other disappeared.

"What am I supposed to say now?" asked Tommy serenely. "I'm not very much used to girls you know, so I'd like a few suggestions on the proper mode of procedure."

"I suppose," said his companion sarcastically, "you'd like lessons on the gentle art of flirtation."

"Oh! are we flirting?" enquired Tommy in surprise.

In sheer exasperation Vivien changed the subject and actually talked on impersonal matters for a time, then—

"Did you and your friend the Corporal have an interesting session last night?" she enquired, with a glint of mischief in her brown eyes.

"How did you know the Corporal was over?"

"Oh a little bird told me."

"In other words, Graham was over to call last night. Guess I'm getting some information too," said Tommy with a grin. "What's the matter with the Corporal? You don't like him?"

"I don't know him, but I don't like the company he keeps." She glanced meaningly towards Melissa Renfrew.

"Why, what's the matter with her?" asked Tommy as if he himself had not been but lately remonstrating with O'Connor on this subject.

"Well, they're rather awful people, aren't they? The sister and the brother,—and all?"

"I think the girl herself is all right," said Tommy half grudgingly, "but I must say I can't see what he sees in her."

"Lack of competition," said Vivien wisely. "It's always the same when girls are scarce and men plentiful, then they marry girls they simply wouldn't look at under other circumstances. But it isn't only commonness in her case. I'd think a man would hate to get mixed up in that bunch. I don't know the Corporal, nor care about him one way or the other—only if I were a man I don't think I'd choose him as steady company. I was considering you, not him," and Vivien gave a ravishing glance at her companion which was entirely wasted.

So Vivien gave him up as a bad job and whirled away to easier conquests, leaving Tommy wishing he had played up to her lead a little more briskly, but had she come back just then he'd probably have acted in the same way again. Tommy was very much boy.

The dance was drawing to a close when a man came unobtrusively in at the hall door and stood just inside watching the dancing. Presently he caught Melissa Renfrew's eye and winked vigorously.

When the dance ended Melissa sat down as near the back as possible and asked the Corporal to get her a drink of water. Then she looked around for the man in the background who immediately came up and spoke a few quick words to her.

The man was a notorious gambler, a friend of Slim's, and an admirer (unencouraged, the Corporal had always thought) of Melissa's. Therefore when, during the next dance which

he had with another girl, he saw Melissa rescue her wraps from the jumble of unused chairs at the back, and slip quietly out of the hall, he was furiously, jealously angry.

"Tommy was right," he thought bitterly. "Everybody's right, and I'm a damn fool. I might know nothing good could come from that bunch, but I did think she was different. Now she's gone off with that limb of Satan as unconcernedly as if I weren't in the universe. Well, let her go; no doubt in a month's time, I'll be thanking my stars for the escape I've had."

Just then the Inspector appeared at the door and beckoned the Corporal. "The doctor was just around," he said, "and it seems that doped Swede he has been treating is dead; so this is where we come in. I have warrants out for the arrest of several men believed to be implicated, but I'm afraid the word to move on is already abroad, and we'll likely have some difficulty locating them. Renfrew, however, has been around town all evening, so you should have no difficulty in nabbing him."

"All right, sir. I'll go right after him," and the Corporal suited the action to the word. Nor had he any compunction in starting off on a hunt for Melissa's brother, for a crook was a crook; and to-night he felt fierce enough to clean up the whole crowd.

But Slim was not in any of his usual haunts; and someone suggested that he'd probably strike up the line for Mile 39, if he could bribe any of the railway men to take him; for at 39 were many of his own kind who would make an effort to hide him, or speed him on his way over the mountains to British Columbia. On the street O'Connor ran into Tommy Bliss wandering towards home and accosted him at once.

It was nearly twelve o'clock and that would mean perhaps an all night trip, but when he suggested Tommy's running him up the line on one of the gasoline speeders which were at the disposal of the superintendent's staff, the excitement of a trip which might end in a scrap appealed to Tommy's adventurous boy's heart, and he consented immediately.

Les Graham was just getting ready for bed when Tommy arrived to get a heavy overcoat from the car, and informed him that he was off with the Corporal on a man hunt.

"Say, I wonder!" said Les. "As I came across the track a man was just starting off on that hand speeder that is usually standing beside the station. I rather wondered who would be hitting out at that hour. There was someone with him—looked like a woman, but I didn't notice particularly."

Tommy imparted this piece of information to O'Connor.

"Perhaps Slim is trying to make his get-away dressed as a woman," said the Corporal facetiously, "and is taking someone along to help pump the speeder—evidently he followed his usual method of helping himself to anything in sight."

It was an exceedingly dark night with an occasional flurry of rain and a heavy wind was blowing—certainly not a night one would choose for a pleasure jaunt, but the two young men were used to weather. The Corporal climbed on the back seat of the speeder. Tommy gave a run, a push, jumped on, and they were off up the grade at a tearing pace.

They reached the first station without having seen anything of the fugitives, and having lifted the car off the track to let the regular from the west go past, they roused the section man and enquired if he had heard a hand speeder go by; for the gasoline car made so much more noise than the hand-pumped variety, that the runaways might easily have heard its approach, lifted their car into the brush and remained securely hidden while their pursuers whirled past.

But the section man grouchily admitted that he had heard a car go past but a short time before and the boys put their speeder back on the track and continued the pursuit.

"Ought to soon overtake a hand-car at this rate of going," the Corporal roared into Tommy's ear.

"Sure," cried that young man. "We've got 'em beat to a frazzle." But he reckoned without the speeder, than which there is nothing more capricious on the face of the earth, not even a woman or an automobile. Without a by-your-leave the engine stopped, and Tommy, who had but lately learned to run a gasoline speeder, and was not as well acquainted as might be with its internal arrangements, was put to it to find the reason for its eccentric lack of action.

The Corporal held the lantern and Tommy opened the tool box which when closed, constituted the back seat, and while ostentatiously tossing over its contents he took a few surreptitious glances at the instructions printed on the inside of the lid, but failed to find an inspiration therein.

Now a speeder is caprice personified. The tiniest thing will throw it out of gear, and by the same token the most insignificant twist or turn may start it running again in the way it should go. And so it happened that as Tommy groped in the darkness (mental as well as elemental) for some clue to its disability, by accident he gave the proper twist to a screw or valve or something and the engine began to purr and spark like a giant cat, and the car sprang forward into the night. As the Corporal jumped to his place at the back, the lantern lurched against a corner of the seat, shivering the glass into a thousand fragments and the light went out. His language was almost lurid enough to replace the vanished flame, but his words fled like shrieking mischievous devils into the darkness, destined to do scant harm in that stretch of uninhabited muskeg.

"Pretty frisky business going at this pace without a light," shouted Tommy, to whose adventurous soul this was rare sport, "but I'm game if you are."

"Hit her up," roared the Corporal. "I'll catch those crooks to-night, or my name's not Terry O'Connor—let 'er out."

So with the senseless foolhardiness of youth they raced madly forward over bridges and switches as carelessly as if they were running over a clear track in broad daylight.

The night seemed to have grown darker and the wind was howling like hell let loose; which, combined with the speed at which they were going, caused the cold, intermittent dashes of rain, to cut against their faces like hail. It was a night to strike to the stoutest heart, and even dare-devil Tommy and the dauntless Corporal who had faced many a dangerous situation unafraid began to feel the weirdness of that mad race.

Darkness above, below, on either hand, they seemed to be soaring through space—space inhabited only by that piercing fearsome wind, that awesome screaming wind, that now seemed to have taken a new note—a wailing eerie, long-drawn-out note that might be the howl of a prairie wolf. Or could it be the passing of a soul—a soul liberated from its earthly bondage, faring whither?

A soul who passed, perhaps, a warning—a warning of an obstructed track, of a long unrailed trestle, towering far above the earth, towering far above the shapeless mangled body that had been this drifting spirit's erstwhile tenement.

And, in unconscious obedience to this spirit voice as they ran on the Big Eddy bridge (so called from a great whirl which the McLeod River takes at this particular spot) Tommy slowed up a little. To this fact they probably owed their lives. In another minute the speeder reared up like a bucking bronco, and bounded clear of the track.

Tommy found himself sitting on the edge of the trestle with his feet hanging over the edge; and one hundred and fifty-five feet of very empty air between himself and the harmless little Sundance Creek (which at this place

Continued on page 428.

How Valcartier Looks From the Inside

Now all you recruities what's drafted to-day,
You shut up your rag-box an' 'ark to my lay,
An' I'll sing you a soldier as far as I may:
A soldier what's fit for a soldier.
—SERGEANT'S SONG

By H. R. Gordon, Q. O. R.

Illustrated from Photographs

JEAN Baptiste Gauvreau came home to his little shack on the bank of the Jacques Cartier River twenty miles above Quebec, a few days ago, after a six weeks' trip in the bush. He had been guide to a party of three, a Toronto doctor, a real estate man from Winnipeg, and a Montreal commission man. They had been out in the bush for six weeks, and had got no news of the outside world since the end of July. As the canoes of the party swung around a bend of the river near the Gauvreau homestead, the guide dropped his paddle and stared. The wood lot of the farm had disappeared, and rows of white tents stood in its place. Along the river bank paced men in khaki with rifles on their shoulders. The Winnipeg man spotted another column of khaki clad figures in kilts, peered at the leading one, and swore softly in surprise. "That's Bill X." he explained to his friend from Montreal. "A big grain dealer out my way." The Montreal man did not hear. He was staring at another man in a wide brimmed helmet, holding a rifle for the inspection of a group of still more men in khaki. "And that's my old friend John Z." said the Montrealer. The Toronto man called to a bespectacled man, also in khaki. "Hey doc, what in blazes does this mean?" The answer came back in a sharp monosyllable, "War."

The military camp at Valcartier where the men who are being sent by Canada to fight the battles of the Empire abroad have been getting their training, is an epitome of the experience that Canada has passed through since the first week in August. After a century of peace, of an uninterrupted security which led most Canadians to believe that war was a dying piece of barbarism unworthy the attention of a fast growing nation of farmers and business men, the war cloud whose very existence had been scoffed at for years, burst, and Canada was faced with the task of giving effective aid in a struggle for the preservation of the Empire.

To assemble, train, and equip an army for the hardest possible kind of service was no easy task. The lack of that constant expectation of war which makes warlike preparation one of the most important functions of a European government, was against the securing of a war force in the requisite time. The Canadian militia was organized with the idea of training as large a number of men as possible for home defence service, not for offensive operations against an enemy overseas. In many respects, the militia department had to start at the beginning. It was necessary, in large measure, to improvise an organization to get the overseas contingent ready.

The first step was to establish a camp ground, handy to a sea-port, where the entire contingent could get the training necessary to make a crowd of farmers, factory hands, office workers, ordinary Canadian citizens, into a disciplined army in as short a time as possible. This army had to be equipped with a very large number of different articles. Each man for example had to have a uniform, boots, shirts, socks, greatcoat, mess tin, sewing kit, razor, towel, cap, rifle, bayonet, entrenching tools, water bottle, kit bag, haversack, bandolier, knife, fork and spoon. Tents, rubber sheets, blankets, cook wagons, cook pots, water wagons, ammunition carts, and transport wagons had to be made ready for each unit, horses had to be bought for cavalry and artillery, Supplies of food and fodder had to be arranged for. An endless mass of detail had to be attended to before the first contingent was ready to sail.

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INOCULATING RECRUITS FOR TYPHOID FEVER AT VALCARTIER

What the militia department lacked in equipment and detailed mobilization plans was more than made up in practical energy and enthusiasm. The day war was declared, the mobilization ground was decided on. Colonel the Hon. Sam Hughes noticed some years ago that land on the Jacques Cartier River twenty miles north of Quebec was well adapted for camp purposes. The ground was level and sandy, the water supply from the river was excellent, the site was far enough away from towns and cities to ensure a well conducted camp that would pay strict attention to business. Two days after the declaration of war, trenching machines were busy digging out markers' shelters for rifle ranges. Gangs of habitants, evicted for a substantial consideration from all farmhouses, were clearing away bush. Construction gangs were laying open tracks. Motor trucks supplanted calèches on the roads of the neighborhood. The century-old drowsiness of the countryside gave place to feverish, but orderly, activity.

Ten days after Canada's offer of a contingent had been accepted by the British War Office, troops began to

THE FORTY-EIGHTH HIGHLANDERS LEAVING THE CANADIAN NORTHERN'S CHERRY STREET STATION EN ROUTE FROM TORONTO TO VALCARTIER

arrive at the newly created camp of Valcartier. Men of all types came from all parts of the country. Blue-nosed apple growers from the Maritime Provinces looked for extra tent pegs in the lines of farmers from Saskatchewan. Orangemen from Toronto exchanged pleasantries with French Canadians from Montreal and Quebec. Kilties from British Columbia swapped stories with artillerymen from Ottawa. Every walk of life had its representatives. More than one bank manager or prosperous contractor served in the ranks. More than one subordinate clerk was in command of units. The contingent included men of all kinds from every part of the country.

When the troops first arrived they were more or less, in the words of an energetic young officer, "a rabble." Some had uniforms and sound boots. Some came in plain clothes. Some were well provided for. Many lacked necessary equipment. Some showed the effects of conscientious drill, others were raw recruits. It was necessary to turn this heterogeneous mass into a disciplined, trained, thoroughly equipped army.

Discipline was the most important point of soldierly duty to be learned, and in many respects the hardest lesson of all. Life under conditions where every man is regarded as the equal of every other man, and where a peremptory command from a boss often ends in a "Go to h—" and a search for a new job, is not conducive to that instant and unquestioning obedience which is exacted in army life. In a good many cases men in the ranks were superior, mentally and physically, to the corporals and sergeants and commissioned officers whom they were expected to obey. For the first two or three days, "talking back" to officers was not uncommon.

Then a change came. An order was issued to the effect that any man guilty of breaking camp regulations, such as those against bathing in the river and straying out of bounds, or of disobedience and insolence to superiors, would be sent home, and not allowed to go in the first contingent. The day after this order came out a man was found dipping up a pail of water from the river. "Empty that out," ordered an officer. The man threw it down with an angry gesture. "Arrest him," ordered the captain. The man was led off to the guard tent.

All who witnessed the incident were subdued and respectful from that time on. It was somewhat difficult for close friends, different in rank, to remember the respect due to one's superior. An elder brother had to address his younger brother as "Sergeant." A senior man from Toronto University had to address a friend whom he had hitherto patronized as a freshman, as "Sir," and salute whenever he spoke to him. The officers, for the most part, realized that the men under them were their equal in all but rank, and did not attempt to domineer. They pointed out the reasons for the commands they gave. One Q. O. R. officer, explaining what sort of cover men should take in action, said: "You can see for yourselves that a bush or a stone is a convenient object to aim at and would draw fire. The natural rolls of ground, six or seven inches deep, will hide men who lie flat." In any other army the officer would have said: "Don't take cover behind bushes. If you do you'll get two hours' pack drill."

BREAKING IN ARTILLERY RECRUITS

During the first week of the camp none of the men were worked very hard. They were given time to accustom themselves to an entirely new method of existence. City men used to rising at eight in the morning from a comfortable mattress and clean sheets,

breakfasting at home, lunching in a downtown restaurant, dining on well cooked meat and daintily served desserts, and bathing in a porcelain tub, were plunged suddenly into a life where they slept in rough blankets on the ground, washed and bathed under taps in the open, and ate from mess tins, sitting on the ground. It was not easy at first, but before the week was out, the adaptability characteristic of citizens of a new country had made them all settle down. Their hands grew hard, their jaws grew strong on bully beef, and their bodies learned to find the soft spots in bumpy ground.

With discipline established, and the fundamentals of drill mastered, came training in the other two essentials of a good soldier, shooting and marching ability. More than 3,000 targets were set up at the hastily constructed ranges three miles from the camp, and every day regiments marched over, fired the regulation number of rounds and marched back. The intricacies of the magazine and sights of the new Ross Rifle were explained by instructors from the Permanent Militia. At first the men were given a different rifle every time they fired. They had to move the sights up or down, to the left or right, and get their shots closer into the bullseye as they found the range. As each man gained control of his rifle, the range was lengthened.

The last stage was shooting under war conditions. Regiments had to advance by rushes in skirmishing order, as they would on the battle field, and fire as soon as each rush ended. The range had to be estimated. One private described it thus: "You hear a whistle, you jump up and run like the devil till you hear another whistle. Then you flop down before you stop, and while you're skidding along on your stomach you fix your sights. Then you blaze away till you're told to stop."

As boots were issued and feet grew hard, the daily march was lengthened.

And by degrees a brigade grew able to start out in the morning with belts and rifles, a load of forty pounds, on their backs, march till the middle of the afternoon, take a swig of water and a tin full of skilly, and wash under the taps, tired, but by no means exhausted.

The modern soldier has to know many things, and be able to stand severe physical exertion, but the men of Canada's first contingent were picked for efficiency, both of mind and body. The camp at Valcartier was run on practical lines by business men, experts in the art of preparing raw material for the stern test of modern warfare, and the finished product, 20,000 effective soldiers, will uphold Canada's honor at Armageddon.

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THE CRACK CAVALRY OF INDIA WHO WILL FIGHT SIDE BY SIDE WITH THE CANADIAN CONTINGENT IN THE BATTLE LINES OF EUROPE

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FIFTH ROYAL HIGHLANDERS SIGNAL CORPS AT PRACTICE ON THE RIFLE RANGE AT VALCARTIER

Kitchener of Khartoum

WITHOUT NERVES AND WITHOUT SYMPATHIES, EXACTING ONLY ONE THING, OBEDIENCE, TAKING NO EXCUSES AND SHOWING NO MERCY, HE IS STILL THE IDOL OF THE BRITISH ARMY AND THE EMPIRE

By J. H. M. Abbott

Illustrated from Photograph

COINCIDENT with the declaration of war with Germany, Prime Minister Asquith made a momentous decision for the British Empire—one which will meet with the whole-hearted approval of all British subjects. It was indeed a master stroke of statesmanship to appoint Field Marshal Earl Kitchener of Khartoum as Secretary of State for War. There could not have been a happier choice, and in the opinion of most military men there is no man in the British Empire to-day who is more fully qualified to act in this onerous and important capacity than the famous "K of K". He has justly earned by sheer merit and proved service the entire confidence of both military and civilian sections of the community.

It seems only fit that a soldier should be a War Minister in any Cabinet, for who else should know all the intricate details of organization and preparedness for war if not one whose profession is that of Arms? There is a large school of thinkers who have never agreed with the policy of appointing a lawyer or other professional man as the nominal ruler of the army. A soldier would probably make a poor substitute for Lord Chancellor—a position undeniably for a lawyer to fill—and so it is only natural that a soldier should head the War Office. How justified is Premier Asquith's selection of Earl Kitchener as War Minister, only time can prove. But judging by the results shown in the first few months of his tenure of office, his selection could not have been bettered.

Kitchener has swiftly proved that his old-time masterful spirit and dominant levelheadedness is not dormant. He has grasped the situation with a hand of steel, and with remarkable celerity has thrown a powerful expeditionary force into Belgium to the aid of Great Britain's Allies. He has for the first time in the history of British journalism so censored the war news that it is next to impossible to obtain even an inkling of what is going forward. The numerical strength and the composition of the Expeditionary Force is shrouded in mystery, and their movements are hidden from the public. Kitchener is determined there shall be no possible chance of leakages through Press channels of the plans for operations. He has always been opposed to the War Correspondent—an opposition that the years have fostered in every European army—and now is his chance to see that his policy is strictly enforced. The mere fact that he has assured all the British papers they will court instant suspension if they divulge war movements not given out by the Official Press Bureau, augurs well for a secrecy which has hitherto been lamentably unobtainable in war-time. The papers will obey, for they know Kitchener is no man to be trifled with. What he commands has to be done. There is no room for argument or subterfuge.

How "K. of K." Brought 97 000 Men to Colors in Twenty-four Hours.

Perhaps, there is no general in the world to-day who has such a first-class reputation as Kitchener, unless it be in Japan. Although Europe has been an armed camp for generations, no European general has had much opportunity to prove his worth. Kitchener's experience has been varied and instructive. Scoffers there are who may claim that his operations against the Mahdi, the Khalifa, and the Boers do not hold good in modern warfare, but let it be remembered his reputation is won on powers of organization, administration, and military genius rather than upon actual fighting. But even in the matter of fighting he has so more than made good, that there are many who wonder whether he will not emerge from this crisis with the halo of a second Napoleon; somehow one cannot help thinking it is more than possible. In any event the universal confidence he inspires is mainly responsible for the world-record-breaking recruiting of some 97,000 men inside twenty-four hours.

The new British War Minister is sixty-four years old by the book; but his age is almost irrelevant. One still thinks of him as a young man, for he is young in mind, body and appearance. He stands several good inches over six feet; he is straight as a lance and looks out imperiously above most men's heads; his motions are deliberate, sure and strong; he is slender but very firmly knit and his tall body gives you the impression that he is built primarily for tireless, steel-wire endurance.

In my first meeting with him, it was his steady, passionless steel-grey eyes which made the greatest impression. They are shaded by thick decisive beetle-brows, and are curiously piercing—thoroughly characteristic of the man. His face is brick-red from the scorching Sudan sun, and his cheeks are rather full. A thick moustache, rapidly turning grey, scarcely hides his strong, immovable mouth. You would call his face harsh. It neither appeals for affection nor stirs dislike.

Kitchener's cold, hard, calculating character has left him curiously friendless while he has carved his way to the head of the British army, yet even without really intimate friends, there is not a single man in the whole British Empire who will not respect and admire him. His character may be repellant of advances, almost inhuman in fact, but he is essentially a *man*—and therefore admiration and respect are his by right. To him soldiers are mere pawns, and so slaughter does not shock him, for after all it is only a means to the ultimate goal. Yet, he is by no means a hard man, even if he never wastes any kindly glances. He has no nerves and no sympathies, and the only thing he exacts is obedience. No officer would ever dream of arguing with him or questioning his orders. If one of his subordinates fails, Kitchener listens to no excuses and shows no mercy. He is himself the living exponent of hard work, and he brooks no half measures in others. His staff and the

officers of his army must do exactly what he orders and at the time he orders. And it is largely due to his faculty of being able to select such officers for service under him, that his own success has been unequalled.

Those who have worked side by side with him, or have had the privilege of serving under him, cannot imagine Kitchener otherwise than as seeing immediately the right thing to do, and then doing it thoroughly and at once. His precision has always been so inhumanly unerring in all he has undertaken, that he is more like a perfectly tuned machine than a human being. No matter in what walk of life his career had taken its fling, you feel abundantly sure that he would have been something more than a brilliant success. It is his characteristic, the very nature of the man.

Why the Army Has Prayed for Kitchener to Sweep Out the War Office.

Some few years ago I was talking in my London Club to one of his able generals of the Sudan, and the course of conversation naturally led to a discussion of Kitchener. Somehow those fortunates who have served with him like to talk about him. They may not love him, as loving goes, but they give him a whole-hearted admiration and loyalty that is almost sublime. In their eyes there is no man like him, and who can blame them? I happened to remark to the general that it was fortunate for England that Kitchener had chosen a military career. My friend studied me critically for a few minutes without speaking, and then delivered himself of a brief eulogy that will long remain with me—it was so essentially true. Furthermore, he was a prophet as it has now turned out, although neither of us suspected the wish would become fact.

"I've watched Kitchener in his office, in the field and in mess," observed the general slowly, "and he is the sort of fellow that ought to be made manager of a big business enterprise. He would be a splendid manager. Yet, I nurse a hope—desperate, it is true,—that he may some day be appointed to sweep out the War Office. He would be an even better manager of the War Office than of a business. In fact he would be a magnificent manager of anything under the sun."

The Son of a Fighting Irishman, Soldiering Is Bred in His Blood.

And now he *is* the manager of the War Office. Curiously enough, I do not suppose there is one single man, woman or child in the British Empire who is anything but glad he is pulling the strings from Whitehall. Everyone

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

EARL KITCHENER ARRIVING AT THE WAR OFFICE—NOTICE THE TENSE INTERES OF THE WATCHERS

has faith in him and in his superb ability; and he has faith in himself. that is why he is what he is to-day—the idol, with justifiable cause, of the British Army and Empire.

It has been argued, as already pointed out, that he has had nothing but fighting against black troops and the Boers to justify the assertion that he is the ablest general of modern times. This is scarcely fair nor is it wholly logical. If you closely examine his career, you will see how eminently fitted he is for the post to which he has just been appointed. He has had forty-four years of active service—active in the correct sense of the word, for Kitchener is neither a "carpet- soldier" nor a "drawing-room soldier." His carpets have been the sands of the Sudan deserts, the veldt of South Africa, and the plains and hills of India; his drawing-rooms have been the white tents of military camps or else the blue dome of a tropical sky. One can crowd a wealth of experience into forty-

four years of constant soldiering and fighting.

Being an Irishman—for he was born in Ireland and is the son of an Irish Colonel—it is not at all surprising that he should have chosen a military career. But he is something more than a mere soldier, for he is also a great engineer and an even greater administrator. He began his active life at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich—affectionately known as "The Shop"—and while there saw service as a volunteer in the French army at the time of the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71, taking part in a considerable amount of fighting under General Chanzy and in the famous Franc-Tireurs. Already a veteran of war, he received his commission in the Royal Engineers—a soil reported generally to be more favorable to machinery than to human nature—and early turned his attentions to the study of and service in the Levant. He was one of the late Lord Beaconsfield's military vice-consuls in Asia Minor.

It was as Captain of Engineers in 1883 that he appeared at the beginning of the Sudan troubles and made one of the band of twenty-five British officers who first undertook the unenviable task of making the new Egyptian army. It was from this moment that he turned his attention strictly to the management of war in the Sudan, and to this day he is the complete and only master of that most difficult art. He has been in Egypt ever since, with the brief exceptions of the service against the Boers and seven years as Commander-in-Chief of India. Until appointed War Minister, he was Consul-General and virtual ruler of Egypt.

These years found him on the staff generally, in the field constantly, alone with natives often, and always mastering the intricate problems of the Sudan. He was in the habit of disguising himself as a Dervish and journeying across the Sudan desert in the direction of Khartoum, hoping to gain valuable information. There was no task too severe, and his holidays were spent in work of a more difficult and dangerous character than when on duty. He has been able to see and profit by the errors of others, even as he has been able to profit by their successes. He inherited the wisdom and achievements of his predecessors, for he came at the right time and was the right man.

It is in keeping with his superb genius that he so characteristically bettered the original idea of crossing the Sudan desert by way of Berber to Khartoum with the aid of camel transport, by substituting a railroad. It was his stroke of insight and genius which made a railroad possible where almost every engineer in the world claimed it was not feasible to construct one. While the few who did consider a road possible were projecting it, Kitchener and his staff built it.

An instance of his indomitable will is to be found in the circumstance of his resignation as Sirdar when the young Khedive travelled through the Sudan and insulted every British officer with whom he came in contact. Kitchener promptly resigned, a crisis arose, and the Khedive was forced to do penance publicly for his insolence by issuing a general order praising the discipline of the army and its British officers. Kitchener never afterwards let the Khedive forget who was master.

Explanations are Never Asked or Given When Kitchener Commands

During all his years of preparation in the Sudan, the man Kitchener disappeared. He owns the affectionate admiration of all old comrades of fifteen years' standing and more; he may even hold the affection of private friends in England. For the rest of the world there is no man Herbert Kitchener, but only the infallible general. His officers and men are mere wheels in the general machine; he feeds them enough to make them efficient, and works them quite as mercilessly as he works himself. He will have no married officers on his staff—marriage interferes with work. He is a woman-hater of woman-haters. His creed is that no soldier should ever marry, for by doing so he lessens his efficiency. It is a harsh creed, but it is a sound one. In Egypt during his tenure of office as Sirdar, an officer went on sick leave once, and the next time it was necessary, the Egyptian army no longer bore him on its strength.

Once he remarked in reply to a question as to why he did not let his officers go to Cairo on leave, "If it were to go home, where they could get fit and well, I'd let them, for I could get more work out of them. But why should I let them go to Cairo to frivol their time?" It may be unamiable, but it is war—and it certainly has a severe magnificence.

It was the same in the Boer war. Unexpectedly he arrived at Cape Town one day and found a number of officers loafing on leave in the sunshine of the smiles of fair ladies in the Mount Nelson Hotel. That night most of them returned to their regiments at the front or else left for home on sick leave. He went to each and every officer and inquired what was wrong with him; if not seriously ill the next question asked was the location of his regiment. Then came the abrupt, curt order to return at once. There was no explanation asked or offered. There never is with Kitchener.

In Pretoria, when I was Headquarters' Staff Officer for Transport, an order was issued that no officer was to play polo on a government charger. I used to play polo every afternoon on my private ponies, riding on my charger to the race-course where the polo field was situated. One afternoon I happened to be dribbling a polo ball as I rode towards the pavilion, while my private ponies were being led along behind me. Kitchener and his staff appeared on the scene and rode directly up to me.

"You know the army order about playing polo on government horses?" he asked severely, his eyes cold and expressionless.

"Yes, Sir!" I answered, saluting.

"Where is your regiment now?"

"Standerton, Sir!"

"Rejoin to-night!" came the curt order, and, scarcely waiting for my salute, he wheeled his horse and rode on his way. And so ended my career as transport staff officer for the Commander-in-Chief. It was a little thing, one easily explained, and the incident may appear to savor of being over-harsh. But that is Kitchener's way. You must toe the line without deviation—otherwise your head will fall. Somehow I have always admired him for that.

Another thing that showed the strength of the man and his strict sense of the fitness of things—in Pretoria there were many leakages concerning the movements of convoys and columns, owing to the indiscretion of young officers who admired fair Boer ladies or their women sympathisers. Not one single case got by Kitchener and his staff, and the guilty man paid dearly for his thoughtlessness. There was not a thing that occurred in Pretoria that Kitchener did not know immediately. As an instance of this one morning I called at the Pretoria Club about nine o'clock on my way back to my transport camp. No one was in the club except the servants, and I tarried only a few minutes. Yet, fifteen minutes later when I reached my camp, I was warned over the telephone by Kitchener's aide-de-camp against repeating the incident. The club was not for officers until their day's work had been fully performed.

If you suppose for one single moment that Kitchener is unpopular, you are very much mistaken. No general is unpopular who always beats the enemy. Kitchener has never yet led an army to defeat. When the columns of Kitchener's army leave camp in the evening to march all night through the dense darkness, they know not whither, and to fight at dawn with

an enemy they have never seen, every man goes forth with a tranquil mind. Personally, he may never come back, on the other hand he may; but about the general result there is never a doubt. You can bet your last cent Kitchener knows; he is not made of the stuff that will fight unless he is sure of winning the battle. Other generals have most surely been better loved—Lord Roberts for instance—but none was ever better trusted.

I have always heard it said by those who have known him longest and most intimately, that the hero of Omdurman has never purged himself of one human weakness. Of all others he has most certainly done so. His one weakness—if it is a weakness, which I very much doubt—is ambition.

Kitchener's ambition, even if apparently purely personal, has been legitimate and lofty. He has attained eminent distinction at an exceptionally early age; he has commanded victorious armies when most men are hoping to command regiments; he has commanded an army in South Africa such as few of his seniors have ever led in the field; and he has been charged with a mission that any one of them would have greedily accepted. He has risen rapidly above the heads of most of his seniors until he had no more to climb over; he has commanded the great Indian army, and rumor has it that his eyes are set on the Viceroy's job in India. He has held Cromer's position in Egypt, and he has acquitted himself as only Kitchener could.

Naturally he has awakened jealousies, but he has bought his rapid rise only by brilliant success in every task he has undertaken. If he is not so stiffly unbending to the high as he is to the low, who can blame him? He has climbed far too high not to take every precaution against a fall. He has risked a fall several times—once in the incident with the Khedive, once when he forced Curzon to resign from the Viceroyalty of India. But he has always been sure of himself, and he was always in the right. And he had made himself so utterly indispensable that he could not be sacrificed.

When Kitchener Stood in Gordon's Ruined Garden and for Once Was Moved

They are afraid of him at the War Office, for they know he is their master and would stand for no nonsense, but now in the time of England's need they have been forced to give him what he has hungered for—the supreme command and the chance to show his executive ability.

He has sifted experience and corrected errors; has worked at small things and waited patiently for great; has been marble to sit still and fire to smite; and always he has been steadfast, cold and inflexible. He has cut out his human heart and made himself the world's greatest military leader—a machine of terrific power in war. They said of him in the Sudan that he could break a man's heart with curt censure, and exalt another to heaven with curt praise. They also say of him in the Sudan that he showed the first and only sign of emotion in his career when he stood in Gordon's ruined garden to receive the congratulations of his officers on his brilliant ending to a fifty years' war. They say he could hardly see or speak as his officers shook him by the hand. What wonder? He stood then at his goal after fourteen years of hardships and indomitable plugging.

I once had the chance to see Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener together. It was in Bloemfontein just after its occupation by the British forces. It was simply impossible to refrain from comment upon the striking contrast.

I was discussing the two men, some months later, with a locomotive-engineer on the railroad,

"Oh, yes," he said, "Bobs and Kitchener comes along sometimes. My colonial aunt, y' ought to see the difference in the stations, though! W'en Bobs' train pulls up, he gets out an' strolls along the platform, an' everybody knocks off work so's to come up an' have a look at him. He jes' walks about among the crowd, talkin' to 'em like me an' you would. Asks 'em how they're gettin' on for rations, an' so on. 'Course he's never familiar, or anything like that—y' can always see's he's Boss—an' if he notices anything wrong he lets 'em know quick an' lively—but he seems to be more of a friend to everybody than anything else.

"But when 'Herbert' steps out of his coach there's hardly a soul to be seen on the platform—they're all away diggin' trenches, or mountin' guns, or scoutin' roun' the country—any blessed thing, as long as he finds 'em workin'. Lord 'elp them if they ain't! W'y I believe if Kitchener was to be given command of heaven's gates he'd jes' as soon 'Stellenbosch' Peter, spite of all his long services, supposin' he caught him nappin' any warm afternoon!"

They said of Kitchener at Paardeberg that he begged and pleaded with Lord Roberts to shell Cronje's laager despite the presence of the Boer women and children, but Roberts would not hear of it. Kitchener is credited with having remarked on this occasion that "cruelty in war was mercy, and that mercy was cruelty." If you stop to think this out yourself, you will agree that although appearing inhuman, it is yet real humanity. To end things quickly and so save the greater suffering of protracted warfare is true mercy in the end.

Give Kitchener a Free Hand—And If You Don't, He'll Take It

Give Kitchener a free hand—and if you don't give it to him he'll take it—and he will make order out of chaos in a few weeks. The speed with which Sir John French's Expeditionary Force of 100,000 men landed in Belgium and joined hands with the Allies is alone a proof of Kitchener's ability. Before this war is ended there will be other and greater proofs.

I have said that though not loved, he is admired and trusted by the whole army. The same may be said of the people. I had striking proof of this in 1910 at the time of the late King Edward's funeral. I saw Kitchener and his staff ride from Buckingham Palace to Westminster Hall just before the procession started on its mournful journey through London. The crowd burst into a wild cheer of delight as they saw him. His cold, sphinx-like face turned upon them and the cheers were hushed instantly. To Kitchener the applause of the crowds meant nothing but an unseemly demonstration. He knows he has deserved well of the people, but his self-satisfaction in having achieved, is what counts with him. It was the same when I saw him lead his victorious army through London on his return from the conquest of the Sudan.

Another striking proof of his indomitable will and powers of organization, if another proof is necessary, was given when he took command of the Coronation arrangements in London at the time of King George's accession. Many people complained of the rigorous penning in of the crowds, of the barricades, and the closing of the streets—but it was superbly handled and there were no mishaps.

So it is that the British Empire rejoices and is unafraid now that they know Kitchener of Kartoum is the iron will that will steer England through her time of trial. His is an unenviable task, but one thing everyone can be positive of and that is that he will not fail when it is humanly possible to succeed. He is a great soldier, he would be a great king—but as Secretary of State for War he will be incomparable.

This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

OFF TO THE FRONT

CANADA MONTHLY, like the spirited magazine it is, is right on the firing line, and perforce the Pedlar has to go with it, though what that poor Autolycus can be doing there with his unconsidered trifles, the powers that be alone know.

Moreover, the Man at the Crossroads, for pure divilment insists on accompanying him. "I'll beguile the way for ye," he says, "with many a good war story, for I was sojering in my day along with Robert Blatchford and many another good man in barracks whin Kipling was young," he says, "and turning out copy he couldn't sell," he says, "though it was better stuff than anything th' ould man is giving us to-day."

So we are off to the front with the rest of the boys, though—thanking you kindly for the opportunity—it is our intention to camp as far in the rear as we can and smoke our pipes within sound of war but not of it.

We thought we were on the retired list, accounting ourselves somewhat as veterans, but duty calls and here we are on the march once more.

WAR, THE CHILD OF JEALOUSY AND HATE

EVERY theory as to the cause of, the reason for, this terrible war has been advanced. There have been learned and lengthy editorials, letters from Pro Bono Publico and his legion of relatives and articles by experts on militarism. But it seems to us that the best and indeed simplest explanation is the jealousy and suspicion which have kept the nations for years arming for this Armageddon until military competition had every nation on tiptoe. Since the Franco-Prussian war, France has been nursing her hatred and augmenting her military service. Germany has been building her mighty and unwieldy war machine, Russia has reorganized and equipped her army and England has each year appropriated immense sums for the building of Dreadnoughts. All this has brought about a tension that had to have relief or burst.

It must either be "a let down or a fight." Well, we know now what happened.

And here is the other great cause—hatred. We have come to the conclusion that there is no such bond as the Brotherhood of Man. That is a romantic flight, on some editors' and preachers' part—or the poetic effusion of some maker of songs. We have cultivated hatred and are doing it to-day. The mildest of Canadian middle aged gentleman remarked to us the other day that "he wished he could snipe one German before he died if it were only his barber."

"But my dear sir, the poor barber! What has he to do with it?"

"He's a German, that's all. Susannah, get me my boots."

Susannah came running. "Yes sir, yes sir. Here they are, sir. And there's a man at the back door wants yer hammer. I think he's one of them Germans, sir, the boy from the barber's, sir, with your seegars."

"Donner-und-blitzen! Raus mit him!" cried the middle-aged gentleman, scuffling with his shoes. "Throw him out of the window, Susannah."

Susannah ran to do his commission. But the barber's boy had flown. On the floor were the cigars wrapped in a German paper. On which the middle-aged gentleman presently wiped his boots, which so mollified him that he lighted his smoke and sat down to read about the staggering coolness of the British infantry at the battle of Mons.

THE LUST OF WAR

JEALOUSY and hatred. These are the fomenters of war. There was a time when we had thought that it was Love that swung the world's pendulum. We even wrote fatuously about it. But to-day Hate seems to be the powerful lever that pushes the world's clock. Carefully nursed and exploited hate of the same brand that makes vendetta in Sicily, partyism in politics and war with the whole world.

The lust of war is frightful. It gets into men's bones and the very marrow of their bones. The leash of civilization is off. Here is license for blood shedding and rapine and wrecking and not all the progress of the ages, not all the religion in the world, not even the Christ hanging again upon his Cross will stop it as long as nations arm themselves in a very frenzy of militarism, as long as Hate is encouraged and bred into the very children, as long as barbarous patriotism is cultivated.

We are beasts, after all.

MARKSMANSHIP

"THAT'S a great spiel, ye got off," said the Man at the Crossroads, as we journeyed together down to Valcartier. "You're a fine one for preaching, but Pedlar, me boy, though you were wance in the rear of a sham fight on San Juan Hill, 'tis little you know about the real thing. And the first of it is the drilling. Kitchener knows that, and he's going to take no chances on sending young Canadian raws to the front till he has them trained to a hair. One good thing the Boer war did; it killed volley-firing. There wasn't an officer but thought volley firing the normal thing in action, and independent firing was a forbidden thing. (I noticed, though, that the Canadians went in for it a good bit out there on the veldt.) No more than a few officers are good marksmen. And a bad shot in war time is as useless as a blind kitten. It's the good shooting wins the battles and if every bullet found its billet the war would be over in two months."

THE BULLET AND THE BILLET

AS a matter of fact, most of the bullets fired in actual warfare are billeted nowhere. Even at the present day, taking into account the immensely increased precision and deadliness of firearms, and the improvement in rifles, the ratio borne by the numbers of the killed and wounded to the number of bullets fired must be very small. Not so long since Lord Roberts said that if the British soldier could be so trained as to make it certain that one shot in twenty "got home" our army might be pronounced five times as formidable as any Continental army

Continued on page 434.

What and Why is the Internal Bath?

By C. GILBERT PERCIVAL, M.D.

Though many articles have been written and much has been said recently about the Internal Bath, the fact remains that a great amount of ignorance and misunderstanding of this new system of Physical Hygiene still exists.

And, inasmuch as it seems that Internal Bathing is even more essential to perfect health than External Bathing, I believe that everyone should know its origin, its purpose and its action beyond the possibility of a misunderstanding.

Its great popularity started at about the same time as did what are probably the most encouraging signs of recent times—I refer to the appeal for Optimism, Cheerfulness, Efficiency and those attributes which go with them, and which, if steadily practiced, will make our race not only the despair of nations competitive to us in business, but establish us as a shining example to the rest of the world in our mode of living.

These new daily "Gospels," as it were, had as their inspiration the ever-present, unconquerable Canadian Ambition, for it had been proven to the satisfaction of all real students of business that the most successful man is he who is sure of himself, who is optimistic, cheerful, and impresses the world with the fact that he is supremely confident always—for the world of business has every confidence in the man who has confidence in himself.

If our outlook is optimistic, and our confidence strong, it naturally follows that we inject enthusiasm, "ginger" and clear judgment into our work, and have a tremendous advantage over those who are at times more or less depressed, blue, and nervously fearful that their judgment may be wrong—who lack the confidence that comes with the right condition of mind, and which counts so much for success.

Now the practice of Optimism and Confidence has made great strides in improving and advancing the general efficiency of the Canadian, and if the mental attitude necessary to its accomplishment were easy to secure, complete success would be ours.

Unfortunately, however, our physical bodies have an influence on our mental attitude, and in this particular instance, because of a physical condition which is universal, these much-to-be-desired aids to success are impossible to consistently enjoy.

In other words, our trouble, to a great degree, is physical first and mental afterwards—this physical trouble is simple and very easily corrected. Yet it seriously affects our strength and energy, and if it is allowed to exist too long becomes chronic, and then dangerous.

Nature is constantly demanding one thing of us, which, under our present mode of living and eating, it is impossible for us to give—that is, a constant care of our diet, and enough consistent physical work or exercise to eliminate all waste from the system.

If our work is confining, as it is in almost every instance, our systems cannot throw off the waste except according to our activity, and a clogging process immediately sets in.

This waste accumulates in the colon (lower intestine), and is more serious in its effect than you would think, because it is intensely poisonous, and the blood circulating through the colon absorbs these poisons, circulating them through the system, and lowering our vitality generally.

That's the reason that biliousness and its kindred complaints make us ill "all over." It is also the reason that this waste, if permitted to remain a little too long, gives the destructive germs, which are always present in the blood, a chance to gain the upper hand, and we are not alone inefficient; but really ill—seriously, sometimes, if there is a local weakness.

This accumulated waste has long been regarded as a menace, and Physicians, Physiculturists, Dietitians, Osteopaths and others have been constantly laboring to perfect a method of removing it, and with partial and temporary success.

It remained, however, for a new, rational, and perfectly natural process to finally and satisfactorily eliminate this waste from the colon without strain or unnatural forcing—to keep it sweet and clean and healthy, and keep us correspondingly bright and strong—clearing the blood of the poisons which make it and us sluggish and dull-spirited, and making our entire organism work and act as Nature intended it should.

That process is Internal Bathing with warm water—and it now, by the way, has the endorsement of the most enlightened Physicians, Physical Culturists, Osteopaths, etc., who have tried it and seen its results.

Heretofore it has been our habit, when we have found by disagreeable and sometimes alarming symptoms, that this waste was getting much the better of us, to repair to the drug shop and obtain relief through drugging.

This is partly effectual, but there are several vital reasons why it should not be our practice as compared with Internal Bathing.

Drugs force Nature instead of assisting her—Internal Bathing assists Nature and is just as simple and natural as washing one's hands.

Drugs, being taken through the stomach, sap the vitality of other functions before they reach the colon, which is not called for—Internal Bathing washes out the colon and reaches nothing else.

To keep the colon constantly clean, drugs must be persisted in, and to be effective the doses must be increased. Internal Bathing is a consistent treatment, and need never be altered in any way to be continuously effective.

No less an authority than Professor Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says:—"All of our curative agents are poisons, and as a consequence every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

It is rather remarkable to find, at what would seem so comparatively late a day, so great an improvement on the old methods of Internal Bathing as this new process, for in a crude way it has, of course, been practised for years.

It is probably no more surprising, however, than the tendency on the part of the Medical Profession to depart further and further from the custom of using drugs, and accomplish the same and better results by more natural means, causing less strain on the system, and leaving no evil after-effects.

Doubtless you, as well as other Canadian men and women, are interested in knowing all that may be learned about keeping up to "concert pitch," and always feeling bright and confident.

This improved system of Internal Bathing is naturally a rather difficult subject to cover in detail in the public press, but there is a physician who has made this his life's study and work, who has written an interesting book on the subject called "Why Man of To-day Is Only 50% Efficient." This he will send on request to anyone addressing Charles A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 319, 280 College street, Toronto, and mentioning that they have read this in The Canada Monthly.

It is surprising how little is known by the average person on this subject, which has so great an influence on the general health and spirits.

My personal experience and my observations make me very enthusiastic on Internal Bathing, for I have seen its results in sickness as in health, and I firmly believe that everybody owes it to himself, if only for the information available, to read this little book by an authority on the subject.

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Washing Behind Toronto's Ears

Continued from page 406.

the Inspector in the tone of one demanding marriage-lines at the very least.

There it was. But, oh, *horribile dictu*!—it had parsley planted in it and the stuff it should have contained was in a peach basket of ancient date.

The lady of the house apologized with both hands, her tongue being still in Poland. Her halfgrown son apologized after her. But it was to no purpose. Like a sorrowfully determined avenging angel, the Inspector seized an axe and herself demolished the peach basket. That was enough. Poland did the rest and will doubtless continue to do so, even though it doesn't know why. It is an Order from the Health Department.

At the next house we learned of Hannah, who it seemed had died some time since in the police station, leaving her earthly belongings on Centre Avenue with the deponent now deponing. Would the Inspector find out what should be done?

Sure, the Inspector would. Hannah was no more in her province than was Lily sitting next door, out of work, and reading the fortunes of the Duchess of Kingdomkum, but the Inspector is the friend of her people and everywhere she can get in a little word for them she does it. She mayn't be able to help Lily away from the Duchess and the dangers of coveting replicas of her jewelry, but she will if she can.

"Gardens were my next fad," she said to the reporter as the two got under way once more. "I'll show you some."

A knock on the open door was sufficient announcement. The three holidaying Dago construction-hands looked up from their cards with three welcoming grins and the landlady of the lodging house conducted the investigators upstairs and down.

"Clean-a, so-o clean-a!" she smiled, illustrating her previous efforts with the broom.

"You may think the sheets aren't very 'clean-a' even now," said the Inspector, "but when I began the Ward hadn't heard of sheets or pillow cases either. Now you see they have both. I don't believe there's a house without them, except maybe some Poles that are just out. And when they get them, they do try to keep them clean."

It was when we arrived at the garden however, that the little Italian's pride bubbled over.

Straight up to her green tomatoes she walked her guests.

"Ni-ica, oh ni-ica," she crooned,

lifting each little hard nubbin tenderly in two hands.

Every vegetable was an exhibit. Each stalk of corn was a pilgrimage spot. At the parsley she stopped and picked each visitor a bunch. The reporter ate some of hers to show there was no bad feeling and the gardener seemed vastly pleased, pointing out the fact to the three smiling construction boys who filled up the back window.

"Last year I distributed a thousand packages of seeds," said the Inspector as we left, "the Horticultural Society gives them to me and the people here are so proud of what they grow."

Last of all the two of us went to a restaurant, a real Jewish restaurant, evolved out of one of the elder-day kind where the garbage stood a foot deep in the kitchen and the meat was baked in a hand-basin.

To-day the place is all white tiles, white-uniformed waiters and white table cloths. No wonder the regular guests manifest a wholesome desire to clean up before they sit down in such a Mosaically-perfect place.

"Ew-thing with co-wers," said the smiling little proprietress who couldn't pronounce a "v" to save her big black eyes," "ew-thing to be clean. Look!"

Out in the kitchen there were separate stands to wash the milk and the meat dishes according to the Talmudic ordinance—six pure white tubs, and a seventh, by itself, for the workers' hands, lest anything should be contaminated.

Elijah who sliced cucumbers, a rabbiesque old man with a skull cap and the eyes of a prophet, was as clean as a white apron could make him and Judith and Miriam who giggled over the dishes were just as irreproachable.

"Twenty-one t'ousand t'ollars," said the lady whose husband had made it all from nothing, "and ew-thing to be clean, clean."

Outside we met the probationer-inspectress on her rounds.

"Say, they nearly put me out up there," she said, "I had to make them understand I was just learning in your district, not trying to get your job. One old woman told me she'd lived fifty-seven years in the Ward and she could remember the days when you couldn't get down to Queen Street for the garbage."

The new recruit makes the fourth woman inspector on the lists of the Department of Municipal Housekeeping. Each of them goes out first with the heroine of this tale to practise, before she tackles in earnest the Greeks or Poles or just-h'out H'English of her own quarter-to-be. Each thereafter aims to get her people up to the standard of the once-despised Ward.

"Next year," said the Inspector who had banished the chicken and

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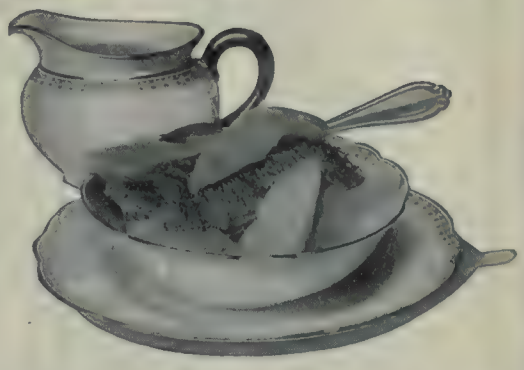
that has involved the whole human race for all time is the conflict between Nature and Disease. The first move in the warfare against Disease is to clear the alimentary canal of all the toxins of past food follies by eating Nature's food—



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planted the garbage can and secured the garden for every Wardette who wanted it, "next year, we're going to have flyscreens. You just watch us!"

The Corporal and the Girl

Continued from page 416.

joins the McLeod.) The position was almost too exciting even for him, and he very cautiously drew himself backwards on to the bridge. In doing so he bumped into the Corporal, who was also attempting to rise.

"All right?" asked Tommy.

"Seem to be," answered O'Connor in surprise, feeling himself for broken bones, and not locating any. "What the devil happened? and—what the devil's this?" for his outstretched hand had touched a human body lying near him in the dark.

"Well, what in thunder is it?" asked Tommy testily.

"My God! it's a woman," said the Corporal, running his hand over a luxuriant head of hair. "She's unconscious," as he lit a match and held it near her face.

"Melissa," he said weakly as the wind tossed out the tiny light.

"What?" cried Tommy.

"Melissa Renfrew," said the Corporal fiercely. "I suppose that hell-hound of a brother of hers lit out and left her, not caring whether she was dead or alive," and he turned loose a few more lurid expressions.

"More likely went over the trestle," said Tommy, solemnly. By the aid of matches he had now gotten a fair grasp of the situation. One of the water-barrels which had stood at the side of the bridge to be used in case of fire, had been dislodged by the wind, and rolled on the track. Into this the first car piled and turned turtle, throwing off its human freight. The second car had run into its disabled predecessor, and followed its example.

"She's living," said the Corporal, relieved as the girl moved and groaned a little, "but we must get her over to the camp as quickly as possible. There are lights, so every one has not gone to bed."

At this point the Canadian Northern Railway was tunnelling under the Grand Trunk Pacific trestle, and the bridge camp was situated just below the track. The two young men, after clearing the track of the barrel and disabled hand-speeder, lifted the gasoline car back on to the rails, for the bridge being open between each timber, it was quite impossible for them to carry the girl off the track in the darkness. Their only mode of procedure was to get off as they had come on. Fortunately the car was unhurt and Tommy soon managed to start it going; but while he was fumbling at it in the hampering darkness Corporal O'Connor sat on the track holding in his arms the unconscious form of the girl he loved. He wasn't in doubt on that subject any longer.

At the moment when he had gazed into the apparently dead face of Melissa Renfrew his indecision vanished. In that moment all his objec-

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tions had taken wing. What mattered her faulty English, or her disreputable connections? She was the girl he wanted, and all remembrance of his uncle the Earl faded as completely from his mind as the memory of his wandering nephew had long since faded from the recollection of that haughty nobleman.

"All set," announced Tommy, and the Corporal climbed on with his precious, but none too fairy-like burden, and they were soon off the bridge. A few minutes later they were toiling up the steep bank to the quarters of the engineers, with whom they were acquainted.

Grey, the engineer, who had sat up late, reading, received them with an astonished face, but quickly put his comfortable shack at their disposal, when they explained the situation.

"I'll send some one down to see if you were right about Renfrew's having gone over the bridge," he said, "and perhaps Mrs. Brown," referring to the wife of the storekeeper and the only woman in camp, "will see what can be done for the young lady."

O'Connor put Melissa down on the couch and looked at her helplessly while Tommy, not knowing what else to do, followed Grey out of the shack.

There was a dark bruise on the girl's forehead which was quite sufficient to account for her unconsciousness. The Corporal thinking vaguely that what she needed was more air, unbuttoned her long heavy coat and shifted her a little higher up among the cushions. Either that or the change from the cold air seemed to have the desired effect for with a little sigh she opened her grey eyes to find them gazing straight into the Irish blue ones of Corporal O'Connor. She was not unused to unusual situations, and her mind worked quickly.

"You followed us?" she said.

"I didn't know you were along," apologized the Corporal.

"What's the odds? You'd 'a had to go anyhow. You just done your duty—as mebbe I was just doing mine."

"Why did you go?" asked the young man curiously.

"He couldn't 'a pumped all the way to 39 alone, and no one else would go with him, so he sent Dolman for me. He knew I'd go. You see, though he ain't much good he's my brother, and we was great chums as kids. I didn't want him to go to jail if I could help it, though I guess he deserved to. Oh! dear but it was cold and dark, and I was so frightened at the high places, and then we ran on the big bridge and hit something I suppose, for I don't remember no more. I suppose you'll have no use for me now," and her lip trembled piteously.

"I think you are a brick," said he

No Change
In Price of
Blue Ribbon Tea

THE BLUE RIBBON TEA CO. have pleasure in announcing that they do not propose to take advantage of the advance in price of tea. This company is in a position to supply all the Tea required in Western Canada, and **will sell at old prices indefinitely.**

P.S.—In spite of the heavy duty which has just been imposed upon Coffee, we will continue to sell Blue Ribbon Coffee at old prices.

Blue Ribbon, Limited

Winnipeg — Edmonton — Calgary

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Stationery, Printed Matter, etc.

¶ **Where do you keep it? Wouldn't a Steel Cabinet be better than your present method?**

¶ Steel Cabinets are fireproof, compact and durable. They protect stock from dust, vermin, etc. A security against petty theft. They promote order and system, and besides economize space and time.

¶ Steel Clothing Lockers, too, should be part of the equipment of every office. Let us send you catalogues showing different styles of Cabinets and Lockers, or better still, tell us just what your requirements are.

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"Having had an Oxydonor in my house for thirteen years, I prize it more highly than ever. It has cured me and my family of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Salt Rheum, Neuralgia, Sick Headaches, Bronchitis and Womb Trouble; also cured Colds, Sore Throat, La Grippe, Pneumonia and Fevers. I would not be without Oxydonor in my house for one day."
Mrs. A. E. Edgecombe, 131 Gore Vale Ave., Toronto, Ont.
Dec. 16, 1913.

Thousands of such letters have been received by Dr. Sanche.

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That will develop into a good position if you are not afraid to work. We want folks with good, rich blood, with determination, with happy dispositions and the "bound-to-make-good-habit." A beginner ought to earn $20 a week, and many of our representatives make double this amount. If you make good we won't let you go. If you want, clean, honest, healthy, out-door work, write to-day. Address

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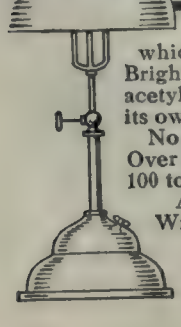

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463 E. 5th St., Canton, O.

fervently, slipping his arm around her to emphasize the fact.

"Did you get him?" she asked, suddenly remembering.

"No," he hesitated, "he—he wasn't there, but the speeder was there—and —and—."

"The trestle," she murmured tensely.

"We don't know yet. They've gone to see—but it's quite likely that he did get away into the woods along the river. But, see here, I couldn't help it, you know, whether he got away or —or didn't. I—I hope you won't feel sore at me, because you know I want awfully to marry you."

A wonderful illuminating light flashed over the girl's face, making her for the moment surprisingly pretty.

"Marry me?" she said breathlessly, "but—but—you'd be ashamed o' me," for her feminine intuition had long ago revealed his indecision and its cause.

The Corporal flushed.

"No, I won't," he answered stoutly, "I don't care about that. Those things don't matter, really."

"But I care," moaned the girl, "and I'd go to school if I had any money, so's I'd learn to be like your kind o' people."

"I'll have the money, for that matter before long, but I like you just as you are," he protested, "I don't want you changed."

"But I do," she repeated "I've always wanted to go to ladies' college, and if you'll let me go—for awhile after we're married—I'll work so hard I won't have to stay long, and then maybe I'll be nearly good enough for you."

The Corporal flushed again. There flashed across his mind the careless, happy-go-lucky, none too blameless life he had led since the West had claimed him for her own.

"I guess you needn't worry about that," he grinned, "you'll probably be good enough for me at any stage of the game, but you may suit yourself, and I'm glad you won't hold it against me—about Slim, you know."

Her face sobered quickly.

"But—but I guess we're even, ain't we?" she asked, "If you fergive me for helping him, and for belongin' to him, I guess I can fergive you for just doing what was your duty," and she slipped her arms around his neck.

When, a few minutes later Grey and Mrs. Brown came in, the Corporal was standing beside the couch in an awkward attitude that suggested a sudden rising, and the very radiant face of Melissa Renfrew did not suggest that she had received any serious injury in the late accident.

"She doesn't look very bad," said Mrs. Brown smiling, and Melissa's face became even rosier than when they entered.

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"My head feels sort of dizzy, that's all," she informed them. "I guess I didn't get any bones broke. Did—did Slim get away?"

Grey looked embarrassed and turned imploringly to Tommy, who came in at that moment.

The look on Tommy's face was unmistakable, for he had just watched them carry the mangled remains of handsome, dissolute Slim Renfrew from the bank of the Sundance, where he had fallen, to a near-by tent, and

the horror of the sight was still with him.

"They found him?" she asked faintly.

"Ye—yes," stammered Tommy "he went over the trestle." He had come so near to sharing that fate himself that the sight had quite unnerved him, and he sat down suddenly in a nearby chair. Melissa's grey eyes widened. She hadn't really believed he could have gone over the bridge; it is human nature not to believe in the death of a dear one until it is proven beyond all doubt.

The Corporal sat down suddenly beside her and put his arms around her; with a sob she hid her face against his shoulder.

"Gee!" thought Tommy, "she's landed him," and for some pecu iar reason which he scarcely understood, his thoughts flew to Vivien Vane.

Wild Wells

Continued from page 410.

Alice had refused to stay at the Hotel Houston any longer and run up bills. Then in a bitter quarrel in which altruism clashed with altruism, she forced Seth to allow her to come out to the field town and take a room in a pine-shack, which even the tame title of boarding-house seemed to over-honor. The landlady was Mrs. Bunnell. Her sister Jane was the belle of the field—which was not saying much.

And so December reached its twenty-fourth—a warm and sultry day in which everything seemed as far as possible from the normal Christmas conditions. Late in the afternoon Seth came in and threw himself on a chair in abject collapse.

"The rotary table has just snapped in two. I can't raise money for another. The work has shut down. The men are grouchy, and I'm all in," he explained.

"The men haven't struck, have they?" Alice asked.

"Oh, they're as faithful and patient as you'd expect angels to be," said Seth, "and they promised not to knock off till the last hope was gone, but this has finished them."

"They mustn't stop yet," said Alice. "You just stay heah and tend the baby awhile."

"I guess that's about all I'm good for," Seth groaned, too deeply dejected to note that she had slipped on her hat and hurried out.

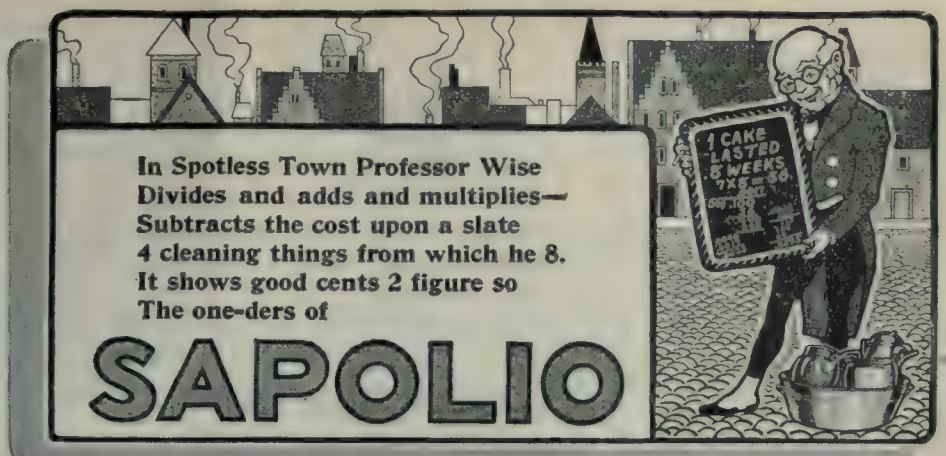
He sat chewing the bitter cud of baffled hopes, and mechanically picking up the toys as the baby threw them overboard. It was then that, after the eleventh consecutive restoration of the little tin bank, the clink of the money shocked his ear and opened his mind to temptation.

He put it away, and vowed to die first. But the bank fascinated him, and as the baby continued to tell over his toes, Seth, Sr., found himself half-unconsciously working at the lock, when Alice burst in.

"The men have promised they'll stay on," she said. "Tom Dominick said he'd work till somewhere or other froze ova, if I asked him tew. So I asked him. All he needed he said was money enough to get a new rotary something or other. Do you reckon we could scrape up a few dollars some place?"

At that moment the little tin bank came suddenly open in Seth's hand, and there was a local cloudburst of pennies, dimes, quarters, bills, and gold pieces.

Alice's eyes widened with joy. She credited the baby with the whole idea,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Show your maid how easily she can clean with Sapolio. Rub just the amount of Sapolio you need on a damp cloth.

Show her how quickly the Sapolio suds remove grease spots from the floor, table or shelves.

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DEAR CHILDREN:
WE HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU. A TOY SPOTLESS TOWN—JUST LIKE THE REAL ONE, ONLY SMALLER. IT IS 8¼ INCHES LONG. THE NINE (9) CUNNING PEOPLE OF SPOTLESS TOWN, IN COLORS, ARE READY, TO CUT OUT AND STAND UP. SENT FREE ON REQUEST.

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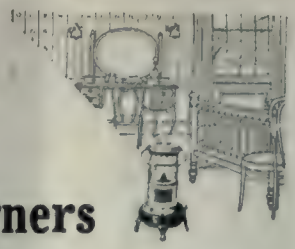

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AUTUMN days are chilly, but there need be no cold corners in the house where a

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is used.

It warms up bedroom and bathroom on cold mornings before the furnace or the stove is going, and in very cold weather gives just the extra heat needed to keep the living rooms comfortable.. A Perfection Heater saves money, too—coal bills are a lot less because you don't have to start the fire so soon.

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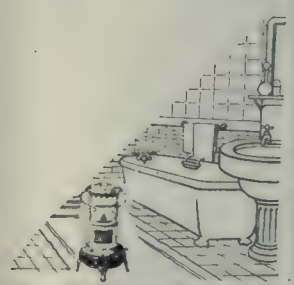

Write to-day for particulars of my

FREE TRIAL OFFER

Our "Gravity" design gives greatest convenience, as well as ease of operation with quick and thorough work. Do not overlook the detachable tub feature.

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse, but, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't alright."

Well, I didn't like that, I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see, I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about me and my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see, I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, *before they pay for them*, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that without wearing the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons, the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might

So said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a MONTH'S FREE TRIAL. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes alone And then it will save 50 to 75 cents a week over that on washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week send me 50c a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in six minutes. Address me personally,

Power Washers

If you have electricity or Gasoline Power available let me tell you about our "1900" Power Washers; wash and wring by electricity by simply attaching to any electric light socket—no work at all, or the same machine can be operated from a Gasoline Engine.

H. P. MORRIS, MANAGER NINETEEN HUNDRED WASHER Company
357 Yonge Street. TORONTO, Ontario.

and was on her knees threatening to nip off all the pink toes at once.

"I'd rather die than rob the baby's bank again," said Seth.

"Well, thank goodness, I haven't such principles," cried Alice. "I'll be the burglar. Besides, he's very anxious for us to use it, aren't you, you b'essed, itty, wootsumtootsum," etc.

When she jabbed her forehead in Seth, Jr's ticklish ribs and burrowed, the baby emitted joyous noises that might have been taken for approval. They sufficed the easy conscience of Alice, and she hobbled about on her knees harvesting the shekels. She forced them into Seth's pocket, got his hat, slammed it on his head, kissed him and shoved him out of the door.

He went with bowed head to the derrick, gave Tom money enough to pay for the repairs, and a little extra to buy cigars and things. "It'll be the baby's Christmas present," he smiled.

When Tom returned with a new rotary and a resharpened bit, he ordered Seth off the premises.

"You go on away f'om heah, Mista Radford," he commanded. "You are daid beat. You need sleep. Besides, it's Christmas Eve, and you ought to be with yo' family."

Seth yielded, and went back to Alice. He could still hear the mumble of the revolving drill when he fell asleep at midnight, worn out with despondency. He slept like a dead man, for hours.

Suddenly he sat up aghast. Had a wildcat leaped at his throat and screamed in his very ear? He rubbed his eyes, and looked about. The scream continued. It was like the death-cry of a thousand panthers. The very physical impact of it was a terrific pain.

He leaped from his bed. Day was just breaking, and in the rosy twilight of dawn he could see Alice staring at him and hugging the baby to her breast. From her look he could tell that she was calling to him. From the baby's distorted scarlet features he could see that Seth, Jr. was howling with all the horse-power of his lungs. But not a sound could he hear except that fearful shriek.

He went close to Alice and yelled at her, but she shook her head; she could not hear a syllable. Her features were wrung with the torture of the noise. He motioned her to cover her head with the bed covers. Then he slipped into a few clothes, and hurried out, clasping his hands about his ears as if to keep his skull from being split with the clamor.

He saw his crew running away from his well. The long steel cable had been sent flying like a twine string; two joints of pipe had been hurled against a tree and wrapped around it. The derrick was almost hidden in a white

Continued on page 454.

Putting up meadow hay in the Nechako Valley.

Stock thrives on the rich grasses in the Nechako Valley.

Farming Opportunities in British Columbia

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NECHAKO VALLEY

on the Main Line of the Grand Trunk Pacific

Let this Board of Trade, which has nothing to sell, give you reliable, disinterested, free information.

LEARN about the wonderful opportunities for farming and stock raising in the fertile Nechako Valley, the largest and richest connected area of agricultural land in British Columbia. Fertile soil. Mild, bracing climate. The best mixed farming country in Western Canada. On the main line of a transcontinental railroad. Near good, growing towns. Near schools and churches.

Government Department of Lands says: "The Valley of the Nechako comprises one of the finest areas of land in British Columbia." Dr. Dawson, the well-known Government expert and investigator, says: "The Nechako Valley is the largest connected area of lands susceptible to cultivation in the whole Province of British Columbia."

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This Board of Trade does not deal in land nor anything else. It only wants to bring you and the land together. The land is here, waiting for you. It will bring you big harvests every year and keep on swelling your bank balance.

Let this disinterested Board of Trade advise you about the farming and stock raising opportunities in this rich Valley. Tell us how much land you want, what experience you have had in farming, approximately what you are prepared to pay for the land and what resources you have to put it under crop. YOU DO NOT OBLIGATE YOURSELF IN ANY WAY AND THE INFORMATION WILL BE KEPT CONFIDENTIAL. We will advise you honestly, frankly, whether there is an opportunity for you here and if so, where and why. We will bring you and the land together.

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Write to-day. Investigate AT ANY RATE. You owe that to yourself and your family. There is no obligation on your part and OUR SERVICE IS FREE.

There are several good business openings for progressive men and women in this fast growing town. If you are interested write to-day. Remember this Board of Trade has nothing to sell you.

Board of Trade
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"The Dominating Center of Nechako Valley."

We have nothing to sell.

Fill out, clip and mail this coupon.

C. M. Oct.

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I wish to get a farm of .....acres for .....

at about $.....per acre. My resources are about $..... This coupon does not obligate me in any way.

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Agents Wanted

We have an exceptionally attractive proposition to offer enterprising men selling Cadillac Vacuum Cleaners. Address

CLEMENTS MFG. CO.
78 Duchess St. TORONTO

The Pedlar's Pack

Continued from page 424.

has yet shown itself. As it is, the army is twice as formidable. The shooting of the British lines at Mons the other day excited the unbounded admiration of the French. The firing was not that of nervous or excited men, such as happened to the New York 73rd, let us say, in the Philippines when poor chaps (who had just left the land office and the ice cream counter) for the first time learned the awful fact that it was no fancy play at the ranges, but a matter of life and death with a real enemy popping at them, until they found themselves firing with shut eyes like Mr. Winkle at the partridges, and the roof of every man's mouth was hot with trouble.

And if our British—those cool, methodical, efficient men—lost heavily in that five days' fighting, what of the Germans?

Our boys, say the reports, went silent and happy to their positions, without singing, which is forbidden these days, but with their own sallies of humour—that of Little Ortheris, and Mulvaney, and now Johnny Canuck.

ESTIMATES

IT is estimated that in the Franco-Prussian war the Germans fired 20,000,000 bullets. The French killed and wounded amounted to about 140,000 men. According to this, only one ball out of 143 fired hit its man; and assuming that on an average one man out of seven hit was actually killed, it would seem that only one bullet in 858 proved effective. At the battle of Bantzen 714 bullets were fired for one man put *hors de combat*. At Victoria, Wellington's army fired 500 shots for one man killed or wounded.

In 1849, at Kobling, the Prussians fired 77,000 cartridges and killed or wounded 475 Danes; that is, one man was hit out of every 163 shots fired. Such estimates might be vastly extended without serving much purpose, but they show how necessary is efficient marksmanship, and how futile for all murderous purposes is a rifle practice that exercises a man's marksmanship at the rate of 60 shots a day for comparatively a few days or weeks a year.

But we must leave the war fields for easier grazing for a minute.

GOD KNOWS!

A QUIET drunken man came into our back porch the other day and finding all doors locked, treated himself to a brown paper parcel which he found on the stoop, and slouched off with it. God knows what he could do with it. Item: One roll of cotton; item: one white skirt; item: one length of blue print; item: two delicate undergarments edged with lace; item: one straight waistcoat (ladies'). The next day a "suspicious person" was found loitering in a nearby alley and was promptly placed in the charge of a pink-nosed policeman and led into captivity. He was found to be the same man, he who had pilfered the petticoats of Susannah.

Everybody said, "What a blessing to be rid of him!"

"An infamous scoundrel!" cries Mr. Grundy.

"I can't think," says Mrs. G., "why such people are allowed to live."

"God knows," says Susannah.

"I trust he does," says Mrs. Grundy, sighing.

"Shure," says Susannah, who needs but the wind of a word to be off upon a dissertation. "Shure an' why wouldn't He? Didn't He know what was in the little boy's pocket when the priest in confession couldn't tell him what was in it?"

"And what was in it, Susannah,?" asks Mr. Grundy pompously.

"The devil a pocket at all he had," says Susannah—which reply had in it the essence of such finality as made further conversation useless.

OUR DAILY HYPOCRISIES

SOME one pitched a letter from over a green hedge into the Pedlar's Pack as he travelled along the dusty road at a great pace—for he was late with his wares. Sitting by the wayside later with his frugal lunch, he found it to be a dissertation upon Truth, and an appeal that it be made a ware of the Pedlar's Pack. "Truth" at all costs and every day and in everything. "What do you think of it?" asks the man in his letter.

I much fear me that it is a fabric out of which an honest Pedlar would not make much selling by yard or inch. Truth every day and in everything! Let's see.

Keene once had a sketch in Punch, The guests were seated, the host was prattling the usual lies—"So sorry you are going—now, can't we persuade you?—how time has flown! Hope we shall soon see you ag—!"

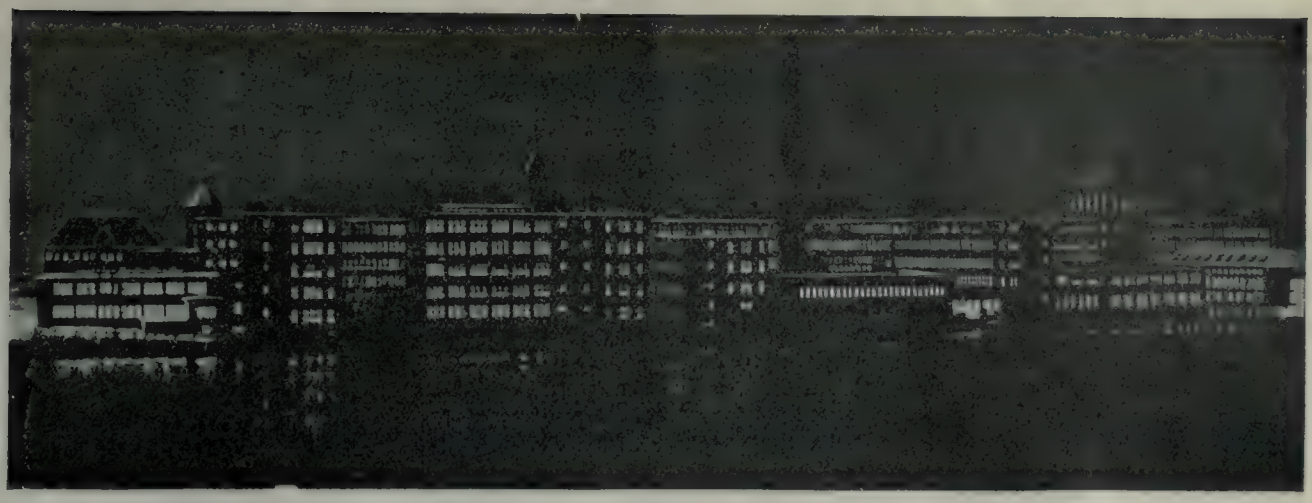
Comes the coachman, one Patrick, whispering behind the back of his hand.

"Will I make thim too late for the thrain, your Hanner? Shure I can aisy, me lord, if you say the worrd." To which his master, the host, replied in the ghost of a whisper.

"If you dare, I'll—Drive like the devil!"

Let's see again:

Miss Edgeworth once, when leaving Bowood with her sister after a visit to Lord Lansdowne, said in reply to his Lordship's civil "I am sorry you can-



The Factory that Times the World

By night, from the River Charles, one gets an impressive picture of the Waltham Watch plant at Waltham, Massachusetts.

In capacity it is so great that it manufactures three thousand watch movements a day.

In the delicacy and scientific exactness of its processes, it has been accorded first place the world over.

This is the oldest watch plant in America—the largest in all the world. From it to every corner of the earth have gone the Waltham instruments of precision.

Nearly twenty million men and women time their daily movements by the Waltham Watches manufactured here.

Jewelers everywhere regulate their timepieces by the Waltham Chronometers, which they unhesitatingly accept as *standard*.

In official naval services and on the best appointed yachts and motor-boats the authority of the Waltham Marine Chronometer is regarded as *final*.

Motorists in every land depend upon the Waltham Automobile Timepieces to give them the exact hour under all conditions of wind, weather, and road.

And so we speak the literal truth when we say: "This is the Factory that times the World."

From this Waltham factory each year go timepieces which outclass all competitors in the tests at the famous Kew Observatory in England. These trials are the most authoritative in the world. More Waltham Watches receive the Kew Class A certificate (of accuracy) than any other make of watch—a proof accepted by watch experts as conclusive of Waltham's unrivalled resources.

This prestige of Waltham has been won during more than half a century of scientific and commercial conquest. Waltham has revolutionized the world's watch making. It has been the originator of new methods, the inventor of new machinery, a daring and successful pioneer. The story of the origin and triumph of Waltham offers a fascinating example of the success that rewards an organization seeing a human need and filling it better than it was ever filled before.

In Europe watch-making was a *household* industry, subdivided into more than a hundred distinct branches and employing thousands of men, women and children in their homes. At Waltham all these processes were placed under one roof and automatic machines replaced the hands of the workers. The most important result of this change was that the watch parts became *interchangeable* so that a part may be taken from one watch and placed in another without changing it in any way and both watches give perfect results.

Waltham thus introduced uniformity and regular standards into watch making, where chaos prevailed before. To the watch purchaser this meant not only the finest watch in the world, but the possibility of quicker, easier and cheaper repair in case his watch met with an accident.

The nucleus of the Waltham Company was formed in 1849 by Aaron L. Dennison who had observed the manufacture of muskets on the interchangeable system in the government arsenal at Springfield, Mass. He reasoned that similar economy of method could be utilized in making watches. He set up a few machines in a clock works in Roxbury, then a suburb of Boston. In 1850 a small factory was built and the model of the first watch completed. It was made to run eight days without rewinding, but this was found impractical. The first watches were actually placed on the market in 1853. Seeking a more favorable environment, free from dust, the company moved in 1854 to its present location at Waltham, 12 miles from Boston, and this site today remains unequaled for the manufacture of delicate instruments. On the one side is the River Charles, on the other an open park, with abundant foliage, sunlight and flowers. The atmosphere is pure and dustless.

In 1854 the company employed 90 hands and its output was 5 movements a day. Today it manufactures 3000 movements a day, employs a "small army" of people, and its total output is nearly 20,000,000 watch movements.

Many of the most delicate and difficult processes of watch manufacture are exclusive to Waltham. The best method of making the over-coil or Breguet *hairspring* is possible only at Waltham. Waltham *mainsprings* are made by a secret process and are so superior that any jeweler will tell you that "the best mainsprings come from Waltham". The Waltham "escapement" is celebrated for the attention and care which is bestowed upon it.

This great Waltham plant and its honorable history and traditions are justified by the faithfulness and beauty you will note in every Waltham product.

Its Rich Color

as well as the delicious flavor of

MAPLEINE

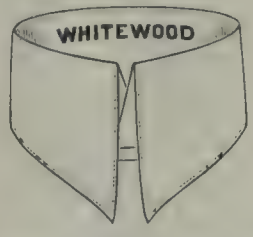
makes it doubly acceptable at this season of the year for mapley cakes, ices, dainties, desserts and candies.

2 OZ. BOTTLE
50 CENTS

Get it from your grocer, or write

CRESCENT MFG. CO.
Dept. G. SEATTLE, WASH.
Send 2c. stamp for Recipe Book.

E&W RED MAN



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20c. or 3 for 50c.

The distinctive style which makes the Red Man Collar different from all others is very marked in this collar. A joy to the fastidious dresser.

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Just a little pleasant easy work for us in your own neighborhood. No experience needed, any bright boy or girl can do the work and easily earn a fine Bicycle. Write for full details of our **BIG GIFT OFFER** to boys and girls. A postcard will do. Address
CANADA MONTHLY, Toronto, Ont.

not stay longer," "Oh, but my lord, we can !" Whereupon the boxes were taken off the carriage which was sent away, and the ladies re-entered the house with the astounded and chagrined host.

Listen to the dear ladies:

"Thank you, dear; so glad to have seen you ! Oh, Lord, didn't she look a fright ! Hair dyed a new shade, and a purple make-up ! Sixty if she's a day; and the way she frisks about ! Awful old woman !"

Far be it from a poor Pedlar to fall into such bogholes as strict adherence to the truth would place him. To be sure he sells shoddy for cloth, and at that you'd cheat him in the price, but both he and you know the tricks of the trade, and you get as good as you give. The trifling untruths may not be worth while, but could we get along without them ? Could we live the daily life without some one or other of the little conventional hypocrisies ? For instance, if I told you dear Madam, that I more than suspected that your good looks came from your maquillage box, and that you had passed the half century milestone a good decade ago, and you retaliated by saying "If I'm sixty, you must be eighty, for you've been writing nonsense for the last forty-five years, and everybody knows that you aren't a Pedlar at all, but just a plain woman," would we be happier than when you address me as "Dear Editor," and I subscribe myself—"Yours affectionately, The Pedlar ?"

FROM A WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT

"Now Germany is a land of universal mourning. Black is the predominant color. The train which conveyed me from the Capital to Hamburg was full of weeping women in black. Women in Germany are either desolate or racked by the torture of suspense. Each knock at the front door caused a panic in every household, for it may be the dreadful official message announcing the death or multilation of a husband, or son, or brother.

"Germany has called her last line of reserves and every household is directly concerned in the war. In some families all the male members are at the front. The losses have been colossal, and the suppression of public lists by the authorities has not concealed the extent of toll in human lives, which Germany is forced to pay for the Kaiser's policy. For local lists are still published and bad news travels fast, so that a fairly accurate, though probably still incomplete, idea of the number of casualties exists.

"I believe I will be within the mark in stating that more than 100,000 German soldiers already have been killed in various battles on the eastern frontier, the western frontier and in Belgium and France. Heaviest of all have been the casualties in continuous fighting between the Mons and Charleroi line and in the present positions of the forces moving on Paris."

—Extract from the correspondence of Count Rudolph Ehrenburg.

THE heart is sore and depressed with all that has happened, that is being written. The mind staggers at numbers in this war of the world. It cannot conceive a line of battle in which millions of men are engaged. Every other war in history dwindles to pigmyism before this shocking Beast of a War that is eating men up like a Moloch and breaking the hearts of the women. They are stunned with misery, the women of Germany, of France, of little Belgium, of vast Russia, of Austria, of Britain, and soon it will come home to the women of Canada. Quiet soldiers, the women, steadfast and patient and unutterably

JAEGER *Fine Pure Wool*

Stockinet Underwear

Made in Great Britain for the British Colonies

Made in all weights to suit every season. This underwear is pure wool of finest quality, fine finish and fit, and gives greatest possible comfort and protection.

They are goods that give satisfaction.

We solicit your inspection.

For sale at all Jaeger Stores and Agencies throughout the Dominion.

Dr. JAEGER SANITARY WOOLLEN SYSTEM Co.
TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG
INCORPORATED IN ENGLAND IN 1883 WITH BRITISH CAPITAL FOR THE BRITISH EMPIRE

Deafness

From All Causes, Head Noises and Other Ear Troubles Easily and Permanently Relieved!

Thousands who were formerly deaf, now hear distinctly every sound — whispers even do not escape them. Their life of loneliness has ended and all is now joy and sunshine. The impaired or lacking portions of their ear drums have been reinforced by simple little devices, scientifically constructed for that special purpose.

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums

often called "Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" are restoring perfect hearing in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc. No matter what the case or how long standing it is, testimonials received show marvelous results. Common-Sense Ear Drums strengthen the nerves of the ears and concentrate sound waves on one point of the natural drums, thus successfully restoring perfect hearing where medical skill even fails to help. They are made of a soft, sensitized material, comfortable and safe to wear. They are easily adjusted by the wearer and out of sight when worn.

What has done so much for thousands of others will help you. Don't delay—**Write today** for our **FREE** 168 page **BOOK** on **DEAFNESS** — giving full particulars and plenty of testimonials.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated
112 Inter-Southern Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

sad. I saw them once—the women looking at their dead and wounded. I heard the sound of their wailing. I saw the stunned, dull faces, heard the sobbing in the night as I lay unsleeping on the flags of Clara Barton's Red Cross hospital in Santiago. And I have not forgotten. I shall never forget.

It was gay-going to Cuba seventeen years ago. No fresh-cheeked lad that ever laughed his goodbye from a train window on his way to Valcartier was ever more happy or carefree than "the first accredited woman war correspondent in the world" as she went gaily—gaily, oh my God!—aboard, accompanied by a cohort of the Press boys, the good comrades of years.

For her, war meant scoops for her paper, glory and sound, and the beating of drums and the flying banners.

She knew that somewhere in the background there were bullets and the roar of guns and wounded men and dying horses. But these were in the background while she was "going to the front." I never hear or read the word now without feeling a pulse of that despair which before I came back gripped my soul and remains with me yet. To the front! and the drums beating and the "boys" singing, and the women cheering through their tears!

No woman will ever cheer on the troops again. Let them go in silence; in love; in that deep grief of heart which the forlorn mother of some killed boy has known and will know until her hour of rest comes.

And all Germany is a land of mourning. And all the women are in black. And so is Belgium and Britain and France. So may be Canada.

Somebody asks for an article on war "from the woman's standpoint." As if she had any standpoint save that of horror and grief and silence. And yet she is a brave soul—Woman. She gives her man or her boy willingly, bravely, even cheerfully. There is nothing grudging about her. But do you think she is not remembering the man of her heart—the child she brought in her pangs of anguish into the world years ago? He will always be a baby to Her. She has his little old toys—happy little toys over which she will weep slow silent tears. And there will be a small drenched woolly sheep somewhere, that once used to "Baa" gaily as he swept along on red wheels, or maybe an old tin cow with all the red washed off. I once saw a woman weeping over her baby's toys. But she had not shed a tear over her dead soldier.

There has been so much cheering and drum-beating throughout Canada. Too much. Too-flaring black headlines, too much excitement and "whoop it-up" and "Send 'em along." The women have thrown themselves devotedly into work for their soldiers' comfort. There is the feeling that they must do something. But over there in Germany the women sit in their closed homes trembling if the door-knocker rouses its clamour of dismay through the manless home. You know what it is when the yellow envelope of the telegram is handed in at the door when you have a boy sick somewhere, or some dear one lies in danger. You hesitate, then you fumble at it, open it somehow and if the few words of cheer are there . .

But your heart was trembling as you took the flying message. Think of the women of Europe—thousands of them—listening, waiting—every household directly concerned in the war. In some families all the male members are at the front. The sound of war is great. The roar of guns fills the world. But greater than these and overcoming them in one mighty cry will be the wail of the women grieving over their dead.

A White Enamel Finish That Will *Not* Turn Yellow

In your home you want a white enamel finish that will not turn yellow, fade nor check.

You want a finish that will always look bright and new—a finish that is unharmed by frequent cleaning with soap and hot water.

Luxeberry White Enamel

Whitest White-Berry Quality

is such a finish. It gives wood-work a lastingly, beautiful porcelain-like white finish.

For your floors, stair-treads and other interior woodwork subjected to severe wear use *Liquid Granite.*

Liquid Granite is a tough, elastic floor varnish that resists hard wear to an unusual degree. Scrubbing with soap and hot water serves merely to brighten its beautiful lustre.

These two finishes, like all Berry Brother products, are of the highest quality. This quality is the result of over fifty-six years' experience in varnish manufacture.

Berry Brothers' Varnishes are sold by the leading dealer in every city. Ask him which "Berry" Varnish will meet your requirements best—and use it.

BERRY BROTHERS
(INCORPORATED)
World's Largest Varnish Makers
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Knox Gelatine is made pure and kept pure. Especially designed machinery does all the work—hands never touch Knox Gelatine until you yourself open the package.

It is endorsed by all Pure Food experts and Teachers of Cookery.

You will find it indispensable to good cooking.

Send for FREE Recipe Book.

The KNOX book of recipes tells you how to make delicious desserts, Jellies, Salads and Candies, and improve Soups, Sauces, Gravies, Sherbets, Ice Cream, and Ices. It is free for your grocer's name.

Pint sample for a 2-cent stamp and grocer's name.

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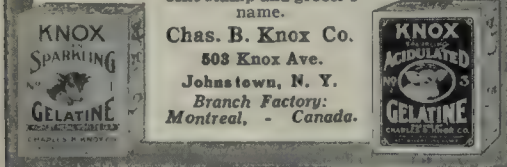

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Canada Monthly, Toronto, Ont.

The Wall-flower

Continued from page 407.

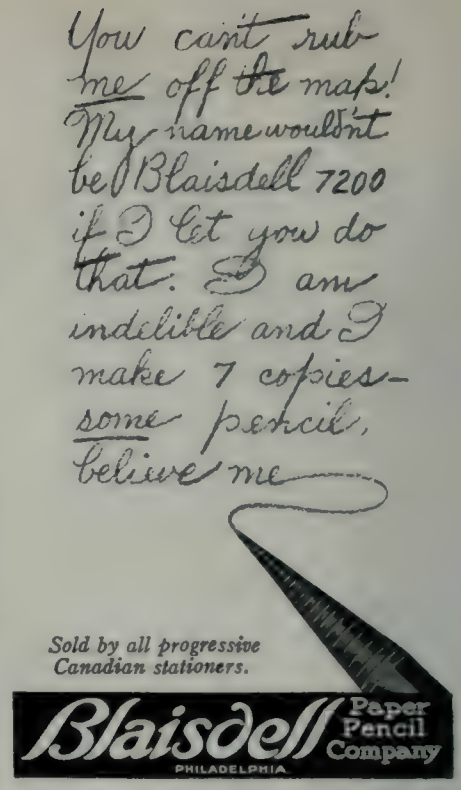
after his tithes and dues bought two slips for his wife and gave Cicely half a guinea for them. The Kem family tipped her with sixpences whenever they came, and praised her, and her mistress fully appreciated her little handmaid's faithful service, and presented her with a chintz kerchief for her neck, and a flowered white muslin apron for Sunday. She bought herself Sunday shoes—Cicely had a pretty foot—and new ribbons for her bonnet, and as a result of all this prosperity, according to village gossip she grew "top-lofty", especially when she had two beaux at once, and her flower was at its very best. And now comes the tragedy of it all. She gave the strapping young rosy-cheeked village butcher whom she favored, a sprig of wall-flower, which he wore ostentatiously in his button-hole, and she sat demurely beside him in church in sight of the other admirer, a gentleman's groom, whose face she had slapped and scratched the day before, because he had kissed her without leave.

It was a dark summer night,—no moon—and John Westcome, the butcher, escorted her home from church and on the road proposed to marry her, but she refused, declaring that while the old lady lived, she would never leave her; her beau retorting gallantly that he would wed no other girl, "no, not if the old lady lived to be a hundred." He clenched the promise by biting a bright silver sixpence in two, with his strong young teeth, and giving Cicely half of it.

It was supposed that the groom, Francie, who had been refused a nosegay that very morning, followed them in the dark, and heard it all; be this true or false, he was in the village, very late that night as his master had dined with Mr. John Griffin, which meant strong ale, endless talk on politics, and late hours.

Cicely went to bed feeling very important and happy, with the scent of the wall-flower in her nose, and sentimental and ambitious dreams in her head. She slept soundly, and so did Miss Kem. When they awoke in the morning, a drizzling rain had set in, and the wall-flower was *gone*; torn silently from the house, and *gone root and branch*. The lawn had been trampled by a pair of heavy boots, and a few leaves and flowers were scattered about.

Mistress and maid wept together, and then Cicely went crying down the village street, following the trail of her lost treasure; but not far. Soon she came to a place where a horse had been tied, and there was no further trace of the flower, or the heavy boots.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Our boys make from $1 to $5 every week selling our famous papers. They do it in spare time—without interfering with school work or play. And in addition they get the suit shown above, caps, shoes, rain capes, etc., FREE. Any boy from 6 to 16 years can do it. We train them. It costs nothing to start. We send papers free and take back what are not sold. So there's no chance to lose. If you want to train your boy to be independent, fearless, business like, self supporting, write for this wonderful book—
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It's the most practical book of its kind ever written. Explains our successful plan of business training for boys. Tells all about the premiums—and how to start. There's no cost. Merely your name and address brings it free—postage paid. Write today—now—to
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Write to-day for full particulars. Address

CANADA MONTHLY, TORONTO, ONT.

It was some weeks before they were sure of the thief, though John Westcome put the sprig Cicely had given him between the leaves of his Bible, and swore vengeance, and Miss Kem who had turned eighty, fell ill with the shock of the theft. Mr. John Griffin's daughter, a little girl of ten, was sent by her mother with her kindly compliments to express her sympathy, and a bunch of roses, and Miss Kem gave her a small glass of wine and a seed cake, and told her at great length what a "turn" this outrage had given her. Miss Masculin also called to state her regret that she could not get Cicely another wall-flower, as Lord Bruce had closed the forest against pleasure parties, but she gave the bereaved little girl a tract on the mysterious ways of Providence, and a bright shilling.

The village was moved to great indignation when at last it was proved beyond a doubt, who had really done the evil deed. Twelve village girls, servants and peasants all, Cicely's big sister Poll Cockle being the ringleader, waylaid the groom Francie, as he left the village inn, and tearing him out of his saddle, forcibly carried him to the adjacent pond and ducked him over head and ears, twelve times. His descendant is now Lord Heneage. When at last they dumped him half dead upon the bank, they noticed something clinging to his boots. It proved to be the broken desecrated remains of the poor wall-flower. It was pruned and planted again, but never grew; it was dead indeed. A climbing rose was set on either side of Miss Kem's door, but though charming in their way, they were "fast of their scent", and you had to put your nose into them to learn their full value. They were not so gloriously, aggressively, bewitchingly attractive as the lost favorite, tossing its long trailing branches in the wind, and scattering sweets recklessly up and down the street, and across, swaying in golden brown, and royal purple as the sun shone on it.

John Westcome had kept the inn servants from going to the rescue of the groom when he cried for help, and held his horse during the ducking, and he was taken by Francis (backed by his master) before a magistrate—John Heneage, Esq.—to answer for his deed. As it happened, it was a quorum, four English gentlemen, all in hunting suits impatient for the chase, annoyed at the delay, and eager to be after the fox. The groom wanted the redress of the law for his ill usage.

"Shake hands and ha' done with it," quoth John Heneage, Esq.—"agree, puppies, agree; there isn't much law for a penny," a remark which has

If the Dish Were to Fit the Food

A lover of Puffed Grains—Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice—says they ought to be served in a golden dish with jewels on the side. Such royal foods as these, he says, should have a royal setting.

Do you realize how much these bubbles of grain have added to the joy of living? When we were children, we had no such morning dainties. For those old-time suppers we had no such morsels to float in our bowls of milk.

The children of to-day can all have them.

Puffed Wheat, - 10c
Puffed Rice, - - 15c

Except in Extreme West.

These foods—invented by Prof. Anderson—fulfill the dreams of all the ages in respect to perfect cooking.

They are steam exploded. Every food element is made available without any tax on the stomach.

Their fascinations and their fitness for food make Puffed Grains the greatest cereal foods of the century.

For variety's sake, get a package of each.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(686)

HUDSON Six-40

1915 Model **$2,100** **This Year F.O.B. Detroit**

Howard E. Coffin
Chief of the 48 Hudson Engineers

The Final Authority

On New-Day Quality Cars

The new HUDSON Six-40—like all former Hudsons—is a Howard E. Coffin creation. So were cars before Hudsons—cars which marked some of the greatest steps in motor car progression.

Legions of men who have owned these cars regard Mr. Coffin as final authority in this line of engineering. So do legions of others who have watched motor car evolution.

Do *you* know another designer who has accomplished so much, or has led in so many advances?

Go See His Ideal Six

The HUDSON Six-40 for 1915 is the finished model of Mr. Coffin's ideal car. It shows his final conception of the new-day type.

He has worked for four years on it. So have 47 other HUDSON engineers. Thus this HUDSON Six-40 is their composite idea of the modern high-grade car. It is their latest and best, in big things and little—in beauty and in mechanism, in equipment and detail.

If there are faults or shortcomings—if any car excels it—then these 48 engineers are mistaken. But that isn't thinkable. You will find in this HUDSON Six-40 the representative car of to-day.

It Differs in Degree

The HUDSON Six-40 is not unique. It is simply in advance of others in the almost universal trends.

Practically all of the upper-class cars are now Sixes. And that designer is rare who doesn't consider the Six as his final goal. It meets his ultimate object—continuous power.

Lightness is a common trend. The old excesses—due to wrong materials or crude designing—are being rapidly wiped out. The HUDSON engineers—in this 2,890-pound car—have nearly excelled their rivals.

Low operative cost is sought for by makers and users alike. But the HUDSON Six-40 saves more than others, by record lightness in this class and by a new-type motor.

All aim at beauty, comfort and attractions in equipment. But 48 designers have worked four years in perfecting the HUDSON refinements.

And the price trend is generally lower. Larger production and standardization make this expected and possible. But the new HUDSON Six-40—selling $200 lower than last year—best shows what efficiency can do.

Five Bodies—No Delays

The HUDSON Six-40 is built this year with five beautiful new-style bodies. Note the list below. Each offers countless up-to-date attractions, some of which are exclusive to this car.

With our trebled output this year we are coping with demand. We go to extremes to save delays to our buyers. Up to this writing, 45 per cent. of all this season's shipments have gone out by express—trainloads to single cities.

To-day you can get prompt delivery, despite this car's amazing popularity. Go see your HUDSON dealer. If he cannot deliver a car at once, he will see that you don't wait long.

Hudson dealers everywhere. Catalog on request.

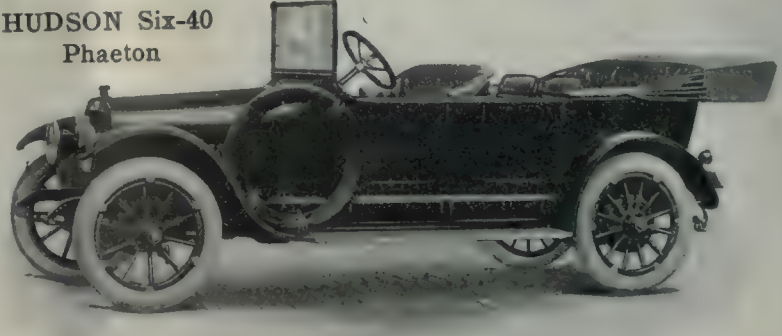
7-passenger Phaeton, $2,100.

3-passenger Roadster, same price.

Cabriolet, $2,375—Coupe, $2,900—Limousine, $3,450.

Prices quoted are all f. o. b. Detroit, duty paid.

HUDSON Six-40
Phaeton



HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 7930 Jefferson Avenue, DETROIT, MICH.

passed into a proverb in that part of Wiltshire.

But they would not agree; the groom said he wanted Justice.

"That would be a shirt full of sore bones," cried Westcome, "and I'm the lad to give them to you, if you'll come out on the green, and stand up like a man, and the gentlemen can see fair play."

One of the quorum who took pleasure in the refined amusements of bear-baiting, badger-drawing, and cock-fighting, thought it a good idea, but his colleagues would not consent, and decided to dismiss the case with a light fine.

"Wherever there is mischief, there's sure to be a woman at the bottom of it," said one magnate who was cynical and a bachelor.

"The girl must be a shrew to have scratched thy face for a kiss," said another consolingly, "and thy enemy will get his punishment when he marries her."

John Heneage, Esq., had the last word. He rang the bell, and ordered the man who answered it, to take the aggrieved Francis to the servants' hall "and make him comfortable with some good ale; tell the womenfolks to be kind to him for he's suffered from the fair sex."

To Westcome he said; "Never show such a scowling face as that to thy betters, lad. You have had your frolic, backing the wenches in their malice, and have to take the consequences like any other champion of dames. You've got out of it easy, and it ought to teach you wit. You've lost the day's work and must pay the fine, but Cicely will make it up to you, for I hear she's a clever and kind little maid, take her on the right side."

Cicely *did* make it up to him at the age of twenty-seven, when Miss Kem died; and St. George's bells rang merrily for their wedding. Westcome was a well-to-do man by that time and removed to the county of Hants. He drove Cicely across the Downs to his home in his own tax cart. As they were bowling along, he said, "I've two surprises for thee, lass. The first is that my cot and bit o' land are my own. I am a freeholder and have a vote. The last and best I leave thee to find out."

She found out the best surprise, the instant he lifted her down from the cart; two sturdy young wall-flowers, one on each side of the front door. He had bought them of a famous florist to be sure of the right colors; but alas! there is no perfection in unconverted human nature, even among flowery men. "When they blossomed," said Cicely with a gentle sigh, "they were a pale *yaller*."

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The tires which rule in Tiredom now are Goodyear tires—by long odds.

After men have used four millions of them, they lead in prestige and in sales.

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These things make Goodyears the upper class tires. No other maker employs them. And no other method combats one of these troubles in an equally efficient way.

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Find out why Goodyear leads.

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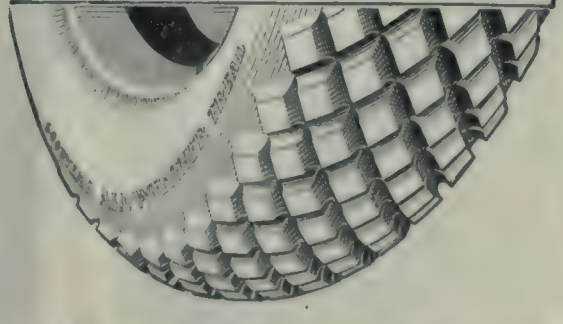
TORONTO
No-Rim-Cut Tires
With All-Weather Treads or Smooth



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and fruits are used, your confections will not ferment or spoil but will remain pure, fresh and sweet for years.

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St. Lawrence Extra Granulated Sugar is sold in 2 lb. and 5 lb. cartons, also in bags of 10 lbs., 20 lbs., 25 lbs., 50 lbs., and 100 lbs. in three sized grains — fine, medium and coarse.

Order a bag of St. Lawrence Ex. Granulated—the blue tag, or medium grain, suits most people best.

St. Lawrence Sugar Refineries, Limited, Montreal.

5-7-14

When They Said Good-bye

Continued from page 412.

crowd, " 'of whom then shall I be afraid.' He sang that last Sunday.

"Hush," whispered her friend, "there's his mother."

"Goodbye Tom, goodbye," called a loose-haired Cockney girl to her brother, "tike care o' yourself."

"You bet!" was the laughing response. Tom had "served" before.

"Nothink like a little blood 'ud make 'im sick," said his sister proudly. She was scrublidy to a Bank down town, but no officer's sister held her head higher.

"W'ere's Charlie?" called Tom, " 'ere, you, Charlie, don't you get in any of these 'ere r'ilroad accidents w'ile I'm gone."

Charlie smiled feebly. Charlie had a wife and two kiddies or 'e'd a' gone 'isself.

"I don't see him. I can't—see—*anything*!" moaned Bessie, crying on her pink voile. "Oh, *there* he is! He's in the car window, but he doesn't see me."

"Never mind, dear," said the sad-eyed woman next her, who had come to see the Handsomest Officer entrain, "we'll think hard and we'll wave our hands and maybe he'll look. Oh, I wish I could tell my son—which one, dear?—third window?"

Very gallantly the Handsomest Officer's mother waved her little gloved hand. But Dickie Dreadnought's questing eyes searched heaven and earth and the fringe of men on the station top, without ever sighting either of the wavers. They were gradually working their way toward him, but at this rate it would take an hour.

Then, down at the train-head, the band struck up the regiment's marching song, the ranting, lilting "British Grenadiers." The engine bell rang, and slowly the cars started.

As though you had touched a match to a mine, a roar broke from the crowd. It wasn't a cheer. It was too deep for that. And on the crest of it, arms shot high, hats were waved, and the train windows broke into a fireworks of service caps, tossed off in return.

"And he never saw her!" said the reporter regretfully as the green flags grew smaller in the east.

"Why yes!" cried the officer's mother, "didn't you see? She got through just at the last second, and that Englishman they were calling Charlie picked her up in his arms and held her as high as the car window and he kissed her."

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These WATCHES which we offer you, *absolutely free*, are something new and striking. They are the new thin model style, *guaranteed* Swiss movement with the popular and beautiful satin-finished gun-metal case, fancy dial and hands, and French crystal. We will also engrave any monogram you desire free.

We are really enthusiastic about these watches, because they are the best thing we have seen for a long time, and we want you to have one. All you have to do is sell only 36 packages (of six cards each) of our finely-colored season and picture post cards at 10c. a package.

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When ordering state number of watch wanted (numbers shown above watches).

Ask for our big catalog of premiums.

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Ever in evidence wherever motor cars go, DUNLOP TRACTION TREAD is the surest assurance that motorists have the correct viewpoint on the dangers of skidding.

Safety of those motoring with him is the first thought of the motorist.

Such like first thoughts always lead to DUNLOP TRACTION TREAD as the first choice in the big range of tires now possible to get.

No motoring car is as radically different to other motor cars as DUNLOP TRACTION TREAD is to other motor tires.

Watch cars going by at good speed and DUNLOP TRACTION TREAD is the only tire you can recognize in action.

Walk back from a number of cars in a row and you'll find that the last tire you can name is DUNLOP TRACTION TREAD.

These last *two* points are not mentioned because in themselves they have any value, but what they lead up to is this: DUNLOP TRACTION TREAD has an individuality all its own, and that individuality covers Looks, Construction, Service.

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We are the only tire manufacturers who have gone to the limit in order to make a tire Master Of The Road.

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When we sell you DUNLOP TRACTION TREAD we sell you Safety First and these other features.

66 CUBIC INCHES LARGER
NEVER DID RIM-CUT
NO LOOSENED TREADS
50% LESS ROAD FRICTION
MINIMUM PUNCTURES
MAXIMUM MILEAGE

While it was far from being the lowest-price tire DUNLOP TRACTION TREAD in less than three years jumped to the front in general favor with motorists all over Canada

All of which ought to pretty nearly convince you that the only profitable way to get your money's worth in tire buying is to go determined to purchase the tire which has all the merits possible—then pay the necessary price.

T-111

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The Red Badge of Courage

Continued from page 399.

been made to impress the idea of working on both sides of the question.

The plan of organization has been kept quite simple. One part of the committee works under the Red Cross with captains for the various departments, such as House Work and Hospital supplies, offers of service, patterns, etc. The other works under the Social Service League, with a general Civic Work committee, composed of a number of captains, one from each section of the city.

In the Headquarters at 559 Sherbourne Street, there is a busy hum from early morning until late at night. Public and private generosity has loaned the building, furnished it, completely wired it with electricity, installed gas, and even provided such small etceteras as waste baskets and note books. The light in headquarters, by the way, cannot possibly "fail," as the building has been wired by both city electrical companies.

Some idea of the magnitude of the task which confronts the women of Canada is gained from a glance over the list of supplies needed by the Red Cross Society properly to equip the 25,000 men offered for the first contingent alone. From statistics of previous wars, it was gathered that five per cent. of the men at the front were in hospital, either sick or wounded, within six weeks of their going into active service. In proportion then there must be provision made in Canada for 1,250 sick. Of this number Toronto undertook to provide for one fifth, Hamilton for one hundred, and other cities have announced their readiness to undertake their share.

How to meet the needs of her two hundred and fifty men was Toronto's problem, solved for the most part by the forming of neighborhood societies. And here is where the true unselfishness called up by such a cause is best shown. It is not an Anglican society working together, nor a Presbyterian, nor a Methodist, but a neighborhood society, composed very often of women who have never spoken to each other before, but who become the friendliest of co-workers, comparing notes over the tightness or looseness of a knitting stitch in the making of wristlets and cholera bands, or the length of a hospital night gown. These neighborhood societies have provided their own material and made it up at some central meeting place. In one case this was a Sunday-school room, in another, a room in a public institution. More often, it has been found at the house of one of the workers. There

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have been no funds available from headquarters, but that has been no bar to the rapid progress. Heart confidences are exchanged over the cutting table by women whose sons are among the volunteers, and many a tear has been wiped away on the rough flannel shirts, and many an anxious thought is woven in with the yarn which is forming the grey army socks.

In the upstairs workroom of the headquarters, six or eight sewing machines keep up a constant whirl from nine o'clock until ten o'clock, and those who have time on their hands are spending it there, cutting, sewing, knitting or packing.

The personal comforts needed by the Red Cross include shirts, undershirts, pyjamas, night shirts, handkerchiefs plain and of cheesecloth, knitted night caps, woolen gloves, all sorts of toilet necessaries, knitted comforters, drawers, socks, holdalls for toilet necessities, chocolate, etc., while among the hospital supplies, besides such very necessary things as sheets, pillow cases, blankets, bandages, etc., there is a formidable list of more technically-named necessities. It must be remembered, as Col. Ryerson, the head of the Red Cross work in Toronto, said to the workers at a mass meeting, that a man cannot possibly get along with one shirt and that it would be cruelty to expect him to go through the war with one pair of socks, so the initial supply must necessarily be a generous one, with later reinforcements.

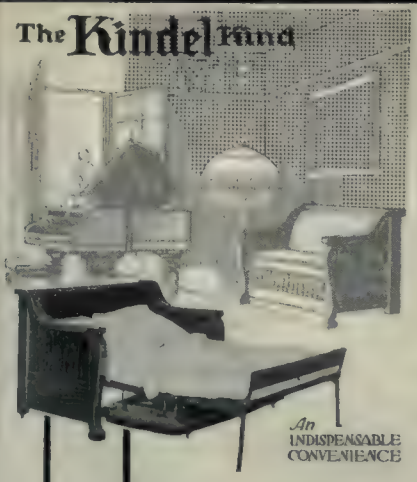
That the League is ready to meet even emergency calls was evidenced by one morning's work when a request was received from the Valcartier camp, for the immediate shipping of hospital supplies, including condensed milk, cocoa, arrowroot, cornstarch, tapioca, essence of beef, cooking chocolate, lime juice, fruit, toilet and shaving soap, combs, and brushes, wash tubs and wash boards, hand mirrors and shirts.

The list looked formidable, the tme was after ten o'clock and the day Saturday, but the telephone and the auto came into rapid requisition and the express at noon carried off the desired order.

It would be hard to ascertain the full number of those working, for wherever you turn there is a busy group, knitting wash cloths, making pillow pads, filling kit bags, or hemming sheets.

In St. Andrew's Institute for instance, so closely united with the Forty-eighth Highlanders, every one, from the little girls of the primary schools up to the wives and sisters of the officers and men, has undertaken some work. The Women's Association volunteered to supply kit bags, to make pillow cases,

The Kindel Kind



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Be economical this winter by purchasing **"CEETEE"** all pure wool Underclothing. Every garment is fashioned during the knitting to fit the contour of the human form. It has all selvedge edges and all joins are knitted together (not sewn). Only the very finest and absolutely clean Australian Merino wool is used—so soft that an infant could wear it.

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and also to cut and prepare pillow pads for the members of the Business Girls' Club of the Church to take home and make up in their spare time. The amount of work thus accomplished is a proof of the assertion that the busiest people are often the best workers. The women of the Forty-eighth Highlanders Chapter of the I. O. D. E., all wives or sisters of the volunteers, chose as their share of the relief the making of bed socks, pillows and pillow pads. The manifold uses of the latter were discovered in the South African war, when ninety of these little soft squares, made of cheese cloth and filled with wadding were given by one old lady.

Every care has been taken with the making of these comforts, and every thread for cutting has been truly drawn that they may be a real "comfort" to a wounded soldier.

"We are making two hundred of these for the soldiers," explained a worker, whose husband is one of the officers, "but we are going to look after our own men particularly this winter, and the women left behind."

They don't talk much about the war, these women. They are beginning to realize some of the deeps sounded by the women in the mother country to whom war is a closer thing, and as one of the older workers, said as she bent over the sewing table. "We must not think or talk about it while we are preparing, or we could never get done. These things bring it so close."

There are many energetic bodies of women in the city who have not only accomplished what they promised to undertake but have far exceeded their voluntary contribution. There is the Red Cross Auxiliary of North Toronto, who completed over three thousand housewives, containing safety pins, darning needles, sewing needles, thimbles, scissors, buttons, linen thread, black and grey darning wool. They have been working together with unabated zeal, and have announced their intention of continuing as long as the war lasts.

The "women of the hill" as the members of the neighborhood society working at the Methodist Deaconess House style themselves, have chosen the making of pyjamas as their work, and have turned them out in large numbers.

Another neighborhood society comprising the women of the more northerly portion of the city are spending all available time in St. Luke's schoolroom where sewing machines are busy running long seams, and ready fingers are transforming bolts of cotton and flannel into sheets and pillow cases. It matters little whether the sun shines or the rain comes down in torrents outside, mothers and daughters are working side by side without cessation, for this is no "fair weather" work.

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A GERMAN PLOT AGAINST ENGLAND, is the subject of THE RIDDLE OF THE SANDS. The author is an authority on military matters and his book created such a stir as to lead the British War Office to investigate the feasability of the plot. It is illustrated with four charts of the Dutch and German coasts.

THE WAR IN THE AIR. Mr. Wells' famous romance is particularly appropriate reading at this moment.

WITH KITCHENER TO KHARTUM, by G. W. Stevens. So little is generally known of Earl Kitchener's personality (beyond his reticence and self-effacement) that his present heavy responsibilities lend an additional interest to this account of his earliest great achievement.

MAINSPRINGS OF RUSSIA and WHAT I SAW IN RUSSIA. What do you know about Russia? Little or nothing, unless you are very different from the average man. To understand the part our Russian allies are to play in this great conflict one should read these two books by the Hon. Maurice Baring—lucid, vivid, terse and authoritative.

IN ACTION, by F. Britten Austin. We read in the papers such items as "the enemy attacked in force, and pushed forward until close to our main defence," or that "a detachment of cavalry and light artillery was caught in an ambush, and annihilated," but how many of us realize what modern warfare feels like to the man in the firing line?

THE ANGLO-GERMAN PROBLEM, by Chas. Sarolea. Dr. Sarolea is among those who foresaw the conflict, and his book makes particularly piquant reading now the thunderbolt has fallen. As a Belgian by birth, a Scottish Professor by calling, and a cultured cosmopolitan by instinct, he is well qualified to sum up impartially the rights and wrongs of the rivalry between Germany and Britain.

FAMOUS MODERN BATTLES, by Captain Atteridge. Although written by a military expert, the author's style is so lucid that the finer points of the tactics and strategy are clear as noonday to the ordinary reader. The battles include: Lule Burgas, Mukden, Paardeberg Omduiman. Tel-el-Kebir, Rezonville and Gravellotte of 1870, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. There are copious plans of each battle.

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Canada's eyes are on the bulletin board these days. And it isn't baseball—IT'S WAR. The newspapers can give you a battle in two lines. But to get the life, the color, the world-convulsing movement of the thing, you need the space that a magazine alone can give. CANADA MONTHLY has four correspondents with our own contingent, four boys wearing the King's uniform who have promised to dig ditches by day and write home-letters at night. Besides this, the magazine has special War-writers at the home base, practical men who will take Canada's financial pulse, idealists who will count the heart-throbs of the Empire as the second Contingent musters, and the women give up their men for the Front. You can't get the War-feel without it—THE MAGAZINE THAT GOES WITH THE CONTINGENT.

The filling of kit bags has been chosen by a large number of the women, and though the taste of the workers may run more to pinks and blues for the pyjamas than military regulations would seem to allow, they will be no less appreciated by the boys who wear them, and a little pincushion inscribed "God is love" which called up a few quiet smiles among the onlookers as it was slipped into the kit bag, may have a truer significance among the horrors of war, than one would dream of.

From east to west have come reports of enthusiastic work and though there may be a little difference of opinion amongst the experienced knitters as to the length and width of the wristlets which have been hurried on account of an appeal from camp, the Red Cross regulations which have been given out have been carefully followed that there may be a uniformity among the contributions sent,

As might be expected, the nurses are not only willing to give their professional services but also their spare time to the cause,

After an enthusiastic meeting at the Toronto General Hospital, it was decided to devote several rooms in the Graduate Nurses' Club, to sewing the promised three hundred hospital night shirts to be cut out at the General and the Sick Children's Hospitals. That they have the stamp of practical knowledge adds not a little to their usefulness.

The Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire have fully carried out their name, sending in supply after supply of articles, for the comfort of the men both sick and well, even forming new Chapters for the sake of carrying on the good work, one Chapter providing one hundred shirts, another taking sheets, pillows, etc.

From the outlying districts of Toronto have constantly come loyal offers. Between fifty and sixty women of Centre Island have been sewing unceasingly, making handkerchiefs, sheets, pillow cases, etc., and the list of completed articles was a monument to their generosity and energy.

The Patriotic societies such as the United Empire Loyalists' Association have been and are doing their part, making and filling kit bags, etc., and even the Women's Art Association has been an auxiliary.

Aside from Toronto's part in the Red Cross work, from every town and city in Ontario have come reports of the same zealous work. Each municipality with its boys in the contingent, has also its women ready to stand behind them and see to it that privation and suffering are not added to the horrors of war—if all their loving work can prevent it. Money collected by

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Get Your Canadian Home *from the* Canadian Pacific

WHY farm on high-priced, worn out lands when the richest virgin soil is waiting for you in *Manitoba*, *Saskatchewan* and *Alberta*, the great Prairie Provinces of Western Canada? Your new home and fortune are ready for you in the famous, fertile Canadian West. Why shouldn't you be one of the prosperous Western Canada farmers in a few years from now? Nowhere can you find better land than this rich soil of the prairie provinces.

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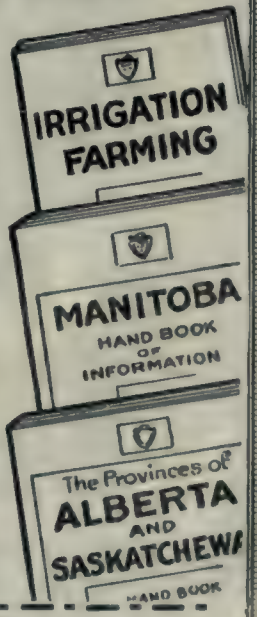

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An offer of a $2,000 loan for farm development only, with no other security than the land itself, *guarantees our confidence* in the fertility of the soil and in your ability to make it produce prosperity for you and traffic for our lines. The $2,000 will help you erect buildings and put in your first crop, and you are given *20 years to fully repay the loan.* You pay only the interest of 6 per cent.

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Why Not a Hunting Trip This Fall?

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THE FAMOUS KIPAWA COUNTRY OF ONTARIO AND QUEBEC
THE FRENCH RIVER DISTRICT OF ONTARIO
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subscription, volunteer contributions and supplies, have poured in to the Red Cross Society in a way which proves that however long the war may last, and no matter how many Canadian men are called to the front, the women are ready to make and give to provide them with every comfort.

But it is not only to the cities that the Red Cross Society turns. After the contributions had been sent in to the Hospital Ship Fund in generous amounts from all the country districts of Ontario, Mr. George A. Putnam, director of the Women's Institutes for the Department of Agriculture, addressed a circular to the different branches, asking for contributions of money and supplies for the Red Cross work and giving the wants of the Society as follows:—3,000 pillows, 3,000 to 4,000 flannel shirts, 10,000 to 12,000 handkerchiefs made of cheese cloth, 2,000 to 3,000 cholera belts, 6,000 to 7,000 pairs of socks, 5,000 housewives or mending kits, fitted.

A heartier response could hardly be imagined. One small institute volunteered thirty pillows, sixty-two handkerchiefs, twelve yards of bandages, one hundred and forty-three pillow slips. Another offered $100.00 worth of supplies, another crab-apple jelly for the hospital, another $10.00 worth of necessaries each month, another fifty large pillow slips and a dozen pillows with two dozen pillow slips to match, a dozen pairs of socks, and a quilt. A pathetic letter from Peterboro district, from a mother whose son was in the first contingent, asked for directions for making cholera belts, as she was a good knitter and wanted to make a dozen "for our boys."

It was a brave little woman at the St. Lawrence market in Toronto, who gave the keynote to the whole situation in the country district, as she talked with a customer purchasing one of her chickens.

The smile on her face only added pathos to the glisten of tears on her eyelashes, but there was no tremble in her voice as she said,

"Yes, indeed, I am working for the soldiers. I have made up all my chicken and goose feathers into pillows, and I'm working every afternoon with the neighbors around me making sheets and night shirts, and knitting belts. I have one boy in the contingent, and another who has volunteered but has not been accepted yet. People say, 'How can you let your boys go so lightly?' but," with a straightening of her shoulders, and a brave smile, "I would be ashamed not to give my sons when they are needed. I wouldn't like to have the conscience of the woman who refused to let them go. I love my boys, but I couldn't refuse to let them fight for their country."

That's the secret of it—the love of the old flag, which prompts the giving of boys, and chickens and geese, with the same brave heart. It is a like spirit that possessed the farmer's wife near by, whose three sons were all fighting for the Empire, one a petty officer on a British war ship before the Kiel canal that claimed the honor of being the first to engage the German fleet, the next a soldier in the British regulars, and the youngest a Canadian volunteer.

"My husband was a veteran of the British army and would go too, if he were not too old," she said.

. . . . . .

But there came a day, like a great sigh at the end of a rushing paragraph, when all the cholera bands were knitted and all the kit bags were full, and the Toronto Headquarters had itself house-cleaned for inspection. Like was piled with like—here a grey mountain of wristlets for Valcartier, yonder a pink and blue crag of pyjamas for the Hospitals.

Then the workers did a little flag waving.

Every parcel was stuck full of tiny British and Canadian banners, flowers blazed on the cutting-tables and the sewing machines rested from their labors, each with a bouquet atop.

"Everybody's all dressed up to-day," the reporter remarked, as she took photos with the work backgrounding the workers.

A soft-hearted friend-in-need called the newsgatherer aside to admire a Balaclava cap.

"Don't whisper it," she said, "but—the Duchess is coming at eleven o'clock !"

The limousine drove up with as little notice as would have been accorded to the arrival of any other worker. Lady Gibson escorted the Vice-regal visitor up the broad steps and through the flag-decked rooms, where the ladies waited to explain as the Duchess graciously questioned. It was all simple, dignified, in accord with the Empire-greatness of the moment.

But——

Did you ever think that it might be hard to be an ex-German Princess in the Canada of to-day ? Did it ever strike you that Her Royal Highness may not find it easy to inspect Hospital supplies and listen to patriotic speeches and scan the programmes at All-Red concerts, when her English comes less easy than the speech of the Vaterland?

This is a day of strange tidings, strange struggles and momentous gifts. The little countrywoman is not the only brave lady. The Duchess too, unostentatiously but with true nobility of sacrifice, wears her Red Badge of Courage.

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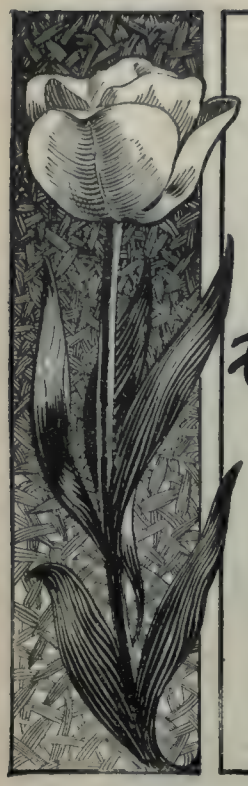
The Man Who Put It Over

Continued from page 398.

castically inquired as to whether the Brigadier was of any possible use whatsoever, and whether he could lead ducks any better than he could lead cavalry. He finished his oration, which which was highly colored with cuss-words, with the simple statement to the effect that the youngest subaltern in the other Cavalry Brigade could lead that of the culprit better far than he could do so himself.

French is undoubtedly a wonderful man. Except, perhaps, in the one matter of considering that horses are made of iron and can thrive better on long and rapid marches than on oats, his men give him credit for never making a mistake. He was one of the few, almost the only general in the Boer war who neither made an error of judgment nor suffered a reverse. That says a good deal, when one remembers the nature of the fighting and its rever-



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A Kitchen Cabinet brings "System" into the kitchen just the same as a Filing Cabinet brings system into the business office.

You've been going to get one for your wife this long time. Make up your mind and get her a KNECHTEL Kitchen Cabinet this very day. It's the best filing system she could have for her kitchen.

The KNECHTEL combines kitchen table, cupboard and pantry all in one—with all cooking utensils and supplies for preparing a meal right in one spot. No running around looking for things—no weary walking back and forth from kitchen to pantry — everything handy and just where she can lay hands on it.

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sal of all accepted tenets of strategy and tactics.

I found in South Africa that if, in any of the towns, the surrendered Boers should ask whom you served under and you replied "French", they gaped at you as being something quite out of the common run of British soldiers. He acquired an almost demoniac reputation among the Boers for being able to be in two places at once.

"What is the use?" they asked. "We dig trenches, place cannon, and keep the British back for hours; and with our spy-glasses we think we see his cavalry lurking behind—but, presently, round he comes on our line of retreat."

It is a curious and interesting fact that in all the despatches Lord Roberts sent to the War Office while in South Africa in which French's name appeared, the adjective "magnificent" was always applied to his work.

French it was who made that bril liant march to the relief of besieged Kimberley. French it was who was mainly responsible for penning in Cronje at Paardeberg, where he was finally forced to surrender after a gallant defence of his laager. When Kimberley was relieved by French, he rode into the town at the exact time Lord Roberts had wished for, having marched ninety miles with heavy artillery and having fought two successful engagements in four and a half days.

He is not the stern, cold, relentless man that Kitchener is. He is more like Lord Roberts in humanity of thought; but he never lets his heart sway him in times of war. He is a demon for work himself; he works others; but he knows how to take care of his men.

It is because of all these ideally soldier-like qualities, this perfection of military efficiency, that the British Empire feels confidence in the little man. "Johnny" French is on the job, and he knows his job, they say, so why worry? I am thinking that this is identically how his army feels. Kitchener, the new War Lord, knows him and selected him for the task that most British soldiers would almost sell their souls for. Kitchener knows a man when he sees one. And that is essentially what little "Johnny" French is—One hundred per cent *Man.*

Wild Wells

Continued from page 432.

haze; a geyser of fine sand was streaming upward and eating away the lofty crown-block.

Seth knew what it was. He found Tom, and they gesticulated at each other; they made faces, but no audible sound. Their voices were vain as candles in the full sunlight. Each was trying to yell the same thing.

"She's a gasser, blowing her head off."

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use the Bissell sweeper and all over the world where it is sold the Bissell is the acknowledged leader. The many patented features found in
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All "ARLINGTON COLLARS" are good, but our CHALLENGE BRAND is the best

They were soaked, drowned, obliterated in a sea of intolerable noise.

The animals of the region were greatly disturbed. There was much breaking of harness on the part of horses, and one or two galloped about under empty saddles; their riders were doubtless stuck in the mud somewhere, head first. A few pigs, wandering here and there, had sniffed at the noise and returned to their luxurious wallows in the oily muck.

Suddenly Tom clutched Seth and pointed. He saw one of the pigs struggle and pant, then fall over. Others did the same. A frightened hound came scurrying about for its master, stopped short, shivered, fought for breath, dropped dead. Chickens flopped on their backs as if bowled over by unheard shot. Tom's helper, Bill Abbot, suddenly sniffed the air, and started to run; he staggered like a drunkard, and fell. Seth and Tom dashed for him, holding their breath, and dragged him from danger.

Seth thought of his family. A sluggish river of fatal gas was flowing toward the boarding-house. He covered his nose with his handkerchief and ran.

When he dashed into his own room, he found Alice huddled under the bed clothes, wrapping the pillow about her ears and the baby's. He caught her up in his arms and ran with her.

Tom had followed Seth into the house and now followed him out, dragging the landlady and her daughter, each by an arm. Mrs. Bunnell, at that hour, was not ready to receive, and she was scratching Tom with might and main. Sister Jane chiefly regretted her curl papers; she was whacking Tom with a wire hairbrush.

But the three women were like the Sabines in the arms of the Romans; their resistance was unavailing till Seth and Tom had gained a safe distance to the windward. Then the women could look back and see the chickens, the pigs and the dogs lying asphyxiated by the invisible death that flowed stealthily north, instantly paralyzing any living thing that breathed of it deeply.

When there were no more lives to save, Seth and Tom took counsel in such sign language as they could improvise.

The crew knew their business and hurried to the nearest general store, where they got wads of cotton which they packed into their ears. Then they went plowing through the greasy mud till they found a patch of blue clay. They dug their hands into it and slapped it over their ears by the fistful. When they were masked, all but the eyes, nose and mouth, they followed Seth's lead, and keeping to the windward of the deadly breeze, made a rush for the derrick.

The sand blast that ate away the collars on the joints of pipe and the case-hardened rings of the new rotary table, spared the softer tissues of their faces and hands, but the scream of the giant gas whistle slashed through their heads with the agony of countless knives.

Orders were given by seizing a man and pointing. The crew worked like mad, sweating with the torment of the din. Everything was bungled in the haste and had to be done twice; but, in time, with ropes and tackle, a nipple and an open gate-valve, and a joint of pipe made up tight into one piece, were swung from the torn and shattered derrick. Failure followed failure before it was firmly screwed into the well casing. Then pipe was taken at random without regard to ownership, and

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Little Miss Muffet, sat on a tuffet,
Eating her Syrup and Bread,
A spider, who spied her, sat down beside her
—And to Miss Muffet he said:
If that is the best, that beats all the rest,
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2 cups of Crown Brand Syrup.
2 cups of Granulated Sugar.
2 cups of Rich Cream.
1 cup of Butter
One-half pound of Chopped Nuts.
1 Teaspoonful Vanilla Extract.
Put syrup, sugar, butter, and one cup of the cream over the fire. Stir and boil vigorously a few minutes. Now stir in slowly the other cup of cream that boiling may continue all the while. Continue cooking until a firm ball forms when tried in cold water. Add Vanilla and nuts. Turn into two small buttered bread pans.
When it becomes almost cold, turn out on a board and cut in cubes, and wrap each separately in wax paper.
About 1 hour is the time required for boiling over a brisk fire, sometimes less.
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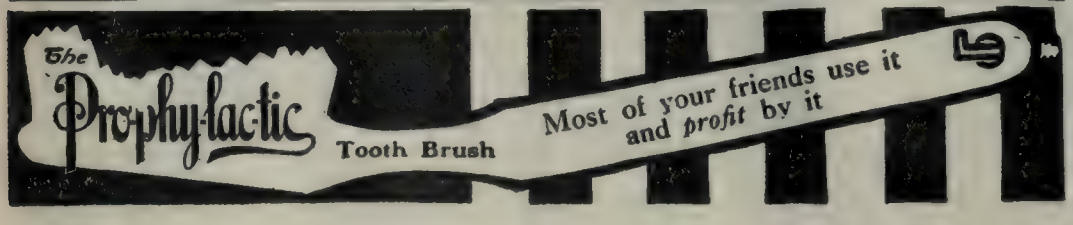

made into a line a few hundred feet long, at the end of which the gas was set on fire. The titanic shriek stopped as if Niagara were suddenly turned to stone. There was only the dull roar of a great flame twisting and winding in unearthly beauty.

"There's oil in that gas strata; notice them red streaks in that blue flame ?" said Tom.

"We've got to kill that gas first," said Seth. "I wish we had Decker's hydraulic pump, 'Old Betsy.' Garragan has the mules and wagon and he is in Houston to-day celebrating Christmas, but his stable niggers will die for me. We ought to have nine sticks of 60 per cent. dynamite down in that hole before night."

The other men took off their clay masks, pulled the waste from their aching ears, ate ravenously, drank like men half-dead of thirst, then set to work making the necessary foundation and steam connections for "Decker's Old Betsy."

Before these were ready, the sun was down, but by the light of the huge gas flare, six jack-rabbit mules came dragging a wide-wheeled wagon. In the middle, heavily chained to the bed, was "Old Betsy." With rollers, skids and crow-bars she was coaxed into place on the hastily made foundation. The wheel of the gate-valve was screwed tight and the light from the great torch went out. There was only a little glimmer from a new moon. When "Betsy" was ready, steam was turned on, and then the battle began.

"Fourteen inches of steam behind a five-inch piston, it ought to go against that gas," said Tom. "She'll do six hundred pounds. I've seen her."

But if "Betsy's" credit was good for six hundred she failed to show it. She filled her suction pipe, made half a dozen quick strokes, then stood quivering with effort, steam jetting from the safety valve.

"Look out," said Tom. "There's gas coming up on the outside of the casing; there'll be hell popping heah in a minute."

The men scattered; the derrick foundation trembled. There was a gurgle and splash below the derrick floor.

"Well, I be—look at them durned craw fish comin' out of their holes," cried Tom.

There was something uncanny in their scuttering flight from the holes where water and gas were bubbling. The gas had cut its way up outside the pipe and threatened to open the crater of a small Vesuvius.

But Seth would not budge at such a crisis. He remained alone in the trembling derrick.

"Hang a pair of chain tongs on that safety valve !" he shouted. Then he

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Redwood Factories

Winnipeg

opened the steam valve wide and stepped outside the derrick. The faithful "Old Betsy" slowly picked up her natural gait and doggedly forced the gas back down the pipe under the pressure of steam and muddy water, until Seth had his wild well under control. A column of thick mud a thousand feet high weighed too much even for that stream of gas. The well was dead for the time being. But the oil was still unfound—if oil there were. And now Seth's one word was:

"Dynamite !"

Meanwhile some of the men had got the wire, others the dynamite, another the plunger magneto.

A long, heavy piece of cast iron was attached below the dynamite as a sinker. Then the condensed annihilation was lowered carefully into the well, with the tenderness that would be shown a sick baby.

Seth would never let his men take a risk that he could take himself.

"Here goes my best hope in this oil field. It makes me or breaks me," he said as he attached the two black and greasy wires to the magneto.

And then he took the lever with both hands, and gave it a quick plunge——

Far down below there was a muffled thud, there was a quiver of the ground, an anxious silence that imperceptibly crescendoed into a mutter, a gurgle, a growl, a roar, a god-like whoop—and a vast tower of black oil was shooting aloft and splashing back with a sound that was angelic symphony to the oil men's very souls.

It was nearly midnight when he appeared again at the boarding-house, which a rising wind had swept clear of the fumes. He washed up, as well as he could, in the moonlight at the tin basin on the soap box outside, but he was still somewhat the worse for fatigue and his anointment was overdone. But Alice gathered him close and kissed him more than once.

Seth was so excited that he began at once to gabble business:

"We estimate the well at 15,000 barrels a day. Old Hazelton came round an hour ago and offered me $25,000 cash as she flows. But I told him that with oil at the present price, I'd clean up that much in a few days, so I declined. You see, 15,000 barrels of oil at 38 cents a barrel makes"——

"You can tell me that tomorra, honey, ' said Alice, stopping his lips with a kiss. "We-all mustn't forget that this is Christmas—and there's only a few minutes left of it."

"Good Lord, so it is ! Well, well, well ! We didn't have a white Christmas and I didn't hear a sleigh-bell; but still, it sure was busy some, and with good black oil at 38 cents a barrel and snow at nothing a ton—I oughtn't to complain."

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"Aren't you glad I robbed the bank ?" said Alice, shamelessly triumphant.

"Yes, I thought of that," said Seth, sheepishly. "I'm kind of ashamed and kind of proud. I guess it will be square if we refund what we borrowed with 100 per cent. for the loan. A newspaper reporter asked me what the name of this well would be, and I told him 'The Little Tin Bank.' He said, 'Why ?' and I said, 'Because.' "

"And that's reason enough," said Alice. "But we owe it all to the baby." Then Seth, Sr., and Mrs. Seth Sr., knelt down by the bed and seized Seth, Jr. They kissed him and nuzzled him so that he lost count of his toes and had to begin all over again.

The Jade Earring

Continued from page 404.

about the irreconcilable contradiction that had been confronting him for months—the thing that must be true, yet couldn't be true.

After all, what gave me the privilege of being called his friend, was my ability to understand and make allowances. Somehow or other, he had had a bad quarter of an hour himself that morning. Perhaps in some queer way I couldn't guess at, the discovery of his loss had brought up the old contradiction to stare him in the face—had given him a moment of almost superstitious panic, which, now that a rational explanation had suggested itself as an alternative, he didn't feel like acknowledging the existence of, even to me.

I went over to him and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"All right," I said; "let's find it; I'm sure I haven't anything better to do, and if there turns out to be any thing else you want to tell me about later, why you can tell it and be sure that I shall try to understand. Come ! Let's get down to business. What is your clue ?"

"It's almost childishly simple," said Jeffrey. "I'm ashamed of myself that I didn't think of it the moment I discovered the loss, instead of blowing up that way. Why, you'll think of it yourself in a minute. And here's your chance !" he added, as a knock at the door interrupted us.

His Jap was out somewhere, so Jeffrey answered it himself.

"How do you do, Mr. Petersen ?" he said, and ushered the stranger in.

Petersen was a clumsy looking man of the skilled-mechanic type; warmly and comfortably and properly dressed enough, but his clothes looking as if he were in the habit of getting down on his hands and knees and carrying heavy objects around in his pockets.

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"Mr. Petersen," said Jeffrey, "is the decorator who did over the building last fall." Then he astonished me by turning to Petersen and saying: "I'm thinking of having a little more work done. Oh, this is perfectly satisfactory and I wouldn't think of calling in the landlord. It's on my own account entirely. Don't you think yourself, Drew"—he turned to me—"that the walls would compose into better looking panels if we had a second frieze carried around there about a third of the way down ?"

"I don't know anything about art and composition," said I. "You certainly know that. You will have to decide that for yourself."

It was too ridiculous. Here was Jeffrey who had run away for a three months' vacation because the decorators got on his nerves, deliberately invoking them again when he got back. Naturally enough, Petersen favored the project.

"That's very well done," said Jeffrey to me—"the upper frieze. It's very skilled work, you know. Has to be done by hand."

Then he turned back to Petersen. "I'd want the same man to do it that did the other."

Petersen shook his head. "I can't accommodate you there, I'm afraid, sir. I had to turn that fellow off. Oh, he was a good workman, but rules are rules."

"He came on the job drunk, I suppose?" said Jeffrey.

"No," said Petersen, "he was steady enough. Why, I don't mind telling you; though it seems rather hard. I turned him off because his wages were garnisheed by a loan-office. You can't get skilled work out of men with that on their minds."

"I see," said Jeffrey. "But you think you could find me someone else just as good?"

"Oh, yes," said Petersen. "No trouble about that."

"Well," said Jeffrey, "I'll let you know. I will call you up in the morning when I've made up my mind. Thank you very much for coming."

Petersen had opened the door and was in the act of starting out, Jeffrey watching him absent-mindedly, a frown on his face.

"Poor devil," he said, under his breath. Then, suddenly struck with an idea, he called out: "Oh, Petersen, give me that chap's address, will you—the one you discharged? I'm supposed to belong to some sort of protective league for that loan-shark business. Maybe we could do something to help him out."

Petersen hesitated a minute, then took a shabby note-book out of his pocket and read out the name and address of the man he had discharged.

Jeffrey wrote it in charcoal on the back of a stretcher.

"All right," he said. "You'll hear from me in the morning."

Jeffrey shut the door and the next minute he was struggling into his coat.

"Come along," said he.

"Where?" I asked.

He looked at me queerly. "Why, to look up the case of this loan-shark victim, of course. No time like the present. Come along."

In another three minutes we were in a taxi.

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The address was way up town on the East Side and our taxi stopped at last in front of a dingy brick house, one of a long row, on a shabby cross-town street. Just as we were going to ring the bell the door opened and a man started out. He eyed us with a quick little glance of morose, surly suspicion. A roughly-dressed man, wearing boots stained with lime or kalsomine, and a workman's clothes.

"Oh, Mr. Shean," said Jeffrey, "glad we didn't miss you! Come back a minute, I want to talk to you."

If we had asked him if his name was Shean, I think he'd have denied it and gone on. But there was a mixture of authority and confidence behind Jeffrey's good-natured smile that was almost irresistible. The man hesitated, and having done that much, seemed to find it impossible to do anything but obey Jeffrey's gesture and follow us into the badly lighted, ill-smelling hall. Here Jeffrey stepped back and nodded to him to lead the way.

"What do you want?" Shean demanded.

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'A chance to talk to you for a moment without interruption," said Jeffrey pleasantly.

The man grunted and led the way to a small room at the back of the house.

Jeffrey, the last one into it, closed the door after him and nodded toward a chair.

"Sit down a minute, please," he said. He waited till Shean had obeyed him and I, rather cautiously, had followed suit. I didn't like the man's looks altogether.

Jeffrey leaned back comfortably against the top of a trunk.

"We work at the same trade," he said, politely. "I'm a painter myself. My name's Arthur Jeffrey and I've got a studio up on Central Park West."

The man started out of his chair and then let himself drop back into it.

"Well," he said savagely, "what do you want ?"

"Oh, it's nothing to get excited about," said Jeffrey. "I suppose you got twenty-five or thirty dollars for the frame. You probably needed that more than I do. But I need the picture that was in it more than you do. So I want you to give it back to me."

Shean was on his feet by now and the blustering, furtive terror in his face and in his voice when he spoke were confession enough to me that my friend's shot had rung the bell.

"You're a liar," said Shean—"a damned liar. You don't know what you're talking about."

"I'm talking," said Jeffrey, "about a picture of a girl in a white satin gown. It was in my studio in a French, hand-carved frame. You were at work painting that frieze in my studio. You knew what that frame was worth and where you could sell it. You knew I was off on a three months' vacation and you absolutely had to have the money. Lord, man, I know what that means myself ! I never took that means of getting it, but I can understand how a man would. But you couldn't sell the picture. That's preposterous ! And I want you to give it back to me."

Shean was staring at him fascinated. Slowly he sat down again. There was a long silence. Finally he spoke through his locked teeth.

"I didn't take any picture. I swear to God I didn't take any picture. The frame was empty when I saw it there. I did take the frame and I sold it. I got eighteen dollars for it and I knew it was worth a hundred and twenty. Eighteen dollars to give to those damned leeches that are sucking all the blood out of me. You can prosecute, and be damned. I wish you would. But I didn't take any picture."

To be continued.